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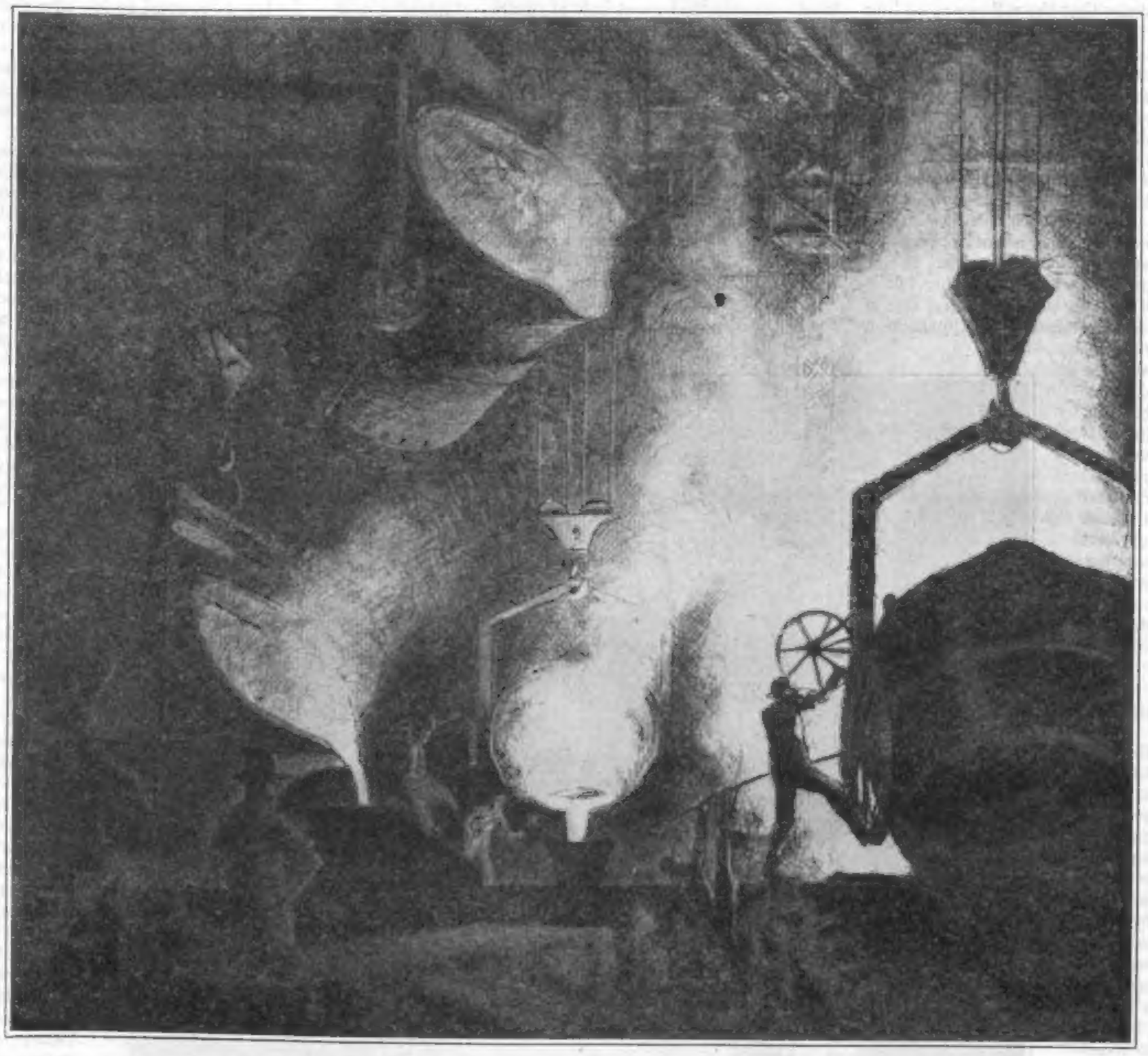
AMERICA AN EXPERIMENT IN TRANSPORTATION

By Herbert Quick

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PULLINGER



WHEN British operators of coal mines thought of laying planks in the ruts under their cart wheels so as to enable their horses to haul heavier loads from Newcastle to the Tyne River, they began building America. This was three hundred years ago. It did not take long for them to learn that iron was better than wood, and the railway came into being. When George Stephenson, ninety-two years ago, with his new locomotive steam engine, drew a train weighing thirteen tons from Liverpool to Manchester at a speed of forty-four miles an hour, when Peter Cooper built his first little locomotive in America, and when Matthias Baldwin, our first great locomotive builder, made the Old Ironsides for the Philadelphia, Germantown and Morristown Railroad, first tried out in November, 1832, the great American experiment was well begun. The wedding of the steam locomotive to the metal rail was what made America possible. This nation of ours is an experiment in railroading. Whether or not it will succeed is still a question. It takes longer than one century to prove that we have the genius and the self-control to build a nation in the back lands of a continent on a basis of land transport. It takes longer than that to show that it is possible to do so. And yet the very existence of this nation, as we know it, depends on the success of this new thing in nation building.

For it is a new thing. Unless we have done it it has never been done. There have been empires in the past as great in extent as our republic, and greater. But they have not been industrial nations; or if they were they relied on something that we can never have—waterways leading close to all their centers of population and out into the world. And, of course, there was never any such life as we are trying to maintain in these days of machinery.

Ancient Egypt was no such experiment. It was a strip of Nile mud from two to thirty miles wide and 750 miles long, and of about the area of Maryland, with desert on both sides, and opening on waterways at the Mediterranean end and on the Red Sea side; and no part of it was over twenty miles from water transport. It was made up of cities based on the rich silt of the Nile. Its commerce extended all along the shores of the two seas, back into the deserts, and drew from primitive populations such as Iowa and Nebraska must revert to if our railway experiment fails.

Babylon was just such a bunch of city kingdoms as Egypt, and based on a similar belt of fertile land, only this time it was the irrigable lands surrounded by arid hinterlands along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Once touch the river silt, and the traveler found populations as dense as those of the valleys in Japan today; but the camel and the horse were means by which great sparsely settled regions like what the Dakotas would be without the railways fed their scanty products to the busy workers of Babylon. Assyria was just such a city state as Babylon. The Medes and Persians simply came down and took over the rich Mesopotamian Valley as our plainsmen of the future may be imagined as seizing our great city states if our transportation experiment fails.

Greece had no transportation problem except that of building ships and controlling the sea. Her status was very much like that of the British Empire for the past two or three hundred years. Greece is nothing but a peninsula shaped like a hand, made to order for a mercantile people. But when Alexander the Great tried his great experiment of spreading Greater Greece thirty-five hundred miles east and west, taking in Egypt as well, and comprising a vast area of land a good deal like what we are holding together in Utah, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona and California, he failed. It is a pity that he did not have railroads. We should then have his experience to help us in judging as to whether or not it can be done, even with them. Ever since Alexander's time the lands comprising his vast empire have been coming together and falling apart as welded by one force or torn asunder by others, and the forces of separation have usually been those which came from the back lands off the main lines of transportation.

Syracuse was an island republic, and her great contest was on the sea with Carthage, which was a city state whose commerce was on the Mediterranean waters, but extended out into the Atlantic.

Rome knew the value of roads. She was the first great road builder. When she took over her first foreign territory, the island of Sicily, she did as we should have had to do with California if it had not been for the Union Pacific Railroad: She devised a new form of government for it. She pinned her faith to roads as bonds of union. Finally the Roman Empire grew to the dimensions of that of Alexander; and it could not be held

together, for her highways were military roads, and her lands back from the sea could not be held together. And yet the Mediterranean was in the heart of it and her commerce swept it with thousands of ships, and only in a few places did her domain reach far beyond its waterways.

Venice, the great Spanish power, Portugal in her great days, Florence, Holland, the Scandinavian countries and finally the British Empire have all been as business agencies experiments in nationality through water-borne commerce. Every nation of Europe to-day is vastly better off for transportation, except for railways, than are we. The continent of Europe is like a great outspread hand of land between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, with waterways sweeping right to the people's doors. That is the secret of the importance of Europe. Civilization after civilization has sprung up by the waterside, and grown to strength, prosperity and union on waterway transportation. They have not been built up by railways. The nations were there first. There is no nation in Europe that is an experiment in railroading as we are. Even Russia, which in her physical geography most resembles the United States, did not amount to much until Peter the Great took her to the Baltic. She has always been struggling, as we have done, with great distances by land. She has not used the railway so intensively as we have done; and it looks as if her experiment in national life without them in larger measure is to be a failure. The persistence of the famine in Russia is very largely due to a lack of operating railways.

The United States is a railway-made nation. It is one of the strangest of coincidences that the railway came into effective being just as the United States reached the point of bitter need for it; and it is equally significant that as soon as the railway took the stage it occupied it to the gradual exclusion of problems that had been dangerous and baffling. The railway problem swallowed them up. The only great national problem that did not yield to the transportation revolution was slavery. Slavery took on such magnitude by reason of the incoming of the railway era that it seemed to require treatment of its own—which it ultimately received.

This nation was by nature doomed to break in two along at least two lines measured from north to south. It was the invention of the railway which held it together. It is the railway which holds it together now. The first line of weak cohesion was along the watershed of the Appalachian Mountains. The Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania was the first thing that admonished President Washington of this fact. It cost about $130 a ton to ship produce from Pittsburgh and vicinity to markets on the Atlantic Coast. The farmers could grow rye and make it into whisky and stand this expense. They rebelled against the internal-revenue tax because it took away their mode of living. Washington put this rebellion down with a show of troops, but the transportation question was not solved.

The Tie That Binds

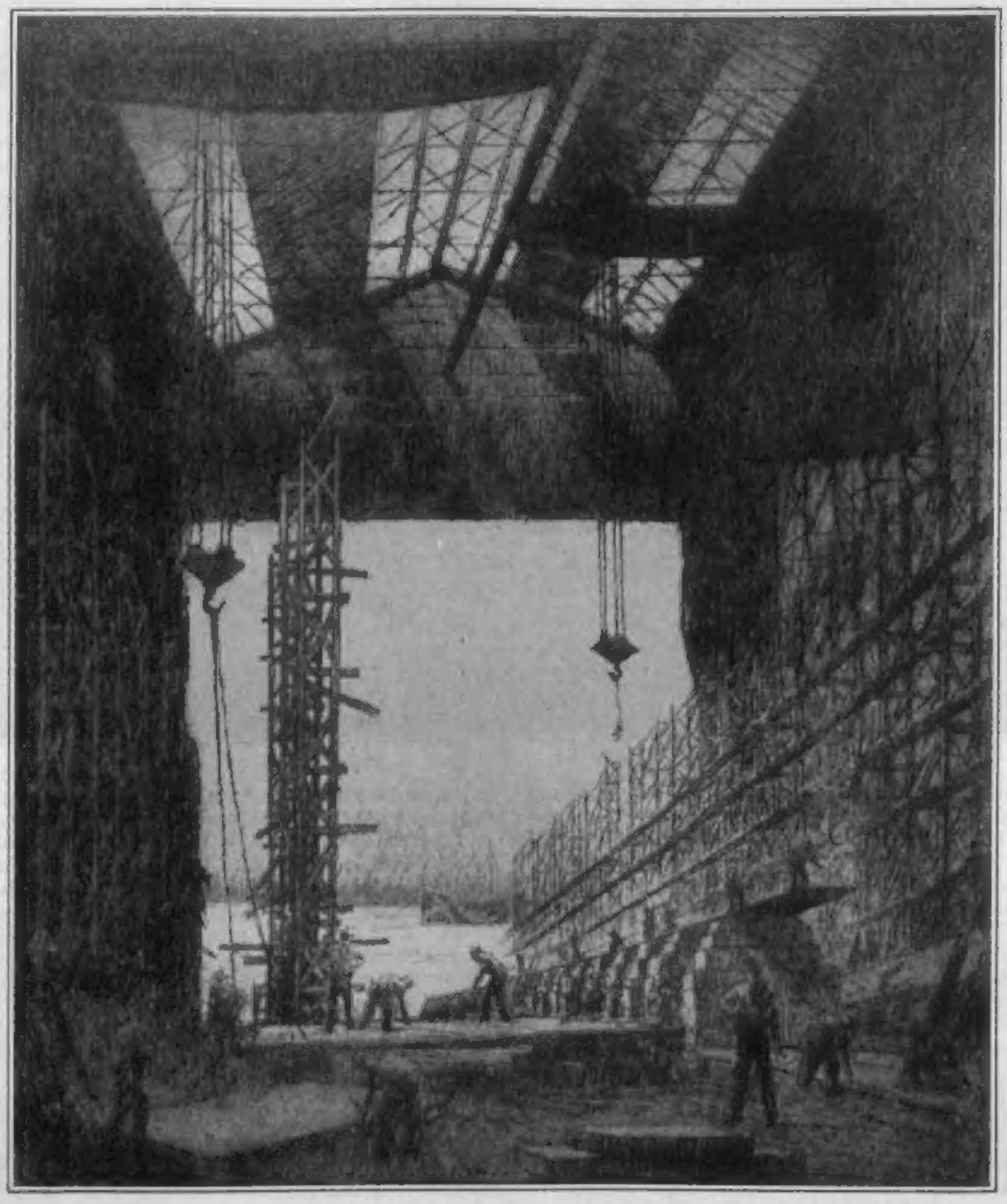
IN ORDER to solve it De Witt Clinton promoted the Erie Canal. Before this was done, goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore had to go to Pittsburgh either by team over the mountains or by water to New York, up the Hudson to Cohoes, by wagon to the falls of the Mohawk, in boats pushed by poles to Utica, by canal and river to Oswego, by schooner on Lake Ontario to Lewiston, on the Niagara River, by ox wagons to Buffalo, in sailing vessels on Lake Erie to Westfield, whence the grapes now come, and thence over portages and the waters of Lake Chautauqua and the Allegheny River to Pittsburgh. It is hard for us to believe this, even when the facts are stated. It was hard on our ancestors.

They adopted the old Roman plan of building roads. The old National Pike was the most noteworthy of these, and was planned to run from Baltimore and Washington through Cumberland over Braddock's Road to Pittsburgh and thence on through Columbus, Springfield, Dayton and Indianapolis to St. Louis. It became a great highway to Indianapolis, and now has been largely restored for the use of the motor car. It was once almost an uninterrupted town for several hundred miles. Wagons, coaches, horsemen, cattle, sheep, even poultry, were carried, drawn or driven over it in an effort to hold the business of the West from breaking away from the East.

There was another similar road or two through gaps in the mountains farther south, and a mixed tramway, river and canal route combined with wagon roads across Pennsylvania; for the Erie Canal was robbing the more southern cities of their western trade. A canal, still in modest use, was built from Washington along the north bank of the Potomac to Cumberland. But on all these roads though the emigrants swarmed west the trade that ought to have bound them to the United States failed. The nation was bound together by the prompt and rapid coastwise traffic on that new machine, the steamboat, along the Atlantic and up and down the Mississippi and its branches, but it was tending to break in two along the Alleghanies.

Aaron Burr's scheme to set up an empire with its capital in New Orleans failed; the independent state of Franklin, now Tennessee, came into the Union; Jefferson started bargaining for New Orleans so as to get an outlet for the West to the Gulf, and had the whole Louisiana Purchase sawed off on him by Napoleon for $15,000,000; but still the West with its independent pioneers and its fierce spirit of liberty hung as by a hair.

The second weakness was between the near and the far West. It was that great belt of prairie, much of it arid, which we used to call the Great American Desert—in other words the belt just east of the Rockies. Zebulon Pike, after his expedition resulting in the discovery of Pike's Peak, expressed the view that the chief usefulness of this belt would be found in keeping our population from spreading too far west. Brigham Young fooled him, however; and so did the people who kept swarming west over the Oregon and the Santa Fé trails. If it had not been for the railways the new state set up by the California Argonauts would have either remained or again become independent. The Mormon power would have remained independent, for it was the most promising bid for the setting up of a great theocracy that ever came to frustration. The great Columbia River region could not have been held in political relations with Washington.



Rivers, canals, sea-borne trade and Roman roads could not have held the nation together. We were headed toward secessions in half a dozen directions, inevitably so. There could not have been any such nation as we now are without this new invention, which came into being just in the nick of time to save us from the fate that had over and over again come to peoples who tried to spread their governments out over great spaces far from the seas. "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," runs the old hymn; "the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above." But the tie that binds us in national harmony is the railway tie. This should be always remembered. It is the secret of our existence.

The Development of the West

THE railways not only became the tie that binds us into one nation but they have given us a different sort of civilization from that which we otherwise would have had. When our settlers began their exodus through the gaps in the mountains into the Mississippi Valley, and even across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast, there was no ground for the belief that we should ever see such a civilization in Iowa, Minnesota and the Mountain States, or on the Coast, as we now possess. It had never existed in any great hinterland before. It does not exist in any such conditions anywhere else now. Iowa might confidently have been promised a future of cattle ranches and cowboys, with no towns except here and there on the rivers. All the trans-Missouri region wherever there is a scanty rainfall seemed sure to be forever about what Irving described in his Tour on the Prairies: A country of grassy plains with corrals and haciendas commanding water rights; of wolves, elk, deer, antelope, bear and buffalo competing for the herbage with the Mexican longhorns; of Arab hospitality and Bedouin hostility; of cowboys ready of bullet as of lariat; of fur trade, trappers, miners and prospectors; of picturesque Wolfvilles scattered along the streams and zealously maintained open spaces out back; of wars between cattlemen and sheepmen; of a pastoral civilization retrograding into darkness and ignorance, supporting a few individuals of great wealth as in Mexico and the Argentine—but not the America we know.

Nay, there is no need to go back to 1832, when Irving took his little excursion, which, as I read, never carried him as far west as Amarillo. After the war between the states, General Sheridan was asked what he thought of Texas. "Well," he is said to have replied, "if I owned hell and Texas and could find some fool willing to rent Texas I'd live in the other place!" But look at Texas now—and it isn't so long ago since Sheridan is supposed to have said that. Texas grows more agricultural products than any other state in the Union. And in no portion of the world is a well-informed man so astonished at the important things of which he has been ignorant as he becomes in traveling through Texas. He finds so many fine, populous, well-paved towns of which he has never before heard. He finds them so plentifully scattered about. He finds such a vast variety of products, from wheat and cattle to oranges and figs, from oil to coal; and he finds a population so completely alive to the imperial future of the state, of which no one harbors the slightest doubt. Why, Sheridan would find in Texas the very place he would desire to live now, were he alive and possessed of his old-time enterprise and human sympathy.

Furthermore, there is no need to go back to the time of the Civil War. I, who write this, have seen the making over of the nation by the railways. When I was a small child I remember singing a Sunday-school song the first verse of which ran:

Far out upon the prairies how
many children dwell,
Who never read the Bible or
hear the Sabbath bell!

After I grew a little older it one day dawned upon me that I was one of those little children to whom the good people of the

(Continued on Page 88)

FATHER WAS RIGHT

Or Perfection's Perils—By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Oh, You Did That Wrong! Watch My Step Now"

THE gong at the crossing began to beat out its fussy, hurried tintinnabulation as the pied arms of the barriers came creaking down and the smoke of the 3:45 appeared above the tree tops at the curve; the dozen or so of people gathered on the platform of the neat, pink-stucco, geranium-adorned station began to move toward the track, and one of them, a slender youth in tennis flannels, exclaimed "There she is!"

"Where?" asked another young man eagerly. "I don't see her."

A small chorus of laughter from his group answered him, and he blushed to the roots of his sun-bleached hair at his self-betrayal. The 3:45 was gliding majestically, breast on, toward him, plain for all to see, but at that particular period there was only one "she" for Billy Blankenhorn.

"Looking for anybody in particular, Billy?" inquired a girl, with elaborate innocence; and there was another laugh, which ceased rather abruptly at the approach of a somewhat grim-looking elderly man who a moment before had driven up in a large touring car. Him the young men in the party greeted with a politeness and deference that the most pessimistic critic of the present generation would have commended and found flawless. He merely nodded acknowledgment of their salutations and touched his golf cap to the girls as he passed on, but his eyes twinkled, nevertheless. Billy Blankenhorn's ingratiating smile faded at once and he muttered "Dog-gone!" in accents of deep disgust.

In the meantime "she" was standing in the vestibule of the chair car, her suitcase and a lanky young man beside her. She was, in two words, nifty and nineteen. To particularize, one might have safely predicted that in twenty years or so she would be rather avoiding starches and eating chocolates and other sweets with a certain compunction, if at all, being of that creamy-skinned, lavishly dimpled, blond type; but now her curves were simply delightful. The worst that an enemy could have said truthfully of her would have been that she appeared to be well nourished. Even so, and conceding that the coming years would make the very most of her, she would never be anything but heart-warming to anybody whose eyes met hers.

Laughing eyes. The soul that looked out of them a merry soul, one that took yours into its confidence, sharing the exquisite fun of most things in life, and thereby claiming a joyous kinship. Irresistible! They could look serious enough when occasion was; and under sufficient provocation they could dart blue lightnings of wrath; but that rarely happened. Molly's eyes were merry eyes, and Molly's mouth a smiling mouth; and, be it noted, though the eyes sometimes danced a mirthful *pas seul* without the coöperation of the mouth, such a thing was never known as a smile of hers with the lips alone. Absolutely impossible!

The lanky young man who stood beside her was, on the contrary, a preternaturally solemn-looking fellow. Moreover, he wore exceedingly thick-rimmed spectacles hooked over ears of a generous size, and the spectacles deepened the impression of gloom that most people received when they looked at him. He had just set down the suitcase, at Molly's third and peremptory command, and now he edged past her to the steps where the white-jacketed porter was already leaning outward with his stool, in readiness to alight.

"You are not to get off here," Molly told him firmly. "You heard what I said, didn't you, Mr. Sarvis?"

"My name is Peter—as I have more than once had the honor of reminding you," said Mr. Sarvis in a deep bass voice.

"Peter, then. Please go back into the car, Peter."

"It means 'a rock,'" Mr. Sarvis explained. "Something immovable—adamantine. I have long wanted to see Primrose Dell. If the season is not too far advanced I would love to cull primroses, but in any case I happen to know some delightful dellers, and I promised to look them up if ever I rambled their way. To me a promise is sacred."

"The truth isn't," said Molly. "When you got on the train, where I'm sure you weren't expected or wanted, you told me that you were going on to Cedarhurst. Anyway, people will be here to meet me, and I don't want ——"

"You don't want to have to say to them 'See the wonderful, beautiful thing that I found and brought back with me'; is that it? But, really, don't you think that the right course is always the open and candid course?"

The porter dropped off the car and reached back for the suitcase. Mr. Sarvis made a quick movement to forestall him, but checked himself to allow Molly to pass him, and offered his hand. "I shall observe your wishes," he said. "Concealment irks me, but while conscience whispers ——"

"Good-by," said Molly, and descended the steps.

He drew back and, folding his arms, dropped his chin on his necktie, presenting so tragic a figure to her backward look that she felt constrained to wave consolingly at him. The next minute he had a glimpse of her in the embrace of the grim-looking elderly man—who also observed him—and saw her suitcase in the triumphant possession of Billy Blankenhorn, who likewise met his eye, and with no friendly expression. Unthinkingly he raised his hat as the train bore him away.

All that seemed to be lacking in Molly's reception was the village board, a brass band and a floral arch. She was no sooner out of her father's arms than the mob closed in on her, and for a minute or two she was pulled this way and that, hugged, kissed, handshaken, assailed with eager questions and pelted with scraps of more or less important news in a manner that was strong evidence of her popularity. Then came invitations to afternoon tea, to present refreshment at the near-by drug store before undertaking the fatigue of the drive home, to a tennis tournament on the morrow, to a dance at the country club; and in the midst of all this her father, who had been standing aloof, successfully masking his pride and gratification with an air of impatient and half-contemptuous toleration, abruptly bucked the press, seized her by the arm and propelled her, laughing, flushed and disheveled, to the waiting car, Billy Blankenhorn trotting behind with the suitcase.

"Thank you, Billy," said Mr. Devine when he had embarked his daughter and taken his seat at the wheel. "Throw it in at the back. See you later."

Billy looked wistful. "May I ——" he began.

The noise of the starter drowned the rest. Mr. Devine let in the clutch and the car jumped forward, barely giving the young man time to take his foot from the running board. Molly leaned quickly and favored him with a smile and gesture of farewell that ought to have consoled him a little, but he was distinctly disappointed. He had wanted a word with Molly, and that darned gang hadn't given him a chance for even half a word. And old Devine might just as well have stayed at home with his darned old boat. Here Billy had his new roadster and —— Oh, darn!

"Great guns!" ejaculated Mr. Devine, reducing speed a little. "Popularity certainly has its drawbacks."

"You nearly upset him, dads," said Molly reproachfully, but with a mitigating squeeze of his arm.

"I wish I had," growled her parent. "I'd like to kill off a few of the idiots."

"My, but we're bloodthirsty to-day!" laughed Molly. "Glad to get your darling child back, dads? I know you are, though. I see you are still driving the same old car."

"Yes, and we're still living in the same old house on the same old street. You won't notice many changes in the two weeks that you've been gone. There goes the same old mail carrier, you see."

"Hoo-hoo!" Molly called to him, waving her hand and getting a responsive grin and a flourish of the official straw hat. Then, as a girl came out of one of the houses that they passed, "Hoo-hoo, Margeree-ee!"

The girl made frantic motions for them to stop, which Mr. Devine coolly ignored.

"Hoo-hoo, Danny! Oh, and there's Doctor Dunne. Stop a moment; he's beckoning."

"Nothing doing," returned her sire in his grimmest manner, and speeded past the boy in the sweater and the trim eye-glassed young medic with the pointed silken beard. "And if you don't quit that hoo-hooing in my ear I'll take measures with you, young lady. Let them alone. Heaven knows they'll be swarming around soon enough. I was hoping that Mrs. Wessington had taught you a little maidenly modesty and reserve."

"She taught me auction bridge," said Molly. "I can play quite a decent game now, dads."

"I don't call it a decent game—for chits like you." He removed one hand from the wheel and gave her a roughly affectionate shake. "Where did you get those roses, Molly McGuire?"

"They were given to me," Molly told him. "In the nature of a tribute or offering, dads. I'll let you smell."

"Lay off!" shouted Mr. Devine as she thrust the bouquet beneath his nose. "What are you trying to do? Wreck the car?"

"The poor old thing is a wreck already," said Molly. "How good the old house looks. There's Muds! Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo! Muds! Muds!"

The car swerved to the right and running along a cement driveway to the porte-cochère of a comfortable-looking house, where stood a comfortable-looking matron with outstretched arms, there stopped and seemed to throw Molly like a projectile of some sort into the arms aforesaid. Molly was home again.

There were renewed embraces in the big, cool living room and then Molly had to give an account of herself and her

visit; a characterization—warmly appreciative—of her hostess, her host and their daughter; a description of their other guests; of the Wessington household economy; of varied entertainments; of the dresses that she, Molly, wore on each occasion; of what Mrs. W. Wessington and Julia Wessington wore. These disclosures were not made without interruption. Molly, for instance, had to jump up, at the clatter of the lawn mower outside, and apprise Magowan, the old gardener, of her return; a sudden recollection of her roses made it necessary for her to run into the kitchen for water, where she was detained by her friends, the cook and the second girl, until her mother called her back; plain Thomas, the family cat, made his dignified entrance and claim to attention; and then there was a telephone call that Mr. Devine kindly answered for his daughter, not altogether to her satisfaction.

Mr. Devine had lit a long stogy and taken up the newspaper, but his attention to the markets was not so concentrated as to render him entirely oblivious of what his daughter was saying, for he looked up to observe that she had not mentioned any of the young men among the guests.

"Oh, them!" said Molly scornfully.

"Yes, them. Of course, you hardly noticed them, and it isn't likely that they paid any attention to you, but there must have been one or two around, surely—young friends of Julia's."

"Oh, the usual silly lot," said Molly. "There was one, though, dear father, to whom I was not—if I may confess it—wholly indifferent. I am sure, indeed, that you and dear mamma would esteem him highly if you could but know his many good qualities."

"Cut that out," ordered Mr. Devine.

"Well, then, he's a love," said Molly. "So earnest and different, and the most eloquent eyes, with long dark lashes, that I ever saw on a human man. I'm crazy about him. He's the secretary of the ethical society there, muds. Just fancy! Gee! And he took quite a shine to your little ewe lambkin. I don't know whether you have noticed any improvement in me yet, but I certainly feel improved, just by knowing him. You don't mind if he calls, muds?"

"My dear," replied her mother, "if he is a friend of the Wessingtons and if you gave him permission to call I'm sure I can't object. But I'd like you to tell me ——"

Evelyn the maid came in here to ask if Mrs. Devine could kindly step into the kitchen about the mayonnaise. As soon as his wife had kindly stepped, Mr. Devine laid down his paper.

"Miss McGuire," said he, addressing his daughter, "just between pals, would you mind telling me who was that animated bean pole on the train with you?"

"Bean pole?"

"The long-legged, lugubrious lad with the big barnacles that you waved to."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Why, dads, he was a gentleman who was very polite to me on the train and opened a window for me."

"Come clean, sister; come clean."

Molly's eyes began to dance. "Why, dads, I'm sure he was very nice and quite respectable to me. I met him at Mrs. Wessington's and he happened to take the same train on his way to Cedarhurst. I was quite surprised to see him. I'd have told you that in the first place, but it seemed unimportant, and you know you sometimes put a wrong construction on things."

"You haven't given me a real kiss yet," said Mr. Devine. "And so it just happened?" he resumed after Molly had atoned for her negligence. "You must have been surprised, both of you."

"Dads, he nearly fell over backward," Molly assured him solemnly, all but her eyes. "He actually had to clutch the back of a seat to save himself from falling."

"I don't wonder at it," said her father with equal solemnity. "But it only goes to show how very small the world is, after all. I suppose he just happened to have those roses along?"

"How ever did you guess? And wasn't that strange! I told him I thought it was positively weird. He said that on his way to the station something seemed to whisper to him 'Buy flowers, buy flowers!' and although there was no earthly reason for it he walked straight into a florist's and bought them. Uncanny!"

"I Haven't Said a Word of This to Anybody. Kept It Right Under My Hat. But I'm Going to Watch Him"

"He must be what-you-may-call-it—psychic," remarked Mr. Devine. "Get off me. You're getting too heavy. And who's he the seventh son of the seventh son of? What's his name?"

"Peter Sarvis," Molly told him. "He ——"

"What!" shouted Mr. Devine.

Molly stared at him in amazement. The good-humored expression had fled from his face and the bantering quality from his tone. His shout was genuine and quite angry.

II

PETER SARVIS, SENIOR, sat before his flat-topped desk within the paneled and glazed compartment of the First National that was sacred to the president of that solid little institution; sat there of right, by virtue of his official position, whose cares and duties seemed to sit heavily upon him. Before him was a basket containing papers, one of which he took up from time to time and frowningly scanned through portentous eyeglasses, then laying it down he frowned out of the window for a moment or two, finger and thumb thoughtfully caressing his chins. He was a highly colored and highly impressive gentleman, and those passing by who happened to look up at him must have been stricken with awe and respect to an extraordinarily forceful extent, realizing from his expression the magnitude of the financial problems that engrossed him.

Use and wont had, perhaps, dulled the edge of Peter Sarvis, Junior's, awe, for he entered the holy of holies without the formality of a knock, and at once seated himself on a corner of the desk and swung one long leg irreverently as he directed a mildly inquiring gaze at the potentate.

"What's the trouble, sir?" he asked. "Want some help?"

"If I did and had to depend on you for it I'd be unfortunately situated," said his father. "Have you only just arrived?"

"A little late; yes," replied Peter. "I lingered to take a bite of breakfast, anticipating a hard day. Have you missed me much?"

"Nine o'clock is the latest that any employe of this bank is supposed to get here," said Mr. Sarvis. "In fifteen years I have never been a minute later. When I was your age ——"

"You arose summer and winter at five, making a hasty toilet by the dim light of a candle and breaking the ice in the pitcher so as not to lose an instant of your eighteen-hour working day," Peter supplied with his melancholy smile. "You were earning ten dollars a week and saving five by the sweat of your brow. You didn't have any fond indulgent father putting up for you and sending you to college to acquire thriftless and vicious habits. You didn't wear seventy-five and hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar suits of clothes or three-to-five-dollar neckties. You ate with the single purpose and object of sustaining life. You knew the value of time and of money."

"I don't want any damned impertinence!"

"None intended, sir," Peter answered, removing his thick-rimmed spectacles and polishing them with a purple silk handkerchief. "I wanted to prove to you beyond any future doubt that I have listened to you dutifully and attentively, and that my memory is good."

"You weren't here yesterday afternoon, and two days ago you were absent for another half day."

"But think how I toiled in the mornings," Peter urged. "See here, father. Kidding apart, you know that I'm earning my salary here. It's a good salary, I admit, but I earn it, and I'm going to get you to boost it pretty soon. Also, I'm likely to remove my nose from the abrasive disk for a whole week pretty soon. Perhaps two weeks—if you don't mind, sir."

"You are?"

"If you don't mind," said Peter, meeting the glare with a mournful but steadfast look.

For some moments the silent conflict continued and then Mr. Sarvis turned to his papers, defeated.

"Well, now that you are here you might as well look these over. I'm curious to know what you'll have to say. Parker, you see, reports against that Crittenden loan, but I don't think much of his judgment."

"Fire him then," said Peter. "If you don't respect a man's judgment what's the use of keeping him in a position where he's called upon constantly to exercise it? Personally, I think that Parker's a pretty wise old owl, and I agree with him, and I'll tell you why."

He told him, and when he had finished Mr. Sarvis reluctantly conceded that he might be right.

"Certainly I'm right," said Peter. "I always am. I learned the trick from you. By the way, do you remember sporting on the village green in boyhood's happy days with one Lawrence Devine?"

Mr. Sarvis' color deepened slightly. "Remember Larry Devine? Yes, I remember him. Why?"

"He said he remembered you," replied Peter nonchalantly. "You saw, I suppose, that Egmont Light and Power had dropped three points at opening? Looks bad!"

"How did you come to meet him?"

"I was at Primrose Dell yesterday with Sam Moffitt. He's a neighbor of Sam's. Fine, cheery, hearty old chap, isn't he? Bubbling with good will and jollity and welcome, and all that. Beautiful old-fashioned hospitality dispensed to his guests with that urbane courtesy so seldom seen nowadays."

"He's changed then," said Mr. Sarvis dryly. "I remember him as a rowdy, unscrupulous boy, very well indeed, and as a man I found him pigheaded and as devoid of moral principles as he was of manners."

Peter gravely extended his hand across the desk.

"What's that for?"

"Shake!" said Peter. "You said it. I didn't examine him on moral principles, but you're probably right about that too."

"I'm not often mistaken," said Mr. Sarvis. "In that fellow's case I'm basing my opinion on a long and intimate knowledge of him. I had a sort of unreasonable liking for him at one time and I did my best to point out his faults and give him good advice. Did you notice that he limped as he walked?"

"Slightly; yes. Not very noticeable though."

Mr. Sarvis rubbed his hands and smiled. "He'll limp to his grave," he said complacently. "If he had taken my advice the accident that lamed him would never have occurred."

"I'm very much interested and I want you to tell me about it, sir," said Peter. "But if we're going to get this stuff out of the way this morning we'll have to be digging at it. We're all agreed about Crittenden, to begin with?"

Mr. Sarvis assented. His assent was likewise given to Peter's disposition of the other matters. When a subordinate had taken the papers away with the president's instructions Mr. Sarvis complimented his son—but with a tag to the compliment.

"If only you weren't so confoundedly cocksure about everything!" he said.

"Be sure you're right and then impress the fact on the other fellow," said Peter. "A modest self-confidence is all

I claim. Modest, but firm. The kind you have, sir. You were going to tell me something about Mr. Devine, I believe—some accident?"

"He was stealing cherries," said Mr. Sarvis. "In the first place I tried to dissuade him from the theft. Even at an early age I had a strong sense of the sacredness of property rights, and I told him plainly that it was wrong to steal fruit as anything else, especially —— H'm-m! Anyway he laughed at me and climbed the tree and began to fill his pockets, and finally he got on a limb that I was certain was too weak to hold him. I warned him. I told him that the limb would break if he went any farther out on it; but, pigheaded as usual, he paid no attention, and sure enough the bough gave way and he fell and broke his ankle.

"And as soon as he was able to speak, instead of being thankful that it wasn't his neck, as I told him he ought to be, he began cursing me. Me! 'If you had had sense enough to listen to what I told you it wouldn't have happened,' says I. 'I told you and kept on telling you that the limb wouldn't hold you.' And what do you think he did then?"

"Burst into penitent tears, acknowledged his fault and begged your pardon," Peter guessed.

"He hauled off and hit me on the nose," said Mr. Sarvis. "That was the kind of ungrateful young brute he was."

"I can quite imagine him capable of it," said Peter.

"I can recall a dozen similar instances," continued his father, and related half a dozen of them, extending into their young manhood.

"No gratitude!" Peter commented.

"No gratitude! He called me several kinds and descriptions of a crapehanger. Profanity always seemed to come natural to him. He carried it a little too far finally. That was during the Bryan-McKinley campaign, during which, against my earnest advice, he bet heavily on Bryan.

"A day or two after election I met Devine. I didn't actually say anything to him, but I turned the lapel of my coat toward him so that he could see the button I was wearing. It was a button that was a good deal worn at that time—a white button with a blue rim, and on it, in red letters, the words 'I told you so!'"

"He couldn't take a joke, I suppose," said Peter.

"He was so coarse, so profane, so violent and intemperate in his language that I told him I would have nothing more to do with him, upon which he expressed thanks to the heavenly powers and walked away. I have held no communication with him since. He actually insulted me."

"Me too," said Peter, absently twisting a pen in a rubber band. "A very coarse person, indeed!"

"Don't fiddle with that thing!" Mr. Sarvis snapped out. "The first thing you know, that pen will fly out and stick in your eye."

"Hardly seems likely so long as I'm wearing my spectacles," muttered Peter as he laid his plaything down. "Still, I guess I won't take any chances with you."

III

WITHIN the week another of those extraordinary coincidences, mistakenly supposed to prove the smallness of the world, might have been observed at the Primrose Dell Country Club on a fair but cloudy morning at the hour of seven o'clock or thereabouts. There was nothing remarkable in the circumstance of Peter Sarvis, Junior, strolling out before breakfast for a few practice shots on the golf course, for he had come down the night before, at Sam Moffitt's invitation, with the idea of playing a little golf, and Sam's house was so close to the course that you could take a lofter into the back yard and wallop the ball over the hedge and clear onto the green of the seventh hole—if you were sufficiently expert. So it was quite natural—all but the getting up before seven o'clock. The odd thing was that Molly Devine chanced to do the same thing, arriving at the clubhouse after a brisk constitutional of thirty minutes or so, just as the caretaker began to hose off the brick piazza, and Peter, with the meticulous pains of a sculptor, began to model his tee.

"Hoo-hoo!" cried Molly.

Peter started up from his kneeling posture with such haste as to throw himself alarmingly out of equilibrium, but recovering his balance by an interesting series of movements, he hastened to meet the young woman. She was laughing when he reached her, and she laughed all the more at his seriously reproachful look.

"Why this unseemly mirth?" Peter asked plaintively. "Is it because I nearly broke my neck?"

"You don't know how extremely funny you looked," Molly answered. "You would make a perfectly wonderful contortionist with a little training. Did I scare you?"

"Not exactly," answered Peter, shaking her hand lingeringly. "There's only one member of your family who inspires me with real terror."

Molly became quite serious herself. "Wasn't it awful of him!" she exclaimed. "I was so sorry and ashamed."

"Not the least reason to be," Peter told her. "I don't blame him in the least."

"It's very sweet and lovely of you to say so, but you know just as well as I do that he was outrageous and inexcusable." Molly declared this with reminiscent indignation. "Don't let's stand here, though. I haven't more than a few minutes. You were going to drive, weren't you? I'd like to see what kind of a drive you make. We can talk as we walk."

They went down to the tee and Peter took his stance. He was an awkward-looking chap at most times, but there was something almost graceful in his movements as he made his practice swing, and then, with perfect rhythm and balance, coördinating wrist, arm and body with the weight and spring of the driver, made his stroke. The clean sharp smack, music to the ear of the player, terminated it, and the ball arose, sailing in a sweet, aspiring curve, clearing the bunker in its droop and landing well beyond with hardly a bounce, but a momentum that sent it scooting onward in a bee line toward the newly flagged green.

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Molly, carried away with admiration. "I never saw anything so pretty. Gee! Two hundred and thirty, pretty near. Did that just happen or did you do it on purpose?"

She was not the only person who admired the stroke. The occupant of a new runabout that had just driven up to the clubhouse saw and properly estimated its beauty, but his comment was "Darn!" He lit a cigarette and leaning back in his seat repeated the bitter imprecation. "Darn!"

"It's one of the many things I do well," Peter confessed as they began their march. "I was going to say that I think your father was quite excusable. Don't ask me why, because I would have to betray a confidence to tell you, and that would be foreign to my nature. I will own, though, that personally I don't feel that I was to blame."

"You were splendid!" said Molly warmly. "You were so patient and courteous and at the same time so dignified that you put him completely in the wrong. I was ashamed of him for the first time in my life, and I told him so. I made him own that you had conducted yourself perfectly."

"Gosh! I'm sorry for that," said Peter with genuine feeling. "Too bad! Too bad!"

"Why?"

"Sorry, but I can't tell you. But you take my word for it, dear girl ——"

"Aren't you just a little—we'll say familiar?" Molly asked with a lift of her eyebrows.

(Continued on Page 28)

"What Do You Mean?" Peter Asked. "Your Eyes are Pretty Good Now, Whatever They May Have Been During the Draft," Said Pleydell

The Passing of the Big Bosses

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Matthew S. Quay

WHEN Boies Penrose died the last of the big bosses passed. He was the end of the line. It is true enough that there are a number of self-styled bosses still operating, or trying to, but they are little, imitation, corporal bosses, not field marshals. They are pseudo bosses, with neither vision nor virility. The authentic breed is now extinct, and it never will be revived. Some great political genius may be evolved from the ruck of our present politics, but, even so, he will be only chairman of the board and not president of the concern. He may be a boss, but he will not be the boss.

What there is left of the Republican Old Guard, and that isn't much, is aged rather than old, and the Democratic Old Guard vanished long since. Politics is now run by syndicates instead of by individuals. The bloc has replaced the boss. The combination prevails. Personality has been submerged in system, and the conference of the many has superseded the command of the few. What was a picturesque phase of American life is now a stodgy and standardized thing, coördinated, coöperated and conducted like the selling of soap, breakfast food or automobiles.

It isn't that there are fewer politicians than there were. There are more, such as they are. We never saw the time in this country when we had so many politicians and so little politics—real politics. What we have now is a species of opportunism, little class forays here and there by combinations of men none of whom is big enough to do anything by himself, and an overpowering direction by outside organization. This country is no longer a democracy, if it ever was one, which is debatable. It is an organocracy, wherein the legislative affairs of government, which are the vital political affairs of the country, are dictated by outside organizations working directly upon the legislators—the Congress. A farmers' organization orders, and an agricultural bloc obeys. A business combination commands, and a majority assents. A league for morals, for reform, for the readjustment of economic, social, sanitary, personal, racial, sectional, altruistic or religious affairs along the explicit lines asserted as the only true lines by the members of the league or association or foundation or chamber or union or what not, issues its instructions, and the little herds of time-serving politicians hasten to execute them.

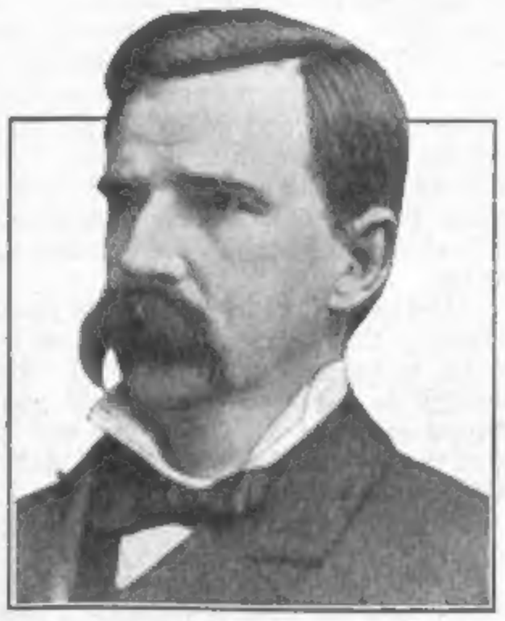
Pressure on Congress

INDIVIDUAL politics has been organized out of existence. Individual politicians have been propagandized to passivity. A list of organizations with headquarters or offices and representatives in Washington, maintained to operate directly on Congress and each for a specific purpose, a class or combination advantage instead of a national one, would fill a page of this magazine. And such a list of organizations with so-called public and popular and national reforms or restrictions or inhibitions or constrictions of thought and action as the basis for their operations would not come much short of that. We are organized to suffocation outside of Congress to influence Congress, and organized to submission inside of Congress by men who fear for their own political futures, and are made cowards by these organizations.

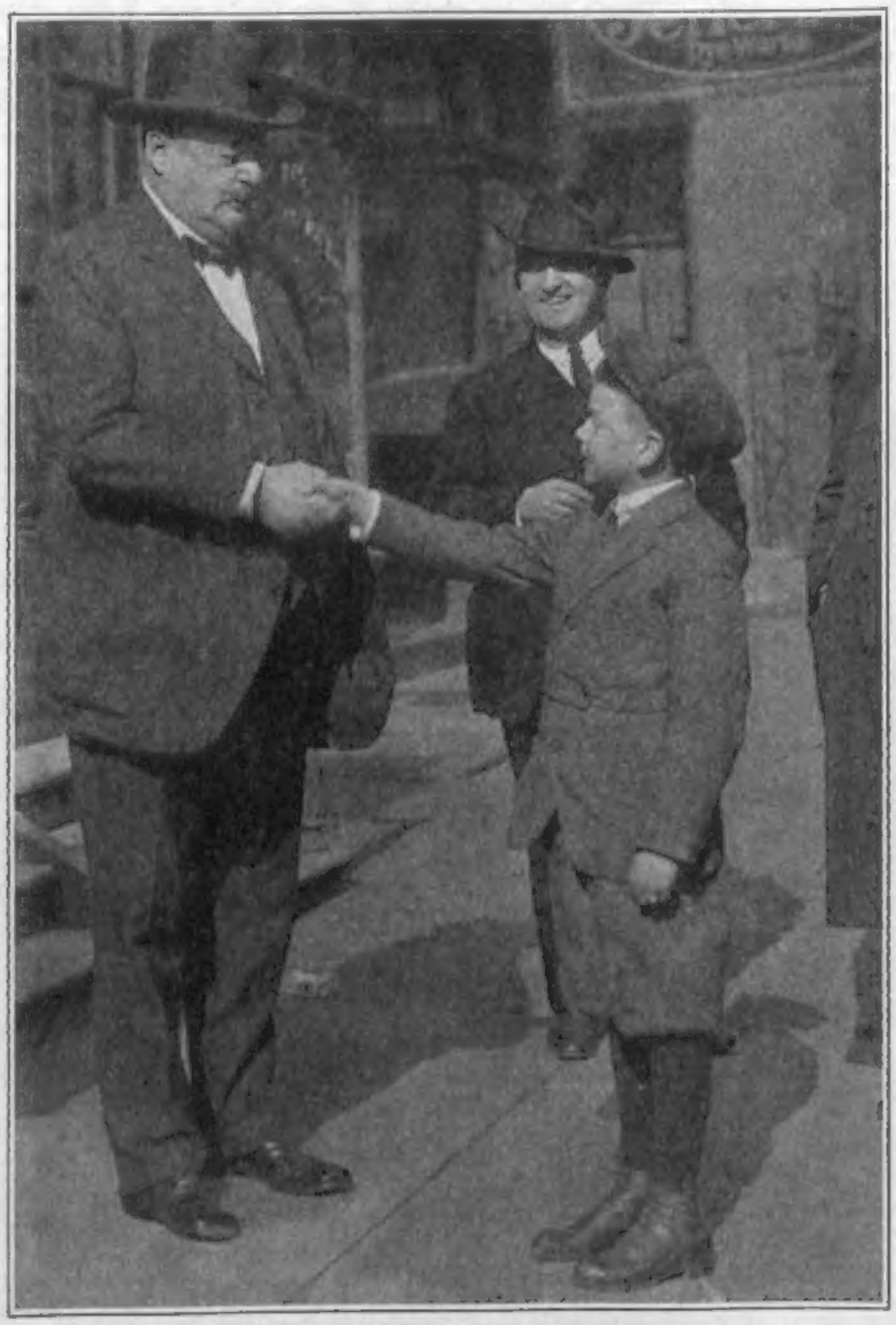
Now Congress is the active expression of the politics of the nation, because Congress, by legislation, makes effective the policies of the party that is in power. In the same way the state legislature makes effective the state political policies of the party in power, and so on down through boards of supervisors and aldermen and trustees and commissions to the smallest civic unit. And in the same way we find this coercion by combination operating from Senate to supervisors. Naturally, if a combination exists without a political body—all these are political bodies—for the purpose of demanding and obtaining special privileges or action, the prudent thing for those who are subject to the demands to do is to form a combination within the political body for the purpose of dealing and delivering in accordance with these demands and on a profitable political basis.

The growth, number and standardization of methods by these outside organizations, whether a close corporate body of a few tax-burdened plutocrats or a nation-wide league for the suppression of something or other, made the formation of inside organizations inevitable. No individual could cope with them. No boss could concede to them, or confront them personally; and as these organizations increased—they have increased by hundreds in the past twenty years—and became powerful they directed operations not only against representatives of the parties, such as the Congress and the state legislatures, but went further and operated directly upon the parties themselves, on their national organizations, upon the Republican Party as a national entity, and upon the Democratic Party in the same way.

The lesser bosses of these parties found themselves coming to a place where they could not tell these outside organizations what they, as bosses, would do and would allow the party to do, but where they had to listen to instructions as to what they must do. They no longer gave orders. They took orders, and had to. To protect themselves as much as might be, and to maintain themselves if possible, the lesser bosses resorted to combination themselves. They began to herd together defensively and offensively. Herding is not conducive to individual initiative and action. As the big fellows, grown so old they could not uphold their bignesses against the massed herd littleness, died off none took their places. The herd absorbed any who might have taken leadership in the days before this system began to press and propagandize itself upon them. Thus politics by committee, by caucus, by combination, by conference came into use and usufruct; and thus in the last presidential campaign, for example, we saw Will Hays hippity-hopping from one committee room to another—there were dozens of them—and rushing between Chicago and New York to find out what could be done, instead of a Mark Hanna sitting at the head of a table ordering what must be done, and having his orders obeyed without question.



J. Donald Cameron



"Penrose Was a Typical Boss and He Made Everybody Acknowledge the Fact. He Had Opposition, But His Personal Sway Was Complete"

A Legacy of Power

BOIES PENROSE held on grimly to the end. He never was a big boss in the sense that Quay and Cameron and Platt and Hanna and Hill and Gorman were big bosses, but he was the biggest there was for several years before his death, and most of his bigness came by bestowal rather than by endeavor. He was a survival, a sort of legend. He inherited the Pennsylvania Republican organization from Quay, and he held it as well as he could until he died, which was rather well and capably, speaking politically. This inheritance set him out among the other surviving big bosses of the time of it, and Penrose, by virtue of his state organization and the tremendous Republicanism of that state, became one of them more from these circumstances than from any others. Then the other big bosses began to go. Penrose remained, and the myths and legends and stories of prowess and perspicacities of the oldsters centered on Penrose as the outstanding figure, and he was endowed with qualities he did not have, and with powers he could not attain.

Every big national boss we have had, in either party, began by asserting his capabilities and his supremacies as a state boss. Every state had a boss of one sort or another, and especially after the close of the Civil War, when politics began to be a matter of organization rather than of enthusiasms. Twenty years ago or thereabouts, the state bosses began to succumb to age and infirmities, and as they passed out, for the reasons set forth above, no aspirants were able to take their places. Many tried, but none succeeded. Every big boss had numerous lieutenants, and most of these lieutenants tried to become captains. There were able men among these lieutenants, and

good politicians, but the reason none of them could get their captaincies was because no fellow lieutenant, who obeyed the old captain implicitly and respected his authority, would admit that the promotion belonged to any but himself; that, and the change in conditions caused by the growth of the combination idea as opposed to individual direction.

Penrose succeeded in taking over the captaincy left vacant by the death of Quay. He did what Odell, in New York, say, was not able to do in succession to Platt. The result was that as all these old fellows, who held their states despotically, had come to be national figures by virtue of that state control, Penrose came to be a national figure, a big boss also; for the same reason, and with powers ascribed to him that the old fellows had by right. As a matter of fact Penrose never was a national boss in the way Hanna was, or Hill, but was a successful state boss, taking him all in all. Indeed, it was not until a few years ago that Penrose showed any signs of national interest, and until the day of his death his principal concern was not the Republican Party nationally but the Republican Party Pennsylvanially. Pennsylvania came first, and ahead of any other interest or obligation whatsoever. Of course Penrose was a good politician, and he undoubtedly realized that there would be little to him nationally without the control of the Pennsylvania state organization as his political foundation, but even if he could have stepped out without that support and strength, as it is possible he might have done, it is improbable that he would have stepped out. His chief and abiding interest was his state machine.

Along in his later years, when he began to see opportunity for Senate leadership and the nationality that comes with it, he rather sedulously cultivated the statesman idea for himself; but there can be little doubt in the minds of those who knew the man that if it came to a question of abandoning control of his organization for any position or abandoning any position for control of his organization he would have let the position slide. However, that is beside the mark. What he did do was to foster his organization in every possible way, and, by virtue of that, hold himself in place and power.

The Big Bosses of the Past

PENROSE had small competition so far as public consideration was concerned. He came into power with the crown of Cameron and the scepter of Quay, and he held to both, and used them. He was esteemed as a big boss, and hence was a big boss during the last years of his life, because there were no other big bosses. Fuji-yama is a celebrated mountain not because it is a loftier mountain than many others—there are plenty of peaks in the Rockies as high or higher—but because it is an isolated mountain, because it stands by itself in the plain and towers majestically above the flat country roundabout. Penrose was held and hailed as a big boss because he towered above the mediocrities of his party, overshadowed the flatness and futilities of his colleagues. Like Fuji-yama he had no competition. Hence he had that distinction, and hence, as there is nobody left who is even of foothill size when compared with him, when he passed the last of the big bosses passed. Politics is now a standardized, committeeized, card-indexed and routine business. A political party is an organization entirely surrounded by other special-interest organizations, run by opportunists who are ceaselessly and selfishly opportuned, and respond both ceaselessly and selfishly.

We may leave it to the moralists as to whether this condition is ethically for better or for worse. Looking at it entirely from the viewpoint of a commentator there is no question that it is for worse, because when the bosses passed the great picturesque, human, interesting phases of politics passed also. In the days of the bosses politics was vivid and personal and engaging. Now politics is dull and systematized and syndicated. In the days of the bosses politics was a contest, an adventure, a game for foraying spirits, for men

Marcus A. Hanna

of blood and vision and courage and strategy and skill. Now it is a business of accountants, of clerks, of collectors, of committees.

The bosses may have been all that their detractors said they were, and more. Politics never was sweet-scented or of any considerable probity, but the difference is that the human equation entered into the doings of the bosses, and the card index dominates now. Call the old chaps villains if you will—and there is more or less license for it but if you knew any of them outside of report you found them good fellows, human beings, interesting and companionable persons and pretty fair Americans. And the politics of them was interesting politics, good rough-and-tumble, give-and-take combat, if it so happened, or skillful scheming and wirepulling with no motto save that it is results that count.

At that, they did not pose much, and they were not hypocrites, either, but assumed no air of sanctity when nefarious and made few excuses when caught. They had two traits that these present-day practitioners have not, and one of those things was courage, and the other was ability. Call the list of the old-time state bosses and you will not find a man on it who did not fight his way to the top with his fists and his brains, and hold that top with his brains and his fists. They had humor, adaptability and accountability. They did what they said they would do, never hid behind committees, ran the game wide open, and took toll whenever and wherever they considered toll was due. And there is this to be said of them: They nominated men for office who in most instances were suited for the office. They knew better than the people what sort of men should be selected. For proof, look at any set of nominations now made directly by the people themselves, by the primary. For proof, look at the United States Senate. Compare the membership of that body now, when senators are elected by the direct vote of the people, with the Senate of twenty or thirty years ago, say, when senators were elected by legislatures and legislatures were mostly controlled by bosses. There are a score of men in the present Senate—more than that—that no boss of the old days, no matter how case-hardened or contemptuous of the people, would have brought before his legislature, for two reasons: He would not have dared in the first place, and he would not have shown such poor judgment of men in the second. There are hundreds of men in public office in this country so incompetent, so unfitted for their places that no boss-ridden convention ever would have nominated them.

Hard Fighters and Good Fellows

THE big bosses had their points. They played cold, hard, merciless and mercenary politics, but they were intelligent and human and individual and likable, with all their shortcomings. They were looters, perhaps, but they went in the front door and not up the back alley. They were rabid partisans, but they did not seek to gain partisan ends under the guise of sniveling reform. Mostly they were out in the open on the main issues, and if they took it upon themselves to direct Government and select directors therefor it was, first, because the people allowed them to do those things and, second, because they felt—knew—they could do those things better than the people could; and, judging from the present state of politics in this country and sizing up the politicians, they may have been right.

What made a state boss a national boss was his power to participate in national affairs, especially in presidential politics. Hence most of the big bosses of our political history have come from big states. When Thomas C. Platt got to the place where he could control the great New York delegation to a national convention he became a big boss, because his control of that block of votes gave him a say and a standing with the other bosses that he might not otherwise have obtained. However, it took long and patient politics by Platt to get himself in a place where he could control the New York delegation, and that fact, coupled with that control, kept him a big boss after the votes of his delegates had made him one. Conversely, Nelson W. Aldrich was a big boss, and he came from Rhode Island, with merely a handful of delegates; but Aldrich didn't need delegates. He had brains and driving power, and he would have been a big man in politics if he had lived in the District of Columbia, where the unhappy citizens have neither political voice nor vote, with a whisper at a national convention, and no other governmental function save that of paying a full share of the taxes.

There have been bosses in politics ever since we have had politics, but we came to a full demonstration of the boss idea after the Civil War. I do not mean to say that even now there is not this fellow in this state and that fellow in that state who imagines himself a boss, and seeks to boss, but none of these amounts to much. The direct primary has crimped them, and the committee idea has engulfed them. It is quite probable that if the direct primary had not arrived and the old convention scheme had prevailed until now, Penrose would not have died as the last of the big bosses, although there were no signs of exceptional abilities when the primaries came in; and though the primary system may have detained Penrose let us say, to some extent, the direct-primary system

(Continued on Page 96)

"When David B. Hill Died There Was No Successor"

HARDWOOD HONEYMOON

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I CALC'LATE the's goin' to be some sort of a show up to the taown hall," said Pazzy Griffin, driver of the bus which carried passengers from the railroad station in Checkerberry to the hotel thereof.

"Hain't seen nothin' about it," said Wamgan Juttle discouragingly. Wamgan was always discouraged. Even when he went out to gather up the washings for his wife—for such was his profession—he was discouraged at the prospect of finding any, though he knew they would be waiting for him. "What makes ye think so?" he added.

"Jest carried a short-haired woman up to the hotel. Hair wan't longer'n that." He measured the length of the hair from the tip of his finger to his wrist. "Prob'ly plays on suthin."

"Mebby," said Wamgan hopelessly, "she's jest been sick with typhoid fever or some sich, and had it fall out."

Thus was heralded and discussed the arrival of Ted Peters and his bride Veronica in Checkerberry.

They were on their honeymoon, following a successful business episode in Valley Stream, over the state line—a honeymoon of solid business with a single golden thread of pleasure running through it. The principal object of the honeymoon was to spy out the land and to discover a new location and timber for the Peters Hardwood Company, manufacturers of clothespins, veneer dishes, bobbins and wooden novelties. It was not precisely the honeymoon Ted would have chosen, but he had no voice in the matter.

"It's Wonderful the Way Secretion Men Will Talk to Girls With Bobbed Hair! I Think That's How it Came to be Invented. Wasn't it a Bobbed-Haired Woman Made Samson Talk Too Much?"

"We can honeymoon for the next forty years," Veronica said. "You don't lose any interest on a honeymoon, but you do on money lying idle in a bank. I'd rather look at timber than at Niagara Falls anyhow."

Consequently, less than a week after their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Peters found themselves in Checkerberry, in the state of Maine, hot on the trail of a town of hardwood ridges, rumor of which had come to their ears.

Checkerberry was a town which conceded itself a population of a thousand souls. The more-meticulous census did not agree with this concession, and was consequently in local ill repute. The industries of Checkerberry were two general stores, a drug store, a grocery, a harness shop, a garage, which was also the electric-light plant, the United States post office and the mills of the Skeeduldee Lumber Company. The chief products of the village were lumber and conversation.

Pine, spruce and hemlock once surrounded the village and reached away endlessly. Years of lumbering had abolished the pine and hemlock and had made such inroads into the spruce that the end was in sight. But the hardwood remained—beech, birch and maple growing upon the ridges. It was upon this hardwood that Ted Peters had his eye. Within a short haul of Checkerberry stood a quantity of it sufficient to operate his mill for fifty years. Ted was all for getting a line on an available piece of timber and for galloping off into the woods to cruise it, but Veronica rested a restraining hand upon his eagerness.

"No," she said, "we'll just sit around for a day or two and spy out the land."

"I thought you were in such a hurry to get down to business," Ted said.

"I'm in a hurry not to get stung," she said with a recourse to colloquialism inexcusable in a bride.

"How do we proceed from here?" he asked.

"We look innocent, keep our eyes open and our mouths shut," she said.

"Like that?" asked Ted, demonstrating one method of closing the mouth.

"Frequently," she answered with commendable enthusiasm.

So for a week they walked and drove and fished in and about Checkerberry. Ted had a genius for making acquaintances, and within a few days was on speaking terms with most of the village. In the evenings he and Veronica checked up the gossip of the day, threw away the obviously speculative and catalogued that which might contain a stratum of fact. Their drives and fishing excursions took them into the timber, and both became satisfied of its excellence and abundance. The birch was especially large and fine; on the higher ridges was a sufficiency of maple, and beech grew everywhere. Spruce, they found, was practically exhausted for lumbering purposes—within a short haul or a practicable river drive of town—but there remained a residue of second growth and small stuff sufficient to make a pulp company covetous.

"I think," Ted told his wife, "we've found the spot. What we want is here."

"And they have a motion picture every Saturday—if the film comes," said Veronica.

"Not a very exciting place to live," Ted said, thinking of the dullness which must be the portion of a woman in that community.

"Home is where the money's to be made," Veronica said practically. "If we make money we can go where pleasure is—when we need it. You shan't hear a peep out of me. I'll be right behind you, pushing all the while, dear."

"If I'm a judge of apples," said Ted, "and I rather fancy I am, where you will be is in front—pulling."

"Let's make it a team, and haul side by side," she answered. Then, "I don't believe this Skeeduldee mill has more than a couple of years' run of spruce—if it has that."

"Right the very first time!"

"Is it a good mill?"

"One of the best sawmills I was ever in. Up-to-date machinery—resaws, conveyors, everything is first class. We could make shingles out of the cedar that comes along. Slabs go into lath. Been kept up in first-class shape."

"What becomes of a mill when it haan't anything more to saw?"

"Scrapped," he said.

"Um—could the mill as it stands be used to saw hardwood?"

"You bet! But these fellows don't want to do it. They're not hardwood men. Takes a different handling. They've been brought up on pine and spruce, and they look on hardwood the way the old cattlemen used to look on sheep raising."

"Is there money in hardwood lumber?"

"Of course. But it's a different game. You can saw spruce and load it onto cars right from the saw. But you have to pile and season hardwood. Market's different too."

"Could you use this machinery in manufacturing pins?"

"I should rather say I could!"

"Wouldn't it be cheaper to add to these mill buildings for your pin and dish and turning departments than it would be to build a whole new mill?"

"Well, rather! If we owned this mill as it stands we should have two-thirds of everything we need, and better than we could afford to buy. Why, we could go into the lumber game as well as the woodenware; use waste for pins and small turned stock; build on a couple of wings and a warehouse; put in a dozen slotters and lathes for clothespins, maybe ten dish machines, run up a drier for dishes, and there we are."

"Then," said Veronica, "I was right all the time."

"You generally are. But what about now?"

"Buying this mill."

"If we could buy right—why, honey, with the same investment we could come close to doubling the size of our business. We could cut spruce, what we could get of it, too. Say ——"

He gazed at her admiringly.

"First catch your mill," she said dryly.

"I'll have a talk to them first thing in the morning."

"You will not!" said Veronica.

"Eh?"

"There's a man at this hotel, and I've been watching him. I've even let him talk to me. He's very polite—almost as polite as a traveling man. He's mysterious—uh-huh.

But it's wonderful the way secretive men will talk to girls with bobbed hair! I think that's how it came to be invented. Wasn't it a bobbed-haired woman made Samson talk too much?"

"The Delilah woman? Other way around. He talked too much, and then she bobbed his hair."

"Anyhow, there's an affinity between short hair and talking. He didn't overdo the garrulity, though, I'll say that for him. He just hinted around, and I cooked the hints into an omelet, and the omelet is that he is up here for the Great Atlantic Pulp Company to buy timberlands."

"Ouch!"

"And he says, says he, showing off like, that the way to control timber was to control it. And then I says, says I, 'How can you do it?' and he says by monopolizing it; and I says, 'How?' And he says, 'Why, by buying out the other users of timber where you want to operate.'"

"Dog-gone!" said Ted soulfully. "That drops a fly in the salad dressing. We'd have to bid against them for the mill."

"And the price would go up, and the price of timber would go up—and we should have wasted our honeymoon."

"When do we leave?" Ted asked dolefully.

"We don't."

"What do we do?"

"We think. I've got my heart set on this mill"

"Then you shall have it. Whatever your little heart desires ——"

"It'll get—if it can make money by it."

"Practical Polly!"

"Rather be Practical Polly than Feather-Headed Flora. Think I'll let Mister Pulp Man get better acquainted. You go off fishing to-morrow—alone."

"This," said Ted, "is a devil of a honeymoon."

"Thank goodness nobody knows what we're up to."

"They haven't decided whether you're recovering from a run of fever or we're a pair of Chautauqua bell ringers who have lost their baggage."

"I've talked about the Stage—capital S," she said demurely.

When Ted came back with his basket full of trout that evening, Veronica was so crammed with information and importance that it bulged suspiciously. "I've got it!" she said. "He was so anxious to show me what an important person he was! He is trying to buy the mill."

"Now wouldn't that stir you with a wooden spoon?" said Ted dolefully.

"Wait! I found out all about the mill, and the owners and everything. I was so interested in what he said! He made no end of an impression on me. I gather he likes making impressions"

"Guess I'd better look for this man," Ted said with a pretense of belligerency.

"Listen! Five men own this mill. It's capitalized for a hundred thousand dollars. Ten thousand shares of ten dollars each. Four men own twenty-two hundred and fifty shares each, and a man by the name of Wilcox owns a thousand shares."

"Could have got that from the secretary of state."

"But not what goes with it. It seems that Breece, who is the president of the concern, chums with another stockholder named Danby. The pair of them run the mill. There's been some kind of a row, and Alton and Horning, the other majority stockholders, don't speak to Breece and Danby as they pass."

"Hear! Hear!" Ted made believe to applaud.

"Now my little pulp friend, whose name is Shamp ——"

"Pretty enough name," said Ted.

"Anyhow, he's snuggling up to Breece and Danby. His idea is to buy the mill from the corporation, and he thinks his pair of stockholders can put it over for him."

"Can they?"

"That," she said, "depends on us."

"As how?"

"Well, as nearly as I can gather, they can't sell the assets of the mill without a majority vote of the stockholders."

"Yes, yes! And then?"

"Why, it seems to me Mr. Shamp is barking up the wrong bean pole. What he ought to try to do is buy the corporation."

"Eh?"

"Surely—the corporation. If he buys it the mill goes with it, and no questions asked. If you own the stock you own everything, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed—including the debts."

"Mr. Shamp knows all about the debts too. He says there aren't any."

"Very thoughtful of them. And your idea, darling?"

"Don't call me darling when we're talking business. It distracts my mind. My idea is to snuggle up to Alton and Horning and let them sell us their stock. We'll be innocent and not know the mill has exhausted its timber, and we'll let them sting us frightfully. I think it can be done."

"Suppose they do enter into this scheme to defraud us—that will give us only forty-five hundred shares, if I've understood all you've said."

"There's the rub. Nobody seems to know which way Mr. Wilcox and his balance of power will jump. He is it."

"Um ——"

"So you go after Horning and Alton, and while you're fussing around you might go to the town clerk's office and look up the land the company owns. We might find something interesting. Never can tell."

"What'll you be doing?"

"Me? Oh, I'm going to keep on being impressed by Mr. Shamp, and so forth."

"Make clear to me the 'and so forth.'"

"With sincere regrets that it is impossible for me to comply with your request, I remain, yours very truly, Veronica Peters."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know. I'm holding up a lightning rod, waiting for inspiration to strike it."

"Yes, but suppose we get 45 per cent of the stock—and then bog down."

"Why," she said, "in that case—we're stung!"

"Ouch!" said Ted.

"At the worst," she said, "we'd get back 45 per cent of what Mr. Shamp pays for the mill."

"Which," said Ted, "in case Breece and Danby proved to be a little bit crooked, won't be much. They might, you know, put over the sale on the other stockholders at a figure which would bring tears, and then accept a slight gratuity on the side from Mr. Shamp for their trouble."

"From gazing carefully at Mr. Breece," said Veronica, "that is exactly what I figger is taking place."

Next morning Ted unobtrusively sought out Mr. Horning, and displayed himself in the guise of a guileless young man with money which he did not know how to use. Mr. Horning was sitting in his stocking feet on the grass, when Ted walked past and wished him a good morning.

"Wonderful country—lovely town," said Ted affably. "Agrees with my wife. Yes, sir. Would you believe it, she wants to settle here!"

"H'm," said Mr. Horning. "The's wuss taowns. What did ye say your business was?"

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"Miracles is Said to Have Happened," Wilcox Said, Turning to Danby. "Hain't Got Religion or Suthin, Have Ye?"

"ARMAGEDEON"

By Samuel Merwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE point of dissension, on the surface, appeared to be this matter of renting the Kent place. Coventry was a village within commuting reach of Boston, yet not a suburb in the sense that real-estate development had worked its will there. Few desirable houses came upon the market at any given season. The Whitalls couldn't stay on after October first in the comfortable house they had occupied for three years because it had been sold and the purchaser would be moving in. The Kent place was even more comfortable; rented, in fact, for fifty dollars more a month. Harvey Whitall was bent on taking it. The apparent alternative, moving over to one of the smaller houses nearer the railway tracks, he resisted with heat. They had discussed it, he and his wife, during a fortnight. It came up the last thing every night and the first every morning. As Harvey felt strongly that domestic matters should be separated from his business responsibilities in the city, he had left the details of arrangement to her; had, indeed, instructed her to take them up.

There would have to be new paper in the drawing and living rooms, and new shingles on the roof, and she felt that the kitchen should be painted.

But she had not taken them up, and his annoyance at her inaction underlay his words now over the telephone—added a crisp edge to his voice. She took the call sitting on the stair landing. As she recognized his voice her usually bright countenance settled into an expression of enduring patience of which she was not aware.

He said. "That you, dear? I just wanted to tell you I won't be out to dinner. Be at the Center Club. They want me to play bridge."

Evidently his mind wasn't running back over the years as hers was. His "They want me to play"—the actual phrase—was an echo of a hundred telephone talks. Sometimes, though, he had his secretary or the boy at the club call up to tell her impersonally that he wouldn't be home.

And she replied with what was almost as set a formula, "Why do you bother to come out then?"

This because she had always believed strongly in individual freedom. She never asked questions; never read his letters; never, in any way, nagged, though of late a new tentative question had been creeping in among her more settled thoughts.

"That's so," said he breezily. "I may as well sleep at the club; that is, if you won't need the car in the morning. And say, Grace, while I think of it, I'm going to run up with Frank over the week-end to his camp. He thinks we may get some trout. He'll take me up in his car Friday."

"I'll get out your tackle," said she, with something near her usual brisk cheerfulness. "Don't sit up too late."

"Oh, I'll get sleep enough. It'll do me good to play a little—been a hard day."

"Any signs of business picking up, Harvey?"

That was an odd question from her. She didn't know why she asked it.

"Not a sign that I can see. It's a strain."

"Well, we'd better not talk about that over the phone. Get all the rest you can."

"Oh, sure! Good-by."

He Was Groaning, and She Had to Raise Her Voice Somewhat. She Was Stroking His Head Now, as If He Were a Hurt Child

"Good-by."

"Oh, say, Grace!"

"Yes?"

"Better fix that right up about the Kent place. Get the best agreement you can. Tell Jim Barber to have the papers ready, and I'll sign to-night or Monday."

"I—haven't done anything about it."

This reply, too, seemed even to herself slightly out of character.

"But—good Lord, Grace! You know as well as I do that ——"

He hesitated. She thought for a moment that his secretary might have come into the office just then. Though, come to think of it, he seldom changed his tone for her.

She said, "I've been wondering a little"—paused—"but never mind about that now. Good-by."

With which she hung up the receiver. But she continued to sit on the landing, thinking. She had never before cut him off like that. The bell rang again, and she was not surprised to hear his voice.

"We can't leave it like that, Grace! We've got to do something!"

"I don't want the Kent place, Harvey."

"Oh, come now! We've been all over that!"

"If you insist on talking about it now ——"

"But there isn't time to ——"

"—— I'll just have to tell you that I can't see it your way. Wish I could, but I can't."

"But see here ——"

"Oh, let's do something simple, Harvey."

"How many times have I got to tell you that ——"

She snapped the receiver on its hook, and then sat breathless, frightened at herself.

The bell rang once again, but she didn't move.

They had been a long time in reaching this moment, she and Harvey. Down the years they had been headed towards it. Her mind ran back over a hundred incidents, each trifling enough in itself. They had never had quarrels. She couldn't quarrel; her nature had always found it easier to yield and endure. This, really, was their first.

The Kent place would mean one servant surely, perhaps two. She could never do the work there as she was doing here, and there was a big lawn to keep up. It would take more coal, more wood, more electricity. Locked in her desk upstairs, on a spindle, was a high pile of unpaid bills. During more than a year—through what the newspapers called the deflation period that followed the exuberant spending time that in its turn followed the war—she had had to juggle her household accounts with the tradesmen of Coventry, paying now this one and now that one, and at times reaching strained relations with all, and she disliked intensely that sort of evasiveness.

II

A LIGHT step and a prettily humming voice from the upper hall broke in on her reverie. She remarked whimsically as her daughter came running down the stairs, "Don't step on me." And then observing that the girl had on her prettiest little hat and carried over one arm her long outing coat she called quickly, "Lydia!"

The girl, who had been making swiftly for the screen door, wheeled about in an attitude of nervous defiance. Mrs. Whitall continued with, "Where are you going?"

Her daughter blazed up.

"Can't I ever step out of this door without being questioned?"

"I take it you won't be back for dinner."

Lydia glanced at the hall clock.

"How can I? It's nearly six now." The girl's pretty mouth twisted impatiently and not so prettily. Plainly she felt that her temper was being tried to the limit of endurance. She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose when you go out"—this impertinently—"you always know just when you're coming back."

Mrs. Whitall fell back on silence.

The girl, with a last indignant look, rushed out, banged the screen door and ran down the steps.

III

IT WAS about time to put on the potatoes for dinner, but Mrs. Whitall sat there on the landing, trying to think. She had brought home scallops for dinner, because both Harvey and Lydia liked them. She didn't, herself, and now they wouldn't be here. And Fred wasn't home. He was the older son; nineteen and recently returned from his freshman year in college. Fred had always been odd, and was now unaccountable; mentally inaccessible; haughtily radical in thought. There was no telling whether he'd turn up for dinner. He might. She'd have to cook enough scallops for him. If he didn't appear Joe would have to eat them.

But first she'd better find Harvey's fishing things. If they weren't ready when he came home he'd be cross, and if she left it until the morning she might forget.

She clapped her hands down on her knees and looked at them.

They were capable hands, reddened somewhat by housework, but that was well enough. She rose and went up to the third floor. Joe's voice came from the play room up front.

"That you, mom?"

"Yep," she replied in the vernacular he understood and of which Harvey disapproved. "What you doing?"

"Fixing my coins."

She found the fishing things, then went to the play-room door.

Joe was eleven, with a compactly wiry little body, a button of a nose and a shock of hair that slanted down incorrigibly over one of the bright brown eyes.

"I've got to go down and get dinner," said she.

"I'll set the table," said he. "Gee, it's great not having school! Where's Lydia?"

"Gone out."

"Fred out too?"

She nodded.

"Dad coming home?"

She moved her head in the negative.

"Good night! I must say there isn't much family atnosphere around here."

"Atmosphere."

"It's exurb—making you do everything!"

"Absurd," said she, and went on downstairs with the suitcase, the big rubber waders, tackle box, corduroy suit, canvas hat and rod case.

"I'll wash my hands and be right down," he called after her.

"You'll have to scrub 'em with the brush," she called back. "Your nails look like the hot-dog man's."

IV

AT THE table Joe ate in complete absorption of mind, and enormously. That business disposed of, he settled back in his chair ready for discussion.

"Well," said she over her coffee, "to-morrow's the first day of vacation. What are we going to do with it?"

"Good night! I suppose Lydia and Fred'll be asleep for breakfast and away for lunch."

"Probably."

"Let's us have a picnic!"

"All right. I'll get chops. I ought to be through with the breakfasts by eleven."

"I know a place we've never been—Dunn's meadows, over by the river. We can drive over."

"The car isn't here."

"Let's walk then. It's only about two miles."

"Can we carry everything?"

"Sure! I can." Joe threw out his chest and banged it with his fists. "Get out my knapsack. And if you'll sew straps on the stove bag I can sling it over my shoulder."

"Right-o, old top!" said she. "If it's pleasant."

"You're on!" said he.

It was pleasant. They walked out the state road, past asparagus farms that were now at the height of the cutting season, and strawberry beds acres wide in which foreign-looking women and children were at work on their knees, and past several wayside booths in which fresh peas and asparagus and berries and other early farm produce were displayed to catch temptingly the glances of passing motorists. The considerable number of cars that stopped by these booths indicated a brisk trade. A little way beyond the Dunn farm they turned off on a lane that led to the meadows by the river.

Here under a horse-chestnut tree they set up the battered little stove of sheet iron, and Mrs. Whitall unpacked the chops and bread and bacon and paper plates and napkins, while Joe gathered twigs and chips and lighted the fire.

They cooked and ate happily, fingers greased and blackened by bacon and chops, and eyes smarting from the smoke. Then they lounged and chatted.

"Has dad got much money?" asked Joe, wrinkling his brows.

"No, very little; in a sense, not any."

"What do you mean—in a sense?"

"He has his salary while he's well. He counts on getting extra commissions and a bonus in January; but with business all shot to pieces there is very little in the way of commissions, and last January there wasn't any bonus."

"Must cost a lot to keep us all going."

"It does."

"Good night! I don't see why Lydia and Fred can't help. You bet I'll help when I get big enough. Why don't you try compunction?"

"Compulsion? H'm—your father feels very strongly about putting Fred through college."

"Good night! I don't see what we got the new car for."

"The old one rattled so, your dad felt it would be better to trade it in now. He says business is sure to pick up in the fall."

"Good night! I don't see how he can be sure of that."

"Oh, he watches business conditions. He can judge those things better than we can. We mustn't leave these napkins and plates around, kiddo. Dig a hole and we'll bury them."

On the way back along the state road Mrs. Whitall stopped short before a dingy little cottage that stood pleasantly among ash and maple trees, with two well-preserved old elms in front. On one of the elms was a sign crudely painted, that read:

FOR SALE. Apply to M. J. Dunn, Next Door.

"Good night!" Joe burst out. "I hate inefficioussy!"

"Inefficiency. What I'm beginning to hate is myself. Here I am, only forty-two, as well and strong as I ever was or ever will be. Why don't I do something?"

"Good night! You do enough, it seems to me."

"I'm not sure I do the right things. Come along, Jokums! I must go over your dad's fishing clothes, and there's a big pile of mending on my conscience."

V

MR. WHITALL brought home a new trout rod. He took it out to the side porch without pausing to speak to Mrs. Whitall, who was in the kitchen, carefully joined it, rigged a new silk line, and then stepped down on the lawn to test it in a few casts. He was a thin, nervous man, who bore his forty-six years lightly enough, dressed rather smartly, and was still what is called good-looking.

Joe, from his upstairs window, gazed out on the performance. Mr. Whitall was expert with the rod. It was, even in the middle distance, a beautiful bit of workmanship, of split bamboo, with bright metal joints and tip; and the new reel looked like silver.

Joe had to struggle with a desire to talk about that rod, to ask permission to handle it and even try a cast or two in the yard. But his father was distrait and somewhat gruff, and his mother was silent; instinct bade him keep very still during the little ordeal of dinner. Lydia was home, too, for a wonder, with one ear out for the telephone bell; and she'd kill any attempt at family talk. Neither did Mrs. Whitall speak of the rod; merely took the old one up to the storeroom.

Lydia was off down the street directly after dinner. Fred was somewhere in the city, and would be tiptoeing home a few moments after the midnight train came through.

Harvey, lighting his cigar—this after Joe had run out to play—looked sternly at his wife, and in his most decisive head-of-the-house manner asked, "Did you see Jim Barber?"

She was turning away toward the kitchen and her dishes, and replied in a rather indistinct negative. She went on to the kitchen then, but knew when he took his hat and marched, with dignity, out the side door. A moment later she heard the car in the driveway.

It was a balmy evening. Her work done, she stood at the screen door and gazed out on the pleasantly shaded street. Harvey had undoubtedly gone straight to Jim Barber's. Perhaps he'd sign up on the spot, committing

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The Word Appealed to Him. He Repeated It. "The End! Might as Well Make It the End, Eh?"

The Print of My Remembrance

By Augustus Thomas

IN THE summer of 1883, when I had come back from the Vokes Company hoping to start organizing what ultimately proved to be the little theatrical company called the Dickson Sketch Club, I had a fair knowledge of the kind of material of which actors were made, and some measure of audiences too; but I felt that the experience to be had in a tour would give a knowledge of audiences in general most desirable to a play writer. He would learn the kind of line and business that would please not only the people with whom he had been brought up but all kinds to whom he would be fortunate enough to play and ultimately to write for—the altogether American audience and the one that would be a mixture of many nationalities.

With this in mind I began my last season in Pope's box office, having several months ahead for preparation of material and enlistment of help. The task in detail of getting material, organizing a company, playing in it and going with it in a trial through small towns was a varied experience, of which an intimate telling will probably interest others besides equally ambitious amateurs.

Looking for someone who could play the child in Editha's Burglar, our attention naturally went to Della Fox, who was the professional infant around the theater, and who a few years later became the light-opera prima donna with the Comley Barton Opera Company, and still later the featured lead with De Wolf Hopper in Wang and other Broadway successes. She also introduced the Della Fox curl in the middle of the forehead, which became the fashion from Maine to the Pacific.

Edgar Smith, now the prominent playwright, was at that time working very rebelliously in a gas-fixture establishment in St. Louis, a branch of a New York house in which his father was a partner. Edgar had been launched upon this attempt at a commercial career by his father in order to get him away from Daly's Theater, where he had been a minor member of the resident company and a fairly important one of a company that went on the road. With us amateurs of his own age this gave him authority. At that time he was a slight and distinguished-looking person about five feet eleven inches tall, and as fine a young man physically and facially and in deportment as one would wish to see. His profile was regular, and his expression had the high, open-eyed, self-confident quality of a French marquis. He sang acceptably; he spoke with well-bred pronunciation and tone. The idea of a little company that we could call our own appealed to him thoroughly. He became a third owner in the enterprise. His choice as the exponent of anything romantic that we might play was conceded and fixed.

E. H. Sothern at an Open-Air Theater on Long Island, New York

Padding the Show

FRANK DAVID, the drummer I have referred to as often dancing in the lobby of the theater during the hours he was off duty, was naturally mimetic. His work in the orchestra had required that his attention should at least be synchronized with the slap-stick and knockabout element of the performance in which his drum and cymbals assisted. Mr. Wilton Lackaye once remarked that repartee was largely a matter of repertoire. It may be that many entertaining personal properties have the same origin. David, as drummer student, had a repertoire; he was our principal comic.

Another possible member of our company, a product of the business, was William Sullivan, whom we discussed as a second comedian. He had been brought up around the theater, being successively errand boy, usher and bill-poster. Memory, when at all associated with genius, is selective. Sullivan's memory had fixed for him every trick of every Irish player that had made a week's stand in the city of St. Louis during his time. His particular model had been that fine Irish actor, Hugh Fay. Sullivan could give an imitation of Fay, not only in the things he had seen Fay do but in any new material that he imagined Fay undertaking. These men—Smith, Dickson, David, Sullivan and myself—had many conferences over our plans. We felt that Editha's Burglar was a sufficient *pièce de résistance*. But this playlet represented only twenty-five minutes. With a ten-minute intermission added, it still left two hours of entertainment to be devised.

Smith and I set about together to devise a comedy that would contain songs and dances and an equal opportunity to put into the show window what we thought we and our associates individually and collectively possessed or could develop. We turned out a two-act concoction which we called Combustion, and which we all thought up to our dress rehearsal was a very funny and sufficient vehicle to carry the last half of our evening; but it was neither. To this rehearsal, which was held in Pope's Theater on the Sunday evening before our opening, which was to be in the little town of Mexico, Missouri, we invited enough of our acquaintances comfortably to fill the parquet.

Editha's Burglar did all that we had expected of it. The audience was enthusiastic. Our two acts of Combustion, with an ample intermission, went less than an hour and a half. Our comedy wasn't very good, and it was thirty minutes too short. After the play we knew enough of the theater to call the company for a rehearsal at noon next day. Edgar Smith and I met in the morning for heroic work. While merely trifling and waiting about at moments during the weeks of preparation it had been the occasional practice of David, Smith, Sullivan and myself to get together and sing what were known in those days as barber shops—quatrains from the popular songs, with very close harmony at effective points, all marked out and rehearsed by David. We would do one or two of those. In one of the Vokes comedies Fred had a table scene in which he endeavored to carve a tough fowl. This was an old stunt with him, thoroughly elaborated and filled with all manner of tricks, from shooting the resisting bird into a lady's lap to pursuing it with his knife up and down the legs of the table, where he led it with his fork. As there was a dinner scene in our piece, we resolved to introduce that foolery, with which I was perfectly familiar. Three or four other interpolations convinced us that we could pad up the evening to something like the required length. We cued in these few turns and got ready to leave town, a very apprehensive bunch of inexperienced barnstormers.

On the day of our departure from St. Louis we were in a higher degree of excitement than even young people can attain for the ordinary embarkation. We had spent a morning patching equipment, and it was therefore only by crowding appointments that I was able to respond to a call from George McManus to be sure and see him at the Grand Opera House before leaving town. I had only five minutes at his window, but he said he could deliver his message in even less time. A great many companies were coming to grief at that time in the West—organizations with New York records and indorsements—and here we were, a little band with not even a St. Louis pronouncement of our complete product, with no reputation as an organization, and not any as individual members, almost asking for disaster.

With the most serious face in the world, and of course with all these facts in mind, McManus said to me, "What is your first big stand?"

I told him Minneapolis. He took pad and pencil, put down relatively two dots, one marked St. Louis and one marked Minneapolis. He then drew an arrow between them, indicating general direction. "You see," he said, "going up you are going northwest." He drew a parallel arrow, but reversed, and then added, "Coming home you will be going southeast; just remember that."

Lamp Trouble

WITH this pessimistic implication to be shaken off, I joined my friends and made the train.

Our first stand, Mexico, Missouri, was then a railroad town with probably three thousand inhabitants, but enough surrounding population to justify its little wooden opera house. The audience was not critical. We were delightfully surprised, as theatrical people often are, to discover that the material added hurriedly as afterthoughts was of the most effective. Our little barber-shop quatrains went so well that we had to repeat them. The next day, moving to the next town, we added two or three encores. In a week we were giving a smooth performance of what simple people of the Middle West called a good show.

The little playhouses of that time were more inadequately equipped behind the scenes than they were in front. Sometimes, not often, a curtain had to separate the dressing room of the men from that of the women. In one little town whose name and locality I have forgotten there was no dressing room at all, nor room for one. We were expected to do what every company that visited the town did: We dressed in a shop that was occupied by a cobbler in the daytime and lent to the theater at night. It was some forty feet from the stage door, and on the night I have in mind we all of us—men, women and the little girl—covered the distance between these two places in the rain.

In Muscatine, Iowa, a pretty little town on the west bank of the Mississippi, the theater was a second-story room, built over some stores on the main street. It was lighted by coal-oil lamps, three or four of them behind tins for footlights, and a large one, a circular burner, hanging permanently above the middle of the stage. The machinery of these lamps was not in the best condition, but the audience felt perfect confidence in the watchfulness of the janitor, who sat in the front row, with his attention divided between the play and these coal-oil burners.

Smith and I had reached the most effective and dramatic part of the Burglar sketch when this tall figure rose from the front row of kitchen chairs and said with irresistible authority, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!"

We stopped. There was no laugh in the audience, no protest. The man climbed onto the stage, which was only about three feet high from the floor, pulled his kitchen chair after him, set it in the middle of the scene, stood on it, turned down the lamp overhead, very carefully regarded it a moment with the eye of an expert, got down, took the chair, retired to the floor of the auditorium, turned and waved to us with a peremptory "Go on!"

We went on. The audience was evidently used to this as a regular feature of the visiting entertainments. It was, however, pretty hard for Smith and me to look each other in the eye and proceed with the lines, especially with the wheezy laughter of the company half smothered in the wings.

Our various stays, measured by hours, in these little towns differed of course, being governed as they were by the time of the arriving and departing trains and the

distance to the next stand. Often we got in comfortably late in the forenoon, had time to see that our scenery and baggage reached the theater and was properly placed, and then found ourselves with an entire afternoon at our disposal in some picturesque little place, full of interest for the visitor. There might be a lake or a little stream with rowboats; there was always a stable with acceptable saddle horses, and if one were a walker two or three minutes took him into the lanes and fields outside.

My own interest in every part of America had been stimulated by early political associations. The men I remembered with admiration had come from little districts such as these all over the country. The features that characterized these districts, to some of which we now were going; the products that made them valuable in contributing to the welfare of the commonwealth; the relation of the plain, wise, sturdy people to the tasks upon which these products depended; the human capacity of the individual to be interested in the work at hand, and kindred things, were always as entertaining as a storybook.

After we had been out a short while we were joined by Will Smythe, who came to us in the capacity of business manager. The late William G. Smythe—or as we knew him familiarly, Billy Smythe—remained in the theatrical business as manager or producer until he died in September, 1921, while occupying a position as David Belasco's booking agent.

They treated us rather well in Minneapolis. The papers, morning and evening, were complimentary. But I have always attributed much of this to the influence of W. C. Edgar, editor of the Northwestern Miller, published in Minneapolis and at that time owned by Charles Palmer, who subsequently became business manager of the New York American.

The Joker at the Fire

ONE night after the play Smith, Smythe, David and I went to Edgar's and played poker. I think someone in our party must have won a little, because we were coming back in excellent good nature. As we neared the Hennepin House, the hotel at which we were staying, we became aware of some excitement about the place, and a gathering of fire engines, one of which was still working, indicating that we had come in at the finish of a fire. This proved to have been in a small building to the rear of the hotel. The crowd that still remained was intensely interested in an excited individual who was looking from one of the small windows under the eaves on the topmost floor of the hotel, which was about six stories high. This person was calling in a most complicated German dialect, asking if he should throw his trunk from the window; calling for somebody to put up a ladder; making all kinds of appeals to the crowd that was hooting at him from below. It didn't take our party long to recognize this excited roomer as our Irish comedian, Billy Sullivan, who had not been invited to the poker party, but had met much more entertainment at home.

In the hotel corridor we found one of the clerks complaining of this performance and that the door was locked and he couldn't get into the room. Sullivan, answering our calls over the transom, admitted us. He was highly elated over the attention he had attracted, and was a perfect hero in the eyes of little Della, who had come across the hall in her wrapper to prompt him in this escapade. Papers reporting the fire the next morning carried a serious account of this frightened German, who was saved from jumping only by the cries of citizens below.

Della Fox and the Curl She Made Famous

On this first trip it was a great happiness for us to meet such able men writing for the theater as George Goodale of Detroit, Elwyn Baron, Teddy McFeelam, and Biff Hall of Chicago, and the men of equal seriousness in the other cities, all of whom without exception spoke of the comedy, Combustion, as being entertaining, clean, full of fun; commending it more or less in the vein of one writer who said, "The only wonder is how and where so small a party collected such a budget of amusing nonsense." These criticisms were valuable not only in addressing the public when we were again on tour the following season but they were influential with theatrical owners everywhere in getting time. It must be remembered that in 1884 there were no theatrical syndicates. Men who owned theaters had not delegated to any central authority in New York or elsewhere the task of putting attractions in their theaters. They were not linked in a chain. Each manager selected his own attractions and each company corresponded by letter and by wire voluminously to organize suitable tours.

The regular bill of our company was Editha's Burglar and Combustion. We had, however, two or three other little things, such as Gilbert's Sweethearts and Bernard's His Last Legs. His Last Legs had a longer cast than we were well prepared for. We met this by having Smythe come from the front of the house and play old Mr. Rivers and by changing the footman to a housemaid and giving that part to little Della; and she was very cute in it too. Our second comedian, Sullivan, had to be cast as a walking gentleman, one Doctor Banks. This was a rôle quite within the capacity of any utility man in the world, but as he had to wear a high hat and gloves and present O'Callahan with a card in the front scene and speak a serious line or two about looking for a long-lost daughter, the pretense of it was so far afield of anything Sullivan had ever imagined himself doing that he was almost panic-stricken with the assignment. This was in no wise relieved by the conduct of Della, who considered it her business on the tour to regard Sullivan as her particular play boy of the Western world. In and out of the theater these two were given to guying each other and to practical jokes.

Heckling Della Fox

DELLA had a little sand jig to do in Combustion. It was quite good enough and up to the standard of that time, and I am sure Sullivan thought well of it; but he made it very difficult for the little girl by standing in the wing when nobody in authority was around and dramatizing the insufferable torture that it gave him to witness her pretended skill. Della's turn to get even came when Sullivan had to walk on as a gentleman in the part of Doctor Banks. Her scenes followed closely upon his own, and during all his time on the stage Della was in the prompt entrance with clenched fists and agonized looks to heaven.

After his first performance of the part Sullivan declared that he would never go on for it again; but there was no choice between doing so and leaving the company. With each added performance his distress mounted, until by the time we had finished the season Doctor Banks was a nightmare with him. He studied the route ahead in his effort to figure out where we might possibly want to put up that bill. Will Smythe, a good deal of the joker himself, would occasionally invade the smoking car with a forged telegram from some manager ahead asking for this comedy of His Last Legs, and read it to me or to Smith loudly enough for scraps of it to reach Sullivan across the aisle.

The name of the character, Doctor Banks, finally passed into Sullivan's vocabulary as descriptive of any inadequate person in life. Occasionally when he lost his temper about something else and had exhausted the polite and impolite expletives at the command of the average tough he would finish by adding that the party under condemnation was a regular Doctor Banks. Language could convey no more.

The Dickson Sketch Club, Taken at Minnehaha Falls, Minnesota, in 1884. Standing—Edgar Smith, William G. Smythe, Pearl Dudley, Augustus Thomas, Della Fox. Seated—Sydney Mason, Frank David, Nellie Page

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EUROPE IN TRANSITION

England and To-Morrow—By Isaac F. Marcosson

ONE night last spring I sat alongside the most brilliant, perhaps, of living British journalists at a public dinner in London. At the moment England was sorely beset from within and without. The coal strike had been on for nearly two months, Ireland was in chaos, India was aflame, Egypt rocked with dissatisfaction, trade lay prostrate, and unemployment had become a menace.

I asked my neighbor how, in his opinion, the country could survive the ordeal. His epigrammatic reply was: "England is bored with danger, whether it be tanks or tariffs. Somehow she always manages to pull through despite the muddling. Her safeguard is her casualness."

In this statement you have the reason why England, in spite of almost endless embarrassment, remains fundamentally stronger than any other European country. When disaster looms darkest she meets the moment because she never despairs. It is the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The fact that England is the only nation paying interest on the war debt to America is an evidence of her inherent soundness. Her banks are more powerful than ever, for they have acquired the trust habit. British world commerce now follows the best prewar patterns of German penetration. Now that the Irish tangle appears to be straightening out her principal problems are to get back her export business and find jobs for nearly 2,000,000 idle in the United Kingdom.

England has drawn her share of the general debility from which Europe is suffering. Peace has only meant war of several costly varieties. To comprehend the situation you must first know what have been well named the essentials of her position. No other nation has a similar economic structure. To begin with, Britain is an island kingdom. She must therefore obtain the great bulk of her foodstuffs and raw materials from overseas. She balances her accounts by the coal and manufactured articles she exports, plus banking and marine service. The principal factors that contributed to her old authority in international economic affairs were cheap labor, inflexible commercial honesty, supremacy in shipping, widely distributed investments, and the expert manipulation of a long-established and far-flung credit machine.

Lord Birkenhead, Lord High Chancellor of England

The Great Coal Strike

THE first effective challenge to British commercial supremacy was thrown down by the Germans in the decade immediately preceding the Great War. The moment this competition was temporarily removed—I use the word "temporarily" because the Teuton is already contesting with the Briton throughout the world—new rivals sprang up in the shape of Japan and the United States. Britain emerged from the war with a debt much heavier than the corresponding burdens borne by her chief trade competitors. Her invisible exports have shrunk through the wiping out of a large part of her investments and credits abroad. Thanks to the mercantile tonnage that we built up between 1915 and 1919, we are independent of her cargo-carrying resources. As a final blow to her ancient prestige we have cut into her coal prerogatives.

With coal you touch the cornerstone of British prosperity. For the Englishman it is a matter of almost religious importance. Not only is coal a potent bargaining asset but its employment has many ramifications. For one thing, it has contributed largely to the strength of her shipping. Part of Britain's economic power developed because her vessels left home with coal as ballast and came back with cargoes of manganese ore, wool or other commodities. The holds were full both ways.

During the past twelve months the British coal situation has undergone a drastic change. At tremendous price the country purged itself of a menace that threatened the integrity of the imperial economic fabric. The agency was the famous coal strike of 1921 and it is a piece of history that every American should know. The cause and effect have immense significance for him. Its failure demonstrated the utter futility of any attempt by organized labor to frustrate public comfort and convenience.

Let me briefly rehearse the salient facts because they bear directly upon present conditions. Before the war the British coal miner was undoubtedly underpaid and his output was on a par with his compensation. With the outbreak of hostilities he took on a new importance. The war machine had to be stoked, and the era of big wages, and with them, big extravagance, began. "Coal is life," said Lloyd George, and he promised the workers everything. With peace and the first attempt at decontrol the miners rebelled. They had grown accustomed to an invariable concession to their requests and now they insisted upon more. When they demanded nationalization—which meant the end of labor competition, administration by the state, participation in profits, and a pooling arrangement by which the rich mines of Wales shouldered the deficiencies of the poor mines of Monmouthshire—it was the last straw. The inevitable clash came, and with it a final show-down.

Realizing the indispensability of coal to the restoration of British trade, which was in chaos after the armistice, the miners sought to coerce the owners into the surrender of their fundamental rights. They were members of a triple alliance which also included the transport workers and the dockers. With their coöperation in a general strike it would have been easy to tie up the country in a knot and paralyze commerce. Under red agitators the miners sought to foment an industrial revolution. What was hailed as the fiery cross of revolt was lighted, only to fizzle out in the darkness of defeat. Why? Simply because Britain took up the gauntlet. She decided to meet force with force. She mobilized an army of territorial troops, which was dubbed The New Hundred Thousand. Every man in it had seen service in France. In addition she had a vast reserve of coal piled up to meet just such an emergency. Furthermore, the weather became abnormally mild. At the critical moment the two other groups of the triple alliance stuck to their posts, and the miners were left to fight it out alone. After ninety-four days the strike ended in almost complete disaster for the unions.

In the settlement the miners got a flat wage increase of 20 per cent over the prewar wage, a participation in the profits up to 83 per cent, and a subsidy of £10,000,000 from the government to pay some of the strike losses. So much for the tangible results. More important than this was the smashing lesson that Bolshevism has no place in organized labor. When the miners crept back to work it was with contrite hearts and the desire to increase output at any sacrifice, a concession which, coming from the British industrialist, is nothing less than the surrender of a birthright.

Economic Effects

AN APPRAISAL of the price of this historic strike is illuminating since it duplicates the net result of every other corresponding attempt at industrial suicide. The miners lost 70,000,000 working days, which cost England 58,000,000 tons of coal. The workers themselves forfeited $250,000,000 in wages, while the total money cost, including the losses to other trades rendered idle by the lack of coal, to retail business, and to the enhanced unemployment dole, was approximately $1,500,000,000. This does not include the deficit to the railways.

This monetary loss was slight as compared with the larger loss in the markets of the world. Now we get to the crux of the business. During the strike there was an embargo on the export of coal. France and Italy were the largest buyers of the British product. Though they sympathized with the British coal owners they had to have coal, so they began to buy elsewhere. This performance accelerated the already dwindling foreign coal trade. Britain's coal export trade in 1913 amounted to 70,000,000 tons. These figures had shrunk to less than 25,000,000 in 1920. Output had declined proportionately. In the United Kingdom it was 58,000,000 tons less in 1920 than in 1913.

Though the output per employe up to the time of the coal strike had decreased 25 per cent the increase per ton in wages was 270 per cent. To put this in another way, up to the time of the strike, though every coal miner received eleven loaves of bread in the way of wages against less than nine loaves in prewar times, he gave to the community only three tons of coal in 1921 as against every four tons produced in 1913.

Long before the coal strike, as the decrease in coal exports shows, England had begun to lose some of her most important markets. In May, 1920, we had outstripped her as a purveyor of coal to Italy. The same applies to Egypt, Greece and other Mediterranean countries, and also South America. During the coal strike we were actually carrying American coal to Newcastle. Had we taken the advice of our farseeing commercial attachés abroad, and especially in England, and established coaling stations for bunkering at Gibraltar, Port Said, Buenos Aires and Singapore, we might have hung on to this newfound trade, much of which dropped into our laps through England's misfortune. We did nothing of the sort, and the result is that England, in a frenzy of recuperation, is getting some of her business back. There are two contributing causes. One is that the British miner, under the

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

VI

Under the Glass Tops

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HE APPROACHED the office of the Holden studios the following morning with a new air of assurance. Formerly the mere approach had been an adventure; the look through the gate, the quick glimpse of the privileged ones who entered, the mingling later with the hopeful and the near-hopeless ones who waited. But now his feeling was that he had somehow become a part of that higher life beyond the gate. He might linger outside at odd moments, but rightfully he belonged inside. His novitiate had passed. He was one of those who threw knives or battled at the sawmill with the persecutor of goldenhaired innocence or lured beautiful women from their homes. He might be taken, he thought, for an actor resting between pictures.

At the gate this morning he suffered a momentary regret at an error of tactics committed the evening before. Instead of leaving the lot by the office he should have left by the gate. He should have strolled to this exit in a leisurely manner and stopped just inside the barrier for a chat with the watchman; a chat beginning with the gift of a cigar, which should have impressed his appearance upon that person. He should have remarked casually that he had had a hard day on Stage Number Four, and must now be off to a good night's rest because of the equally hard day to-morrow. Thus he could now have approached the gate with confidence and passed freely in, with a few more pleasant words to the watchman, who would have no difficulty in recalling him.

But it was vain now to wish this. For all the watchman knew, this young man had never been beyond the walls of the forbidden city; nor would he know any reason why the besieger should not forever be kept outside. He would fix that next time. He approached the window of the casting office with mingled emotions. He did not hope to find his friend again stricken with headache, but if it chanced that she did suffer he hoped to be the first to learn of it. Was he not fortified with the potent Eezo Wafers and a new menthol pencil, even with an additional remedy of tablets that the druggist had strongly recommended? It was therefore not with any actual, crude disappointment that he learned of his friend's perfect well-being. She smiled pleasantly at him, the telephone receiver at one ear.

"Nothing to-day, dear," she said, and put down the instrument.

Yes, the headache was gone, vanquished by his remedies. She was fine, thank you. No, the headaches didn't come often. It might be weeks before she had another attack; but she would be sure to let him know at the very first sign of their recurrence.

He looked over his patient with real anxiety, a solicitude from the bottom of which he was somehow unable to expel the last trace of a lingering hope that would have dismayed the little woman—not hope, exactly, but something almost like it which he would only translate to himself as an earnest desire that he might be at hand when the dread indisposition did attack her. Just now there could be no doubt that she was free from pain.

He thanked her profusely for her courtesy of the day before. He had seen wonderful things. He had learned a lot, and he wanted to ask her something, assuring himself that he was alone in the waiting room. It was this: Did she happen to know—was Miss Beulah Baxter married?

"Baxter married? Let me see." She tapped her teeth with the end of a pencil, frowning into her vast knowledge of the people beyond the gate. "Now let me think." But this appeared to be without result. "Oh, I really don't know; I forget. I suppose so. Why not? She often is."

He would have asked more questions, but the telephone rang and she listened a long time, contributing a yes, yes of understanding at brief intervals. This talk ended, she briskly demanded a number and began to talk in her turn. Merton Gill saw that for the time he had passed from her life. She was calling an agency. She wanted people for a diplomatic reception in Washington. She must have a Bulgarian general, a Serbian diplomat, two French colonels and a Belgian captain, all in uniform and all good types. She didn't want just anybody, but types that would stand out. Holden studios on Stage Number Two—before noon if possible. All right, then. Another bell rang almost before she had hung up.

"Hello, Grace. Nothing to-day, dear. They're out on location, down toward Venice, getting some desert stuff. Yes, I'll let you know."

Merton Gill had now to make way at the window for a youngish, weary-looking woman who had once been prettier, who led an elaborately dressed little girl of five. She lifted the child to the window.

"Say good morning to the beautiful lady, Patsy. Good morning, Countess. I'm sure you got something for Patsy and me to-day, because it's our birthday—both born on the same day. What do you think of that? Any little thing will help us out a lot. How about it?"

He went outside before the end of this colloquy, but presently saw the woman and her child emerge and walk on disconsolately toward the next studio. Thus began another period of waiting from which much of the glamour had gone. It was not so easy now to be excited by those glimpses of the street beyond the gate. A certain haze had vanished, leaving all too apparent the circumstance that others were working beyond the gate while Merton Gill

Through the Megaphone Came Instructions to Applaud the Couple, and Broadway Applauded—All But Merton Gill

loitered outside, his talent, his training ignored. His early air of careless confidence had changed to one not at all careless or confident. He was looking rather desperate and rather unbelieving, and it daily grew easier to count his savings. He made no mistakes now. His hoard no longer enjoyed the addition of fifteen dollars a week. Only subtractions were made.

There came a morning when but one bill remained. It was a ten-dollar bill, bearing at its center a steel-engraved portrait of Andrew Jackson. He studied it in consternation, though still permitting himself to notice that Jackson would have made a good motion-picture type—the long, narrow, severe face, the stiff, uncompromising mane of gray hair. Probably they would have cast him for a feuding mountaineer, deadly with his rifle, or perhaps as an inventor whose device was stolen on his deathbed by his wicked Wall Street partner, thus leaving his motherless daughter at the mercy of society's wolves.

But this was not the part that Jackson played in the gripping drama of Merton Gill. His face merely stared from the last money brought from Simsbury, Illinois, and the stare was not reassuring. It seemed to say that there was no other money in all the world. Decidedly things must take a turn. Merton Gill had a quite definite feeling that he had already struggled and sacrificed enough to give the public something better and finer. It was time the public realized this.

Still he waited, not even again reaching the heart of things, for his friend beyond the window had suffered no relapse. He came to resent a certain inconsequence in the woman. She might have had those headaches oftener. He had been led to suppose that she would, and now she continued to be weary but entirely well.

More waiting, and the ten-dollar bill went for a five and some silver. He was illogically not sorry to be rid of Andrew Jackson, who had looked so tragically skeptical. The five-dollar bill was much more cheerful. It bore the portrait of Benjamin Harrison—a smooth, cheerful face adorned with whiskers that radiated success. They were little short of smug with success. He would almost rather have had Benjamin Harrison on five dollars than the grim-faced Jackson on ten. Still, facts were facts. You couldn't wait so long on five dollars as you could on ten.

Then on the afternoon of a day that promised to end as other days had ended a wave of animation swept through the waiting room and the casting office. "Swell cabaret stuff" was the phrase that brought the applicants to a lively swarm about the little window. Evening clothes, glad wraps, cigarette cases, vanity boxes—the Victor people doing The Blight of Broadway, with Muriel Mercer—Stage Number Four at 8:30 to-morrow morning. There seemed no limit to the people desired. Merton Gill joined the throng about the window. Engagements were rapidly made, both through the window and over the telephone that was now ringing those people who had so long been told that there was nothing to-day. He did not push ahead of the women as some of the other men did. He even stood out of the line for the Montague girl, who had suddenly appeared and who from the rear had been exclaiming "Women and children first!"

"Thanks, old dear," she acknowledged the courtesy and beamed through the window. "Hullo, Countess!"

The woman nodded briefly.

"All right, Flips. I was just going to telephone you. Henshaw wants you for some baby-vamp stuff in the cabaret scene and in the gambling hell. Better wear that salmon-pink chiffon and the yellow curls—8:30, Stage Four. Goo'-by."

"Thanks, Countess! Me for the jumping tintypes at the hour named. I'm glad enough to be doing even third business. How about ma?"

"Sure! Tell her grand-dame stuff—chaperon or something; the gray gown and all her pearls and the cigarette case."

"I'll tell her. She'll be glad there's something doing once more on the perpendicular stage. Goo'-by."

She stepped aside with "You're next, brother!"

Merton Gill acknowledged this with a haughty inclination of the head. He must not encourage this hoyden. He glanced expectantly through the little window. His friend held a telephone receiver at her ear. She smiled wearily.

"All right, son. You got evening clothes, haven't you? Yes—I remember. Stage Four at 8:30. Goo'-by."

"I want to thank you for this opportunity ——" he began, but was pushed aside by an athletic young woman who spoke from under a broad hat.

"Hullo, dearie! How about me and Ella?"

"Hullo, Maizie! All right! Stage Four, at 8:30, in your swellest evening stuff."

At the door the Montague girl called to an approaching group who seemed to have heard by wireless or occult means the report of new activity in the casting office.

"Hurry, you troupers! You can eat to-morrow night, maybe!" They hurried. She turned to Merton Gill. "Seems like old times," she observed.

"Does it?" he replied coldly. Would this chit never understand that he disapproved of her trifling ways?

He went on, rejoicing that he had not been compelled

"Say, Trouper, I Thought I'd Tell You in Case You Didn't Know—We Don't Take Our Slips to That Dame in That Outside Cafeteria Any More"

to part, even temporarily, with a first-class full-dress suit, hitherto worn only in the privacy of Lowell Hardy's studio. It would have been awkward, he thought, if the demand for it had been much longer delayed. He would surely have let that go before sacrificing his Buck Benson outfit. He had traversed the eucalyptus avenue in this ecstasy, and was on a busier thoroughfare. Before a motion-picture theater he paused to study the billing of Muriel Mercer in Hearts Aflame. The beauteous girl, in an alarming gown, was at the mercy of a fiend in evening dress whose hellish purpose was all too plainly read in his fevered eyes. The girl writhed in his grasp. Doubtless he was demanding her hand in marriage. It was a tense bit. And to-morrow he would act with this petted idol of the screen, and under the direction of that Mr. Henshaw, who seemed to take screen art with proper seriousness. He wondered if by any chance Mr. Henshaw would call upon him to do a quadruple transition—hate, fear, love, despair. He practiced a few transitions as he went on to press his evening clothes in the Patterson kitchen, and to dream that night that he rode his good old pal, Pinto, into the gilded cabaret to carry off Muriel Mercer, Broadway's pampered society pet, to the clean life out there in the open spaces where men are men and the handclasp is stronger.

At eight the following morning he was made up in a large dressing room by a grumbling extra who said that it was a dog's life plastering grease paint over the maps of dubs, and he was presently on Stage Four in the prescribed evening regalia for gentlemen. He found the cabaret set, a gilded haunt of pleasure with small tables set about an oblong of dancing floor. Back of these on three sides were raised platforms with other tables, and above these discreet boxes, half masked by drapery, for the seclusion of more retiring merrymakers. The scene was deserted as yet, but presently he was joined by another early comer, a beautiful young woman of Spanish type with a thin face and eager dark eyes. Her gown of glistening black set low about her polished shoulders, and she carried a red rose. So exotic did she appear he was surprised when she addressed him in the purest English.

"Say, listen here, old-timer! Let's pick a good table right on the edge before the mob scene starts. Lemme see ——" She glanced up and down the rows of tables. "The cam'ras'll be back there, so we can set a little closer, but not too close, or we'll be moved over. How 'bout this here? Let's try it." She sat, motioning him to the other chair. Even so early in his picture career did he detect that in facing this girl his back would be to the camera. He hitched his chair about.

"That's right," said the girl. "I wasn't meaning to hog it. Say, we was just in time, wasn't we?"

Ladies and gentlemen in evening dress were already entering. They looked inquiringly about and chose tables. Those next to the dancing space were quickly filled. Many of the ladies permitted costly wraps of fur or brocade to spill across the backs of their chairs. Many of the gentlemen lighted cigarettes from gleaming metal cases. There was a lively interchange of talk all about them.

"We better light up too," said the dark girl.

Merton Gill had neglected cigarettes, and confessed this with some embarrassment. The girl presented an open case of gold, attached to a chain pendent from her girdle.

They both smoked. On their table were small plates, two wineglasses half filled with a pale liquid and small coffee cups. Spirals of smoke ascended over a finished repast. Of course, if the part called for cigarettes you had to smoke whether you had quit or not.

The places back of the prized first row were now filling up with the later comers. One of these, a masterful-looking man of middle age—he would surely be a wealthy clubman accustomed to command tables—regarded the filled row around the dancing space with frank irritation, and paused significantly at Merton's side. He seemed about to voice a demand, but the young actor glanced slowly up at him, achieving a superb transition—surprise, annoyance and, as the invader turned quickly away, pitying contempt.

"Atta boy!" said his companion, who was, with the aid of a tiny gold-backed mirror suspended with the cigarette case, heightening the crimson of her full lips.

Two cameras were now in view, and men were sighting through them. Merton saw Henshaw, plump but worried-looking, scan the scene from the rear. He gave hurried direction to an assistant, who came down the line of tables with a running glance at their occupants. He made changes. A couple here and a couple there would be moved from the first row and other couples would come to take their places. Under the eyes of this assistant the Spanish girl had become coquettish. With veiled glances, with flashing smiles from the red lips, with a small gloved hand upon Merton Gill's sleeve, she allured him. The assistant paused before them. The Spanish girl continued to allure. Merton Gill stared moodily at the half-empty wineglass, then exhaled smoke as he glanced up at his companion in profound ennui. If it was The Blight of Broadway, probably they would want him to look bored.

"You two stay where you are," said the assistant, and passed on.

"Good work!" said the girl. "I knew you was a type the minute I made you."

Red-coated musicians entered an orchestra loft far down the set. The voice of Henshaw came through a megaphone.

"Everybody that's near the floor, fox-trot!"

In a moment the space was thronged with dancers. Another voice called "Kick it!" and a glare of light came on.

"You an' me both!" said the Spanish girl, rising.

Merton Gill remained seated.

"Can't," he said. "Sprained ankle."

How was he to tell her that there had been no chance to learn this dance back in Simsbury, Illinois, where such things were frowned upon by pulpit and press? The girl resumed her seat, at first with annoyance, then brightened.

"All right at that," she said. "I bet we get more footage this way."

She again became coquettish, luring with her wiles one who remained sunk in ennui.

A whistle blew, a voice called "Save it!" and the lights jarred off. Henshaw came trippingly down the line.

"You people didn't dance. What's the matter?"

Merton Gill glanced up, doing a double transition, from dignified surprise to smiling chagrin.

"Sprained ankle," he said, and fell into the bored look that had served him with the assistant.

He exhaled smoke and raised his tired eyes to the still-luring Spanish girl. Weariness of the world and women was in his look. Henshaw scanned him closely.

"All right, stay there. Keep just that way; it's what I want." He continued down the line, which had become hushed. "Now, people, I want some flashes along here between dances. See what I mean? You're talking, but you're bored with it all. The hollowness of this night life is getting you; not all of you—most of you girls can keep on smiling—but the blight of Broadway shows on many. You are beginning to wonder if this is all life has to offer. See what I mean?" He continued down the line.

From the table back of Merton Gill came a voice in speech to the retreating back of Henshaw:

"All right, old top, but it'll take a good lens to catch any blight on this bunch. Most of 'em haven't worked a lick in six weeks, and they're tickled pink."

He knew without turning that this was the Montague girl, trying to be funny at the expense of Henshaw, who was safely beyond hearing. He thought she would now be a disturbing element in the scene, but in this he was wrong. He bent upon the wineglass a look more than ever fraught with jaded world weariness. The babble of Broadway was resumed as Henshaw went back to the cameras.

Presently a camera was pushed forward. Merton Gill hardly dared look up but he knew it was halted at no great distance from him.

"Now, here's rather a good little bit," Henshaw was saying. "You there, the girl in black, go on—tease him the way you were, and he's to give you that same look. Got that cigarette going? All ready! Lights! Camera!"

Merton was achieving his first close-up. Under the hum of the lights he was thinking that he had been a fool not to learn dancing, no matter how the Rev. Otto Carmichael denounced it as a survival from the barbaric Congo. He was also thinking that the Montague girl ought to be kept away from people who were trying to do really creative things, and he was bitterly regretting that he had no silver cigarette case. The gloom of his young face was honest gloom. He was aware that his companion leaned vivaciously toward him, with gay chatter and gestures. Very slowly he inhaled from a cigarette that was already distasteful—adding no little to the desired effect—and very slowly he exhaled as he raised to hers the bored eyes of a soul quite disillusioned. Here, indeed, was the blight of Broadway.

"All right, first-rate!" called Henshaw. "Now get this bunch down here." The camera was pushed on.

"Gee, that was luck!" said the girl. "Of course it'll be cut to a flash, but I bet we stand out at that." She was excited now, no longer needing to act.

From the table back of Merton came the voice of the Montague girl:

"Yes, one must suffer for one's art. Here I got to be a baby vamp when I'd rather be simple little Madelon, beloved by all in the village."

He restrained an impulse to look around at her. She was not serious and should not be encouraged. Farther down the set Henshaw was beseeching a table of six revelers to give him a little hollow gayety.

"You're simply forcing yourselves to have a good time," he was saying; "remember that. Your hearts aren't in it. You know this night life is a mockery. Still, you're playing the game. Now, two of you raise your glasses to drink. You at the end, stand up and hold your glass aloft. The girl next to you there, stand up by him and raise your face to his—turn sideways more. That's it! Put your hand up to his shoulder. You're slightly lit, you know, and you're inviting him to kiss you over his glass. You others, you're drinking gay enough, but see if you can get over that it's only half-hearted. You at the other end there—you're staring at your wineglass; then you look slowly up at your partner, but without any life. You're feeling the blight, see? A chap down the line here just did it perfectly. All ready now! Lights! Camera! You blond girl, stand up, face raised to him, hand up to his shoulder. You others, drinking, laughing. You at the end, look up slowly at the girl, look away—about there—bored, weary of it all—cut. All right! Not so bad. Now this next bunch, Paul."

Merton Gill was beginning to loathe cigarettes. He wondered if Mr. Henshaw would mind if he didn't smoke so much, except, of course, in the close-ups. His throat was dry and rough, his voice husky. His companion had evidently played more smoking parts, and seemed not to mind it.

Henshaw was now opposite them, across the dancing floor, warning his people to be gay but not too gay. The glamour of this night life must be a little dulled.

The Montague Girl Flopped Into the Chair, Leaned Roguishly Toward Merton Gill and Peered Archly at Him Through Beaded Lashes

"Now, Paul, get about three medium shots along here. There's a good table—get that bunch. And not quite so solemn, people; don't overdo it. You think you're having a good time, even if it does turn to ashes in your mouth. Now, ready! Lights! Camera!"

"I like Western stuff better," confided Merton to his companion.

She considered this, though retaining her arch manner.

"Well, I don't know. I done a Carmencita part in a dance-hall scene last month over to the Bigart, and right in the mi'st of the fight I get a glass of somethin' all over my gown that practically rooned it. I guess I rather do this refined cabaret stuff. At least you ain't so li'ble to roon a gown. Still and all, after you been warmin' the extra bench for a month one can't be choosy. Say, there's the princ'pals comin' on the set."

He looked around. There, indeed, was the beautiful Muriel Mercer, radiant in an evening frock of silver. At the moment she was putting a few last touches to her perfect face from a make-up box held by a maid. Standing with her was another young woman, not nearly so beautiful, and three men. Henshaw was instructing these.

Presently he called through his megaphone: "You people are excited by the entrance of the famous Vera Vanderpool and her friends. You stop drinking, or break off your talk, to stare at her—see what I mean?—she makes a sensation. Music, lights, camera!"

Down the set, escorted by a deferential head waiter, came Muriel Mercer on the arm of a middle-aged man who was elaborately garnished but whose thin dyed mustaches, partly bald head and heavy eyes proclaimed him to Merton Gill as one who meant the girl no good. They were followed by the girl who was not so beautiful and the other two men. These were young chaps of pleasing exterior who made the progress laughingly. The five were seated at a table next the dancing space at the far end. They chatted gayly as the older man ordered importantly from the head waiter. Muriel Mercer tapped one of the younger men with her plumed fan and they danced. Three other selected couples danced at the same time, though taking care not to come between the star and the grinding camera.

The older man leered at the star and nervously lighted a gold-tipped cigarette, which he immediately discarded after one savage bite at it. It could be seen that Vera Vanderpool was the gayest of all that gay throng. Upon her as yet had come no blight of Broadway, though she shrank perceptibly when the partly bald one laid his hand on her slender wrist as she resumed her seat. Food and wine were brought. Vera Vanderpool drank with a pretty little flourish of her glass.

Now the two cameras were moved forward for close-ups. The older man was caught leering at Vera. It would surely be seen that he was not one to trust. Vera was caught with the mad light of pleasure in her beautiful eyes. Henshaw was now speaking in low tones to the group, and presently Vera Vanderpool did a transition. The mad light of pleasure died from her eyes, the smile froze on her beautiful mouth. A look almost of terror came into her eyes, followed by a pathetic lift of the upper lip. She stared intently above the camera. She was beholding some evil thing far from that palace of revels.

(Continued on Page 40)

TWO CAN PLAY

By Gerald Mygatt

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

"Great Guns, Ben," Said the Chief of the Most Maligned Detective Bureau in the World, "Honest, Now, What Kind of Architecture Do You Call That?"

THE head of the most maligned detective bureau in the world was leaning back in his swivel chair at his desk in Police Headquarters, letting the gasoline and garlic scented but unmistakably soft airs of spring waft in upon him through the open window, breathing deeply and giving thanks to Providence and his own organization that May Day had come and gone with never a flicker of that menacing radical outbreak which New York always curiously anticipates.

The door creaked open and a derby-crowned face thrust itself into the breach, a rather thinnish face, in which twin beady black eyes were divided by a warped and lopsided aquiline nose, this nose, in turn, being apparently held in place by a mustache for which a street-sweeper's broom might easily have been the inspiration. A hand projected an unfolded newspaper through the aperture.

"Seen this, chief?" the newcomer asked.

"What—that big trick want ad?"

"Yeh. Think it's shady?"

"Naw; some fool advertising stunt. A guy with a phony game wouldn't use a chunk of space like that."

"Don't you think I'd better give 'em the once over, chief? It wouldn't hurt none. It's this morning, it says—Room 2617, Hotel Commander."

The chief sat up slowly.

"All right, Ben, shoot up there," he agreed. "Better wax that brush of yours, though, and wear a sporty soft kelly. Have you read the ad carefully?"

A smile raised the brushlike mustache until it framed the lopsided nose.

"You just leave it to me, chief."

"Well, Ben, if there's anything there, freeze to it."

"Betcha neck, chief. So long."

The door closed and the head of the most maligned detective bureau in the world contentedly bit the end from a large dark-hued cigar. Maybe Ben was right at that. It always pays to be on the safe side.

II

THE very newspaper advertisement which was inspiring the gentleman named Ben, of Police Headquarters, to wend his more or less flat-footed way in the direction of the Hotel Commander was being read that morning by perhaps half the adult population of the city. It occupied a full quarter page of space, and occupied it aggressively, in large, plain-spoken black type, in the three great papers most generally read by those who are brought up to feel that dynamite, blackmail and browbeating are not, perhaps, the most effective tools of government. It was an advertisement that made one stop and look. And yet those who read it smiled good-naturedly or cynically, wondered casually what it was all about, and then passed on to the market news, the sporting page, the fashions or the cartoons. Just another advertising trick, they remarked wisely, and thereupon forgot it.

Jimmy MacForth did not see the advertisement. In the first place, he got up late, after his customary rite of smothering the alarm clock under his pillow the second it went off. This was a thing he had learned to do automatically, almost in his sleep, as three years before he had learned to handle the stick of a scout plane up above the German artillery positions while his head was going round in eccentric circles from the loss of a lot of fool blood through a couple of unimportant bullet holes in his shoulder. In the second place, the same wand of spring which had been stretched forth to touch the head of the most maligned detective bureau in the world had also been extended into Jimmy's small apartment. All he had to look at was a brick wall opposite his window, but there was something about that brick wall, or perhaps about the tiny patch of sky which crowned it, which told Jimmy MacForth that spring had really come. So he dashed through his shower, shaved so fast that he cut himself twice, bolted his breakfast, grabbed his newspaper unread, and ran down four flights of slate-colored stairs to the street without even bothering to ring for the never too sprightly elevator.

"I'm late," he said to himself; "but this is once when the office can go hang. I wouldn't get in the Subway this morning for ten dollars a minute." Then he took a long deep breath and swung down the side street in the direction of the Drive. "I'll go down on top of a bus," he thought.

On the Drive itself the grass was never so green, the massed shrubbery never so golden, the fresh lacework of the trees never so delicately cloudlike. Out on the sparkling river lay boats—little white pleasure boats curtsying to one another, a gleaming battleship abuzz with life. And the sky—blue, blue, blue, straight up as far as you could see. As Jimmy looked upward his longing to be driving through that blueness gripped him with a pain that was almost physical, and he winced. Then the sound of a bugle from the ship out on the stream brought it all home to him with a still keener pang.

"That's where I belong," he said, staring helplessly up. "I wonder how far it goes, that sky? What a darn fool a man like me is to spend six days a week bending over a ridiculous desk. A darn fool!"

His mind gnawed at the thought as he boarded his bus, and as the cañons of brick and stone closed about him his discontent grew apace. The stench of dead gasoline—rank street gasoline, not clean air gasoline—served only to add to his irritation. And when he finally walked into the office with its half-closed windows, its clatter of typewriters, its voices droning dictation, he clenched his teeth.

"What I've got to have," he muttered, "is something with some open air in it, some excitement—anything but this indoors monotony. I want action."

A neat pile of opened mail was awaiting him on his desk. He fingered the top letter listlessly, raw rebellion in his heart. He wanted to tear the whole bunch up and throw the sheets out of the window. But he muttered something or other under his breath and pressed the button at his right hand.

"Will you please take some letters, Miss Henry?" he snapped as he heard the familiar whisk of skirts at his side.

"Nice day, isn't it, Mr. MacForth?" ventured the stenographer, settling herself beside him.

"Too nice to work," he growled. "I'd like to kick the whole office into the river."

The girl grinned. "Why don't you answer that ad then, Mr. MacForth? You might do."

"What ad? Sick of reading ads. Sick of everything. Let's get these blooming letters out of the way."

"Really, didn't you see it?" the girl insisted. "Here"—she reached for his paper and unfolded it—"take a look for yourself."

Jimmy MacForth seized the paper impatiently. Then he knit his brows. Then he scowled. For there it stared at him in big black type:

WANTED: AN AIRMAN

To Commit Three Honorable Robberies

I want an aviator for an undertaking that has nothing whatever to do with aviation.

There is no money in this undertaking. There is a great amount of personal risk. There is an extremely doubtful future. But the man I want will want the job.

The man I want has certain essential qualifications:

1. He is a gentleman. If there are any doubts as to my definition of this term I may hint that I have a distinct leaning toward the old school. If this is not perfectly clear to you, then you are not the man I want.

2. He must have volunteered as a flyer in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps; he must have seen overseas service; he must have won his wings and then earned them.

3. The man I want is probably between twenty-one and thirty years of age. He is single. He is earning his own living. I would not be surprised, however, if after having tasted the strong wine of flying he were having considerable difficulty in making himself enjoy the humble milk of a more commonplace daily employment. Still, he is holding himself to it determinedly.

4. For all other qualifications refer to Paragraph 1, just above.

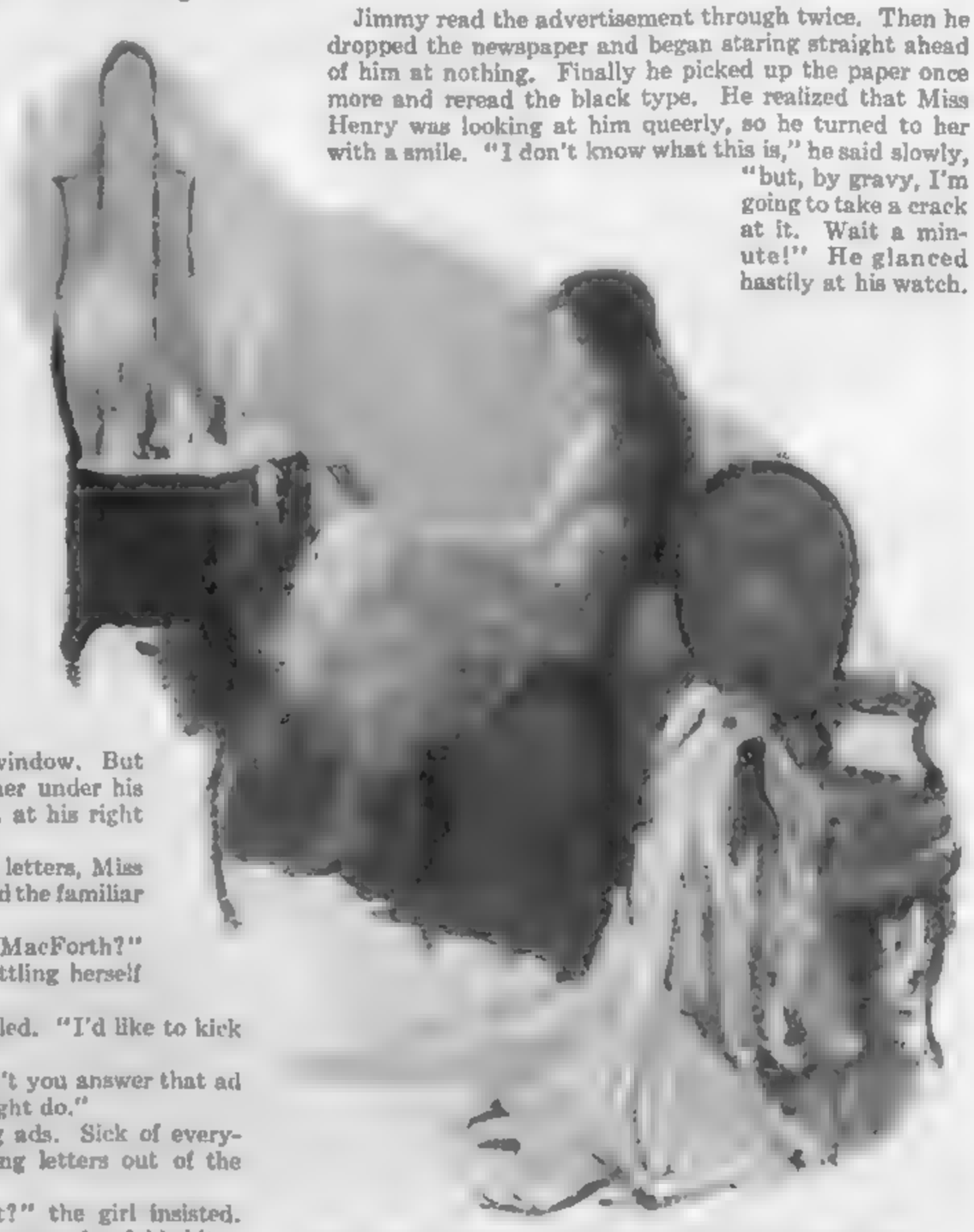
One thing, definitely, the man I want is *not:* He is not an adventurer, a soldier of fortune. I emphasize this because I realize that an advertisement of this sort might well appeal to such a type. If you, for instance, happen to be of this ilk, let me suggest that it will save your time to turn to the sporting page or drop this newspaper in the wastebasket. I mention saving your time because I assure you that you will make me waste very little of mine.

The man I want will commit the three robberies specified at the beginning of this advertisement. He will hesitate about the first. He will welcome the second. He will nose-dive into the third. He will be paid the salary of his last rank in the United States service. He will risk his life perhaps, but not his honor.

If you are the man I want, or even if you might be, I shall be waiting to receive you in Room 2617 at the Hotel Commander at 10:30 sharp this morning.

Deus ex Machina.

Jimmy read the advertisement through twice. Then he dropped the newspaper and began staring straight ahead of him at nothing. Finally he picked up the paper once more and reread the black type. He realized that Miss Henry was looking at him queerly, so he turned to her with a smile. "I don't know what this is," he said slowly, "but, by gravy, I'm going to take a crack at it. Wait a minute!" He glanced hastily at his watch.



"He's Just the Kind," She Said Aloud, "That Some Nice Girl Could Make Everything Out Of"

"Thank goodness, I've got a half hour. Do the best you can with this mail, Miss Henry—I don't believe there's anything you can't handle exactly as well as I can. I'll be back later, anyhow."

"Are you really going to tackle it?" queried the girl.

"You bet I am. It's probably a fake of some kind, but I'm going to take a look. Why, Miss Henry, I haven't taken a chance at anything—except losing a job—for a year and a half. It's time I did. There's one line there that makes a hit with me—wait a minute," picking up the paper—"this one: 'He will risk his life perhaps, but not his honor.'" He stood up. "You might wish me good luck."

"Good luck," said the girl. "Let me know." She followed his tall, straight figure with her eyes as he strode toward the elevator. Then she sighed, powdered her nose, tucked a few stray ends of hair back from her face and began going through the mail on the desk. "I wonder if there's a girl in it somewhere," she speculated. "I wonder."

Spring with her magic wand is no respecter of persons.

III

AT TEN-THIRTY to the minute Jimmy MacForth knocked boldly, army fashion, on the door of Room 2617 on the twenty-sixth floor of the giant new Hotel Commander.

The door opened. A young woman, dressed neatly in black, pointed to one of a score of chairs and asked him to be seated.

"The advertiser will be ready for you presently," she explained in a noncommittal voice.

Jimmy surveyed the room, which, except for its array of chairs, contained no other article of furniture than a small flat-topped desk behind which the neat young woman in black took her position. He felt that she was surveying him, studying him coldly, with expressionless calculation. He crossed his feet and tried to let his eyes rove elsewhere. There was nothing to see out of the window but sky; the door opposite him undoubtedly opened into another similar room, where Deus ex Machina would probably receive his visitors.

There were six of these already on hand, and Jimmy studied them covertly. One, talking in a low tone to the man seated next to him, was obviously British in appearance, dress, manner and voice. His listener was a youngster, younger than Jimmy himself, with watery eyes, an overalert callowness of bearing and a fade-away chin. In a corner by himself sat a second lieutenant, in full air-service uniform, scowling at what thoughts Jimmy could not guess and constantly fingering the two silver wings on his breast. He wore two gold service chevrons and a wound chevron; the latter he displayed by folding his arms across his chest, his right arm over his left. Most men, Jimmy reflected, cross their arms the other way. He knew; overseas men found that out the day their first service chevron was awarded. Besides, Jimmy didn't like second lieutenants. He had been one too long himself before winning his silver bar.

At Jimmy's right hand sprawled a rather heavy-set young man, his two legs spread out fanwise in front of him. His cuffs were slightly soiled and so were his hands. Jimmy discounted him as a competitor, as he had all the others except the second lieutenant, but the elderly man at the far side of the room now caught his attention. He wondered if this man could have been a flyer. He seemed older than he should have been, yet his clear-cut face had a ruddy glow of health, and his every line showed power and reserve. This man, thought Jimmy, was certainly a gentleman. Yet his heavy shock of black hair seemed peculiar; it looked as if it needed cutting.

The sixth man caused Jimmy to smother a smile. He seemed made up, as if for a part. Twin beady eyes flashed alertly here and there from both sides of a slightly crooked aquiline nose, and his mustache, carefully waxed, looked as if it did not quite belong to the face which it adorned. This man was small and dapperly dressed; a pearl-gray hat with a pale-green band twirled busily in his hands.

"If he was ever a flyer," said Jimmy to himself, "then I'm the Queen of Belgium."

Four more men had come in and seated themselves. One of these was shabby; the second breezy; the third dressed in a suit of prominent black-and-white checks surmounting fawn-colored spats; the fourth nondescript. Jimmy got through studying them, and waited. Everybody waited. Minutes went by. Nothing happened.

Finally the ruddy-faced elderly man on the other side of the room—the one whom Jimmy had characterized as a gentleman—cleared his throat.

"Well," he began slowly, "this certainly looks like a frost. I wonder what kind of a game we're up against?"

"Oh, just some sort of bally poppycock," said the Britisher easily.

"Sh-h!" warned the weak-chinned young man at his side, indicating the black-clad shepherdess behind the desk. The Englishman only winked.

"How long is this guy going to keep us waiting?" now demanded the heavy-set personage of the soiled cuffs. "I'm certainly not going to stick round all night on a wild-goose chase like this."

"I don't know," said the young woman. "You'll have to wait."

"I'm damned if I'll wait," the man said, rising.

"Me too," agreed the second lieutenant from his corner. "My time's too valuable for this sort of thing. I didn't want to come, anyway."

"Better stick round," suggested the ruddy-faced man.

"Nix. Come on, Loot, let's go."

The young woman opened the door without a word and they passed out. More minutes went by.

"I really think this is too much," the ruddy-faced man finally observed. "Don't you think so?" he shot directly at Jimmy.

The young man grinned.

"Not if his advertisement is up to specifications, it isn't. I'm here to stick. I think this bird's trying us out. It's what I'd do if I were looking for a man."

"H'm! Maybe you're right. What outfit were you with?" he asked Jimmy.

"I'll tell that to his nibs when the time comes."

"Keep your shirt on, son. You're all right. Personally I think this mysterious advertiser's straight. Do you?"

"I hope he is," said Jimmy.

"Well," announced the ruddy-faced man, standing up, "let me say that he is. I'm the advertiser. Young man, will you come into the next room with me? Gentlemen"—he turned to the rest of the assemblage—"I'm sorry to have taken your time, but it was obvious that I must select one from your number. If I could use you all I would. But I can't. Miss Matthews, will you show these gentlemen out?"

"Say now—wait a minute," sputtered the little man with the lopsided nose and the carefully waxed mustache. "Just a second there, now ——"

"Miss Matthews will take care of you," said the ruddy-faced man, bowing. He turned to Jimmy. "Right in here, if you please."

IV

THE elderly gentleman motioned Jimmy into a chair and began pacing up and down the room, his hands clasped behind his back.

"I hope you're the man I want," he finally observed.

"I hope so too," said Jimmy. "What do you want me for?" *(Continued on Page 48)*

"My Mother's Pearls!" She Affirmed. "Where Did You Get This?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 25, 1922

Diplomatic Economics

IF THE United States should enter any European conference, we should do so with the same manner displayed in Washington. Our cards should be placed face up on the table, and played only if all other cards are face up. And in the beginning it should be made clear that we are interested in the restoration of normal economic processes in the world, and not in the restoration of particular countries. Nor should we enter any conference as the final act in the restoration of the United States. We are willing to take our competitive chances in a world of normal economic and governmental practices.

European diplomats are deeply concerned over the bad state of affairs in these United States. Like the cat that was choked on butter, they tell us we are being drowned in gold. We are dying of lack of exercise due to obesity. The spokesmen for the different European countries are agreed that we are in a bad way, made worse by the fact that we do not realize our plight; and the Genoa conference was partly planned for the purpose of saving us for our own sake.

We are asked to cancel loans to the Allies because payment would ruin us. This action would restore and enlarge the industries of the debtor countries, and this they do not desire. It would operate to exclude our goods from neutral markets, which the Allies desire to avoid. It would lead to dumping of foreign goods on our shores, a practice distasteful to all Europeans. We can save ourselves from this calamitous situation by the cancellation of our war loans.

The Germans play the same tune after the polyphonic manner of Richard Strauss. If we do not coerce the Allies to remit the German reparation Germany will be compelled to deluge us with goods and we shall pass through unemployment into Bolshevism. Rathenau declares that the fulfillment of the terms of reparation would injure the world outside of Germany more than Germany. This of course no German desires. He strives to induce the Allies and us to avoid the economic suicide involved in making Germany pay reparation. The German economists weep for the unemployed in this country, who must be envious of the ten-hour workday and the full dinner pail in Germany.

And the Russians—at least the men who rule Russia! They will attend the conference solely for the purpose of saving everybody else. Russia needs a few things truly, but she has so much more to offer than to ask. Lenine wants to save the world.

The same theme with additions: The Allies fear for the United States. The Central Powers fear for the Allies and for the United States. Russia fears for the Central Powers, for the Allies and for the United States.

The common peoples of the different European countries are not behind the diplomatic propaganda. But the common people of this country get it, and it does not tend to advance the progress of the common-sense discussions that will some day have to be carried through.

We have had enough propaganda. It is time for the world to face facts, and the first fact that it must face is bankruptcy or a drastic cut in standing armies. Billions in money can be saved and several million men returned to production by cutting these armies to a reasonable level. The United States, with its tremendous territory and a population of 110,000,000, has set 150,000 as the maximum strength of its army. In the present temper of the world we cannot safely go below that point. When Europe has made proportionate cuts it will be time to discuss other economic questions.

Curtailing Production

WE ARE fully aware that wealth is created through labor, with coöperation of sun, air, water and elements of the earth. The accumulation of wealth corresponds to the difference between production and consumption. Rapid accumulation of wealth depends on high production. Low consumption represents saving, but is historically not comparable with high production. Waste has the same meaning as low production. This all has become axiomatic even to the man on the street.

In general theory the above should apply to all raw materials alike. The duty of high production lies upon all. But in fact it does not. And society makes distinctions between different classes of raw materials. We expect production of minerals and metals to be under control. But we wish production of farm lands uncurtailed.

The President has recently given expression to feelings of shock at the realization that large crops usually mean low net returns to farmers, while short crops mean large net returns. In fact, small crops pay the agricultural community more than large crops do. Yet whenever farmers through concerted movement limit acreage—production—the feelings of the urban world are shocked. But when coal operators reduce production to the plane of low demand nobody is in the least surprised.

Last spring cotton growers resolved collectively to reduce acreage. Nearly half a crop of old cotton lay in warehouses, covered with frozen credits. European consumption during the next year was forecast as low. Domestic utilization could not be expected to rise greatly. The policy was supported by the banks. Why pile up more cotton in credit warehouses?

The crop-estimating bureau of the National Government took the movement at its face value largely, made surveys of conditions, and issued forecasts of a very low crop of cotton. When the bolls came to the gins the yield was found to be much larger than forecast. The anticipated reduction of acreage—a quarter—was not realized. Apparently growers did not reduce acreage to the extent agreed upon; half of the amount supposed to lapse was planted. In the official explanation of the Bureau of Crop Estimates the movement to reduce acreage is described as propaganda. This word usually carries an implication of criticism.

In simple trade terms, the cotton growers tried to reduce production to meet reduction in demand. For months many copper mines have been closed. For months output of bituminous coal has been low. Mines of zinc, lead and gold have been closed or run at reduced activity. In each instance production has been reduced to meet reduction in demand. But no one has used the word "propaganda" to stigmatize the common action of the owners of these properties. When farmers reduce acreage this action is all too commonly regarded as destructive to wealth and prosperity. When mines are closed nobody seems to apply the same reasoning. Food, cotton and coal all keep our bodies warm. If it be a social duty to maintain production in one, why not in all? If it be permissible to curtail production in one, why not in all? Surely we should attempt to apply the same rule of economic measurement to all.

The Age of Expression

IT WOULD not be safe to say precisely and dogmatically what proportion of the newer and freer expressions of art, literature, manners and life is the forward and upward surge of the human spirit, is mere superficial and temporary bosh or is a danger signal of racial decline. To a reasonable degree self-expression is to be sought and indeed fought for. But anyone who indulges in a far backward look over the history of life on this planet cannot take much stock in such expressions as these: "I live but once"; "I live my own life"; "I do as I please"; "I live for a good time"; "I won't have any children."

For this getting what you want and doing what you want is centrifugal and destructive. It is merely suicide. Man has got where he is only by regulating human behavior, and if he thinks he has found any new way of doing exactly what he pleases he has sealed his own doom. Carry the idea of doing what one pleases and of having as few children as possible far enough, and the human race will become extinct so fast that there won't be any fun in it even for those who are out frankly for a good time and nothing else.

To worry about posterity is about as unnatural as to lie awake grieving over one's ancestors. Yet human institutions cannot be fashioned without reference to racial immortality. It is the idea of progress, of children educated, of disease conquered, of wildernesses under the plow, that makes life and work and even play worth while. Would the scientist labor patiently to discover the bacteria which cause an obscure disease if he believed racial extinction awaited him on the morrow? Indeed would any of us do anything except live in caves and eat roots and occasional raw meat if that were our immediate future?

The human race goes very far back, and its forward movement has always been checked by temporary retreats only. It moves in a spiral. Its actual extinction is less likely than the eclipse of democracy, with the temporary return for a few centuries of despotism, or the overrunning of the world by a race like the Chinese with their respect for elders, superiors and tradition, and their willingness to bear children. No one knows what form human evolution will take, but the simplest sum in arithmetic is no more self-evident than the principle that beyond a certain point no civilization can throw authority, control and restraint overboard and continue to live.

One Lesson Learned

THE year 1921 witnessed a low statistical consumption of foodstuffs. The records of flour mills show low flour production. The makers of cereal foods from corn, barley, oats and rice have done a reduced business. According to packing-house figures the output of meat products has been surprisingly low. Dairy products have held up fairly well. The sugar consumption has been normal. The frosts of last spring gave the country east of the Rocky Mountains a very small fruit crop. Taken at face value, we have no records indicating so low a food consumption except possibly during the year of war conservation.

Under statistical consumption are included ingestion, trade stocks and waste. The stocks in the trades have not been large. Buying has been done from hand to mouth. Trade stocks cannot be invoked in explanation. That people are actually eating less is greatly to be doubted. When times are hard, people do not eat less, they eat cheaper foods. The world over, the use of bread rises in hard times. But during the past year we witness not an increased but a reduced bread consumption, as judged by flour production.

The explanation is to be sought in reduction of waste. The lessons of the war have abided with us. No country ever witnessed such intensive instruction in management of the diet. Waste became synonymous with dereliction. This lesson of saving we have apparently learned.

How Successfully Can Americans Compete in Foreign Markets?

By Albert W. Atwood

IT IS the object of this article to answer the question, How able and well equipped is the American business man to compete in overseas markets? I have previously attempted to show to what extent the revival of domestic prosperity depends upon the extension of foreign trade. Probably it is safe to say that this country must sell abroad at least twice the volume of products that was necessary before the war. Provided anything like normal commercial conditions are gradually restored through the political, economic and financial recuperation of the world, will the American business man then be qualified and capable of pushing and extending his trade into other markets?

The subject is as difficult as it is important, for almost any conceivable statement made in this connection might be true at some time or place. The man who cabled to England that it was a nice day in the United States fell into no deeper pit of broad and dangerous generalization than the person who attempts to sum up briefly in a few general remarks just what American exporters and manufacturers are competent or likely to accomplish abroad.

The reason is simple. Each country differs from all others, and so does each commodity. Of course there are general principles which apply to all selling, but there are so many ways of attaining both success and failure in the marketing of goods overseas that we shall get nowhere without recognizing the size and complexity of our subject.

Unwillingness to Go Abroad

NO ONE will deny the competence and adaptability of many American manufacturers and exporters when it is realized that at the outset they lack the encouragement of large American colonies in other countries; that they to a much greater extent than British or Germans must and do sell to actual foreigners. The export manager of an Ohio steel-making concern was saying a few months ago that when he was last in South America he became very friendly with a Dane.

"He was a highly cultured gentleman, a graduate of two universities, one in Denmark and one in Germany, a man who appreciated good pictures, good literature and good music. Now this man was one of a class of, say, a hundred in his technical school. Of the hundred, ninety-five went to foreign countries and five stayed in domestic work in their own country. In my technical school, of a hundred who graduated, ninety-five would stay at home and five would go to foreign countries."

The percentages given by this exporter may not be literally correct, but there is no doubt about the essential truth of his statement. The fact is that young Americans have not been obliged to go abroad in the way the young men of Western Europe have been forced to. Our boys have had sufficient opportunities at home, which has not been the case with those of England and Germany. To a large extent boys in England and other Western European countries are brought up with the idea that there is no job for them there, whereas in this country their whole training has been to the direct contrary.

Even the largest and most successful of our manufacturing corporations engaged in foreign trade, such as the Standard Oil, have had difficulty, broadly speaking to persuade young men to stay abroad. Usually they have obtained them only by promising to bring them back at the end of three or some other rather short period of years. The fact is that the average capable young American who goes into business has too often only one real ambition to become a captain of industry with an office in Wall Street, six private secretaries and as many directorates as the Government will let him keep. Now he can't do this and at the same time spend his life in Singapore selling tools or oil.

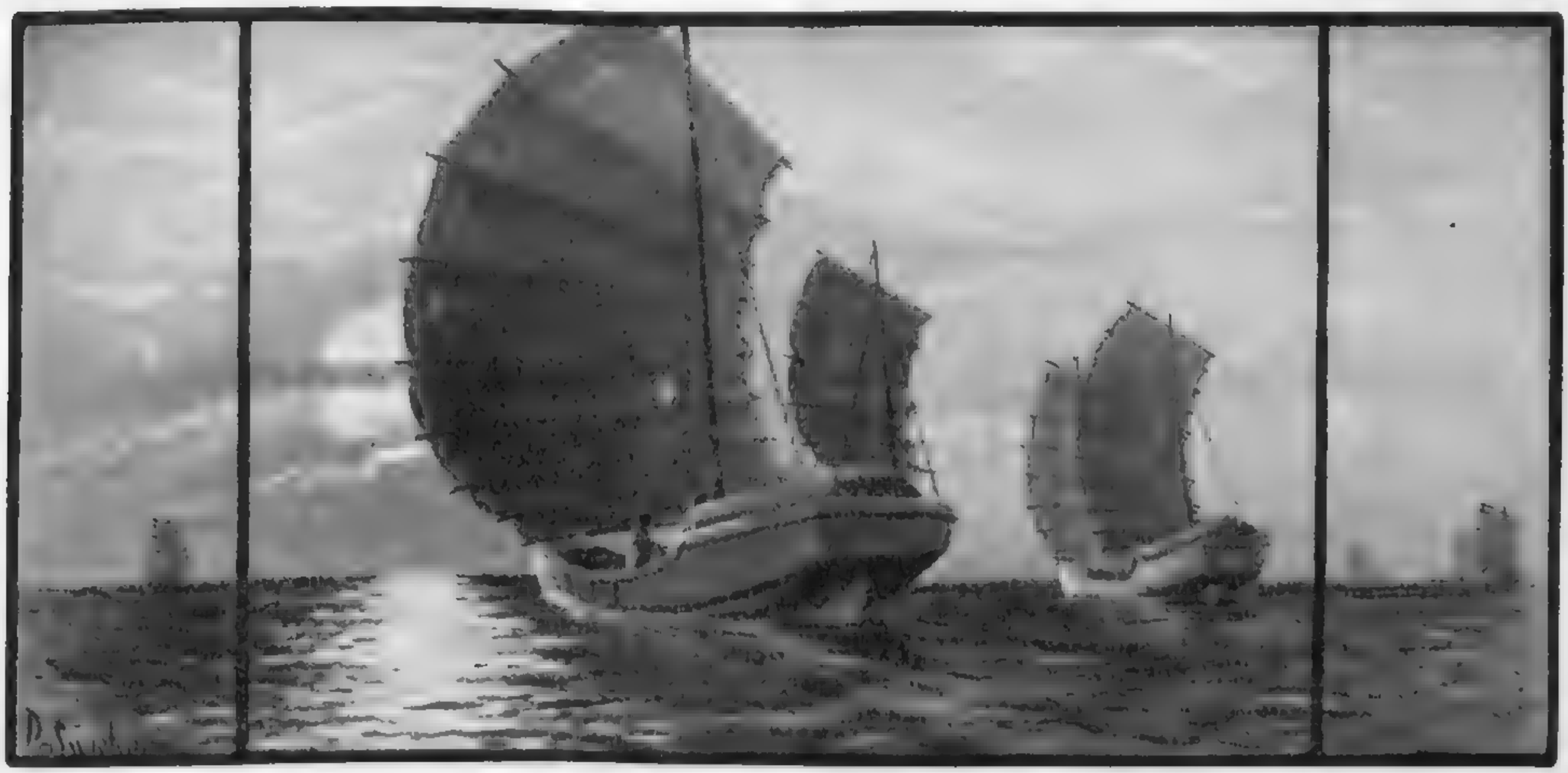
It may be that young Britishers or Germans have an equivalent ambition, but they know mighty well there is less chance to satisfy it. As an authority on the subject of export trade has said: "Young Germans did not deliberately choose to dedicate themselves to a nomadic existence or to exile in a foreign country when they might have found as good or better opportunities at home. It is doubtful if they could have been persuaded to take this course under such circumstances. The fact is that the fatherland was overcrowded."

Not only does the young American feel no compulsion to go abroad but he lives in the zone of one language, and feels little need of learning others. He finds a minimum of recognition of foreign trade as a business or profession in his schools and universities, as compared with the young European. His elders in business, the important executives to whom he looks up, do not make business trips, with of course many notable exceptions, to the foreign field. As a class they much prefer playing golf. Nor has the American abroad always been free from an attitude of superiority toward foreign countries that does not make for the best of trade relations.

Native Salesmen

NOW there are many different ways of doing business, and trade must be carried on under the conditions and circumstances that exist. Unable to find large numbers of young Americans to go abroad, unsupported by extensive colonies of his countrymen in the lands to which his export business is directed, the American manufacturer has nevertheless had a remarkable measure of success, employing such people as he could find, regardless of their nationality.

Experienced exporting houses do not expect or perhaps even desire a foreign staff that is all American. Any concern that goes abroad and proves successful naturally attracts natives to its organization. It might well be unwise for a French or Turkish firm to employ none but Frenchmen or Turks in its New York office. In the same way there is doubt whether American business men would get the best results if they were represented abroad solely by Americans. *Continued on Page 73)*



EUROPE IN TRANSITION

(Continued from Page 16)

stimulus of necessity, debt, and with bankrupted union treasuries, is working as never before.

At the rate he is now going, the 1922 coal yield will be not less than 270,000,000 tons, which is near the 1913 output. The other is that in order to dislodge American coal the British collieries are selling at seven shillings a ton less than the cost of production. This greatly reduced price is only for the export trade, but it shows the British determination to get back on the coal map.

It is doubtful if England can ever fully regain her best transchannel customer, France. For this she must blame the war. Practically every ton of German reparation coal that passes to France displaces a corresponding ton of British coal in the French market. Even after the reparation debt is paid France will be almost independent of British coal, for she is not only developing her mines but is turning to water power on a big scale.

To offset her lost coal prestige England is turning to oil for fuel at home, on the sea and as a trade weapon abroad. Instigated by an enterprising and big-visioned American, who now resides in London, her capitalists have secured the immense Rumanian fields once controlled by the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. She has widened her operations in Mesopotamia, where she has come into sharp conflict with United States interests. Elsewhere British and American capital are united for petroleum exploitation. Lord Inverforth, who began his business life as a clerk at Glasgow, and who is one of England's foremost shipping magnates, is associated with E. L. Doheny in California and Mexico.

The tendency in British manufacture is to supplant coal with oil. It began during the strike, when its economy and efficiency were proved. I cite this fact to show the further folly of organized labor. In attempting to confute the employer they have only helped to restrict their own source of income.

Since coal is the cornerstone of the British industrial structure it naturally follows that iron and steel are in the dumps. They are just emerging from a depression. The coal strike, which brought the metal industry to a standstill while it lasted, provided only one reason for this set-back. Other primary causes are: The high price of coal, coupled with the corresponding high wage system; the introduction of an eight-hour day; and last, but equally vital, German and Belgian competition. The economic importance of iron and steel is obvious when I say that it employs not less than 12 per cent—1,225,000 men—of the total occupied male population.

Coal the Stumbling Block

The metal slump really began with the general collapse of world commerce. Prior to this time England experienced the same kind of boom in production that existed elsewhere, when the world shelves were empty, following the ravages of the war. British production was temporarily extended because there was a fuel shortage throughout Europe, steel mills had been destroyed in Northern Belgium and France, and America's output had been checked by strikes, high exchange and soaring freight rates. When the illusion of prosperity was dispelled the British metal trade suffered among the first and worst. On the day the coal strike began the British iron and steel output was 50 per cent below the 1920 figure. Since the strike there has been a considerable revival, but once more you find coal the stumbling block. Though the British mine owners are selling at a sacrifice in foreign markets in order to get back their trade, they are holding up the home consumer at a price which the manufacturer considers prohibitive. Even when they convert their establishments to oil they are face to face with the fact that the world's oil supply is much less than its coal potentialities.

The chief facts affecting European competition in the iron and steel trade are of supreme importance to industry in America. Briefly stated they are: The low level of real wages in Germany, accompanied by a will to work, the large supplies of battleship scrap in Belgium, which are mixed with a small proportion of pig iron and made into steel at a low cost; the special railway facilities which the governments in Belgium and Germany give to industry; the greatly reduced taxation on industry in France and Belgium; the stipulations of the peace treaties which effected the separation of Luxemburg and the Saar from the old German alignment, thus making five instead of three great economic iron and steel areas; and finally, the foreign-exchange situation, which acts as a bonus on the exports of countries with depreciated currencies.

Conditions in the iron and steel industry obtain to a more drastic degree in shipping. During 1921 the output per man per hour in British shipyards declined steadily, while wages went up. Where productivity is 30 per cent less for each individual than in 1913, his wages have increased approximately 300 per cent for the same period. This tells the whole story. Every British shipbuilder loaded himself up with orders the moment peace was signed, and he has had to fulfill his obligations despite endless interruptions due to strikes and almost monthly increases in the cost of production. Merchant ships built in England now cost seventeen pounds a ton, while their selling price ranges from five to seven pounds a ton.

British Cargo Shrinkage

The shipbuilder has nothing on the shipowner, because cost of operation has soared with the cost of production. Based on operating cost in 1913 the increased overhead in running coastwise vessels is 149 per cent, while in foreign trade it is 280 per cent in excess of the prewar figure. Moreover, the privately owned merchant vessel must now compete with nationally endowed ships. This competition is particularly keen from the United States and France. Canada and Australia are also beginning to make an impression in world shipping with their government-controlled marine.

The most serious factor, perhaps, in the shrinkage of British cargo is the depreciation of coal exports, to which I have already alluded. It not only aims at maritime prestige but it puts a big dent in foreign-trade profits. Thus, though in the matter of tonnage Britain still rules the waves, the box office is flying no signals of victory. On the contrary, more than one distress flag has been hoisted.

Unless cost of production can be brought down there is bound to be a still further decline in the activity that once was synonymous with British supremacy.

The inevitable has begun to happen. On November thirtieth Yarrow & Co., the famous shipbuilders of Glasgow, shut down their immense works and added 2000 men to the already huge army of unemployed. This grave decision was announced while I was in England, and was a direct sequel to the ship joiners' strike, which lasted for months. In announcing the shutdown of their establishment the firm in a signed statement said:

> Owing to repeated strikes, reduction of output, and demarcation disputes which have taken place in different parts of the country, the cost of shipbuilding has become excessive. In addition, it is impossible to promise dates of delivery. With the greatest regret we have therefore decided temporarily to close our works with the exception of our experimental and research departments. We shall reopen when conditions enable business to be carried on with some chance of success.

The acuteness of the situation in production and shipping is naturally reflected in foreign trade. Britain is losing her grip as a manufacturing center. Her exports other than coal show a huge shrinkage. Compared with 1913 they are almost 50 per cent shy. The ordinary consequences of business depression are aggravated by abnormal factors. In India, for instance, the Nationalists under the leadership of Gandhi, have declared a boycott on British cloth and yarns, and are making bonfires of tons of the despised goods.

The government, however, is determined to overcome the difficulty. The trade agreement with Russia—the first undertaking of the kind entered into by any of the important powers—was an indication. England detests the Bolsheviks, but she negotiated an arrangement by which she hoped to salvage her immense capital interests in Russia and Siberia and at the same time open up trade there. The proposition looked good on paper, but so far it has resulted in little benefit to anyone but the reds, who used the British agreement as a lever to make similar treaties with Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and other countries.

The experiences of the Russian Asiatic Consolidated, Ltd., whose mining and kindred interests in Russia were estimated to be worth half a billion dollars at the outbreak of the war, shows the futility of the British attempt to resume business with the Slavs. Their chairman, Leslie Urquhart, went to Russia to negotiate for a resumption of work. After weeks of discussion at Moscow with a technical and economic commission he returned to London and announced that the controls and restrictions imposed upon concessionaires by the reds not only prohibited the slightest liberty of action but made it impossible for employer and employe to get together. Other British enterprises have had the same experience.

The secondary reason why England made the commercial agreement with Russia was to stop red propaganda in Egypt and India. The Bolsheviks solemnly agreed to this, but the ink was scarcely dry on the document before they had renewed their destructive proselyting throughout the British Empire. The British were therefore done in both ways. Apparently the soviet government prefers to expend its gold for propaganda rather than for goods.

The British failure in Russia is not entirely due to the rigid communistic machinery. Germany has beat her to it. The Germans look upon Russia as their lawful and logical prize. In various articles I have already pointed out the depth and scope of Teutonic penetration in the vast Slav domain. The great German industrialists, like Stinnes, Krupps, Deutsch and Thyssen, are securely entrenched and have begun to do business. The German understands the Russian psychology, and the Briton does not.

The Russian venture represented only one attempt by England to galvanize her foreign trade. The second and more significant effort is in the direction of the German. The British maintain that their recovery is intimately bound up with the restoration of normal commercial conditions in Germany. It explains what has been so widely construed as British friendliness for their defeated enemy. The French have made considerable capital out of it. The French have not realized, or do not want to realize, that England's attitude in encouraging Germany to come back industrially grows out of her desire for economic self-preservation. It explains many things.

Britain's Unemployed

Before the war Germany was one of England's best markets. Other British markets—like India for example—were largely dependent for their capacity to absorb goods on Germany's ability to take theirs. Although Germany has begun to resume her place in the Far East the progress is not swift enough to enable England to get back to normal.

The root of Britain's trouble, however, lies in the most serious of world industrial sore spots, her host of unemployed. She has no monopoly on this trouble, as we well know, but there is a big difference between the temper of the idle in the United States and the mood of their unfortunate mates in England. Our men are well-behaved and have the intelligence to realize that there is eventually a turning in the long lane of trouble. In England, on the other hand, the radical has gotten back on the job. What have been well named the dangerous poor are verging on revolution. It means only a temporary complication but it has the effect of upsetting a considerable portion of the already dislocated social and productive order.

On August first the number of wholly unemployed persons registered at the employment exchanges was 2,185,800, which was an increase over the June figures. Those on short time work numbered 1,144,000. On November fifteenth there had been a reduction in the entirely unemployed to 1,800,000, while the short time workers had been cut down to 300,000.

England's difficult postwar labor readjustment grows out of the inflated wartime wage with its accompanying extravagance. Literally hundreds of thousands of the workless to-day would be comfortable if they had laid aside some of their war wages for the rainy day that has dawned on them. Instead of doing this they squandered the contents of their swollen pay envelopes on silks, furs and other luxuries, and to-day they are paying the piper. I must except the ex-service man. He embodies the most tragic human victim of the world conflict, and his pathetic dilemma constitutes an indictment of war which should not go unheeded.

The extremity to which the discharged soldiers are driven is shown by what occurred while I was in England. The Spanish Government advertised for volunteers for the army that she was recruiting to put down the Arab insurrection in Morocco. This war, called by survivors a fragment of hell, has been the most brutal waged in modern times. No quarter is given captured white soldiers. In many instances they are crucified by their captors while the womenfolk make merry. Although they knew the barbarities that awaited them 5000 men stormed the Spanish consulate in London, seeking enlistment. They began to assemble ten hours before the doors were opened.

One element of the British unemployed is going to an extreme. On October twenty-ninth a meeting of the British Empire Union, held in London and presided over by Lord Derby, was broken up by radicals, who threw stink bombs, tore down the union jack and trampled on it. For conservative England this was a rare spectacle. It was almost solely due to irritation over what is construed as the failure of the government to meet the employment situation.

The Surplus of Women

The government has been trying hard to find a solution for the difficulty. Sixty thousand demobilized soldiers have already been sent to the Colonies to work on the farms and ranches, and £300,000 has been appropriated for the same purpose. Lately Parliament granted £25,000,000 to stimulate industry, so that idleness may be reduced. Rhodesia has inaugurated a plan to loan ex-service men the money with which to begin agricultural life.

The British reds comprise only a small section of the unemployed. Many of these gentry with communistic inclinations are receiving the usual unemployment dole, which in their case is an endowment to idleness. In England, as elsewhere, the man who waves the red flag usually has a conspicuous aversion to work. The fact that the coal strikers have gotten the crimson virus out of their systems shows that the British workman at bottom is sane and sound. Meanwhile, the extremists are becoming more extreme, while the labor unions are becoming more reasonable. For the first time in many years the British employer and the employe who is lucky enough to have a job are beginning to understand each other.

The unemployment muddle in England is further complicated by the surplus of 2,000,000 women over men. Ten years ago this number was less than 600,000. The female of the species is not only numerically stronger than the male but she presents a problem that is baffling the best minds. England must find occupation for her, and how to do it is no easy matter.

The 1921 census—it included England, Scotland and Wales—disclosed a population of 42,767,530, which is an increase of only 1,936,134, or 4.7 per cent over the 1911 figures. War ravages—England's loss alone on active service between 1914 and 1919 was 628,000 lives—are responsible for the small general increase in population. The decrease in men would have been larger if the war had not interfered with the usual emigration to the Colonies. Prior to 1914 more than half a million persons went out to Canada, Australia, Rhodesia or New Zealand every twelve months.

Though England's excess of women is under the similar excess in Germany, the German birth rate is perceptibly higher. About the only thing that remains untaxed in England is single blessedness, and the lightning will probably strike there next. One solution being considered is for a vast female emigration to the Colonies, notably Australia, where men are in the majority.

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Take advantage of National Canned Foods Week!

March 1st to March 8th

Visit your grocer's, see his big display of canned foods and supply yourself liberally

Picture to yourself velvet, golden peaches, sun-ripened to juiciest sweetness and plucked for your table when the bloom is fresh upon them. Picture the ruddiest of ripe tomatoes, flawless and appetizing. Luscious pears and pineapples heavy laden with tropic sweetness. The finest of fresh, green vegetables, the tastiest of fish, the choicest of meats.

Just at the moment when they taste their best and when their quality is at its "peak" they are selected, prepared and sealed for your enjoyment. The pick of the world's markets, obtained for your table at the top of its quality —this is what canned foods bring to you every day, in season and out of season. The vegetables, the soups, the milk, the fruits, the pork and beans and countless other canned foods are produced in an industry whose dominant note is quality —an industry directed by experts and scientifically organized and equipped to supply foods which are the last word in delicious quality and strict purity.

Next week is Canned Foods Week at your grocer's. He will make a special display of these products and you will find it an excellent plan to look them over carefully and order an attractive assortment. It's so delightful and convenient to have these delicious foods right in your pantry all the time.

Buy Canned Foods—for quality, convenience, economy

(Continued from Page 24)

The physical dislocation as revealed by the census is matched by the social evolution in England since the war. The old rich have become the new poor and the old poor have developed into the new rich. Aristocrats are marrying commoners, an occupation formerly restricted to gay young dukes and Gaiety chorus girls. Now the field is broader, for they are annexing fortunes out of their social set or descending to the unromantic alternative of going to work.

Princess Mary, pride and joy of the royal family, has become engaged to a mere viscount with one of the biggest bank rolls in the kingdom. In this she follows the example of Princess Patricia, who also married out of the ermine. The contemplated marriage of the Princess Royal is a terrific jolt to that well-known leisure class of the Continent largely composed of princelings who looked to British royalty for a desirable marriage that carried with it a gilt-edge meal ticket.

Socially, everything is possible in England these changing days. Not long ago the Master of Kinloss, grandson of the last Duke of Buckingham, was married to Katherine Jackman, daughter of the village blacksmith at Stowe. When this blue-blooded young man was a child he took his broken toys to the smithy, where he met the little girl who is now his wife.

There are three reasons for the British social upheaval. The first and foremost is the war, which put the ban on Teutonic and other princes and near-princes as eligible husbands for the large circle of English royal ladies. The second is the burden of taxation, which has reduced numerous dukes almost to penury and which makes it impossible for many other aristocrats to maintain establishments on anything like the prewar scale. Third is the general scarcity of men, which has set the women to proposing. The British bachelor is no longer sure of his fate.

Drastic readjustment of the social structure is accomplishing good. There is no doubt that the British have been too much interbred. It is particularly true of royalty. The best prop for the so-called king business everywhere would be the infusion of some wholesome common blood. What English life in general needs more than anything else is the blending of the sturdy colonial strain, a fact that is beginning to be realized.

The fiscal aspect of the social evolution is a serious matter. The new poor are recruited from the class that was almost opulent before the war. Many have had their principal breadwinners wiped out on the field of battle and seen incomes from securities shrink with the value of the securities themselves. The comfortable annuity in 1913 will scarcely pay rent now. What a woman of my acquaintance calls elegant economies are practiced by the best families, who are more concerned about the warming-over qualities of food than in the doings of poets and peers. Likewise, the salariat—that is, the people who must live on salaries—are having a hard time, because the cost of living in England, as elsewhere, has soared.

The Merciless Tax Gatherer

To depreciated incomes has been added an almost intolerable burden of taxation. All incomes from £135 upward are taxable in England. For the large incomes—that is, from £75,000 a year up—the rate is almost seventeen shillings and sixpence for each pound. Since there are only twenty shillings in the pound the plutocrat who is honest enough to pay full taxation keeps only half a crown out of every pound he receives.

Their lot is worse than that of the extremely rich of the United States. More than one Englishman is living on capital—a state of affairs, by the way, which is not confined entirely to the British Isles.

The new rich are largely profiteers who have held on to their money. Since it was extremely difficult to escape knighthood during the war, many of them are adorned with titles.

Prosperity works in a curious way to disclose its exuberance. I know of a man who amassed a huge fortune between 1914 and 1919. He has a habit of dropping in on some big London hospital, and after being mistaken for a book agent or a life-insurance solicitor, gets audience with the director, to whom he says: "I happened to be passing your hospital and thought I would like to give you a donation." When the director puts forth his hand to receive the expected five-pound note he is paralyzed to be given five or ten thousand pounds. This type of idiosyncrasy is well worth encouraging. I cite it to show the quality of some exceptions among the new rich.

To return to the economic status, that England appreciates the seriousness of her trade situation is demonstrated by the drastic steps she has taken to remedy it. She has even invoked what really amounts to constructive paternalism. This means that she has undertaken to guarantee loans made by exporters. The sum of £26,000,000 has been set aside to pay interest and principal. The government takes the risk, but the exporter obligates himself to repay in installments as he receives payments for the manufactured articles he sends out of the country. This arrangement was primarily made to offset the timidity of British capital in financing contracts, and also to get British wares back on the world trade map.

The government has also got squarely behind engineering. Large engineering orders for the renewal of transport facilities in countries whose credit was practically destroyed by the war are now made available for British contractors. Here, as in the case of export trade, credits will be guaranteed. In these subsidies England is merely taking a leaf out of the old German book of imperial industrial sponsorship.

Behind all this national endowment of trade and industry is a growing determination for imperial preference and self-sufficiency. Britain is moving heaven and earth to make her empire as self-contained as possible. This is one of the lessons that she has learned from the Great War. An intensive effort will be made to exploit the resources of the Dominions and the African possessions. A concrete evidence is the encouragement of the Egyptian cotton industry. England finds it difficult to do business with the United States because of the big debt and high prices. It gives impetus to the movement for self-sufficiency.

Activities of the D. O. T.

Wherever you turn, you find British capitalization of wartime experience and knowledge. She seems to be the one European nation to gain by costly revelation. The English manufacturer was formerly a stiff-necked individual who gave his overseas customers what he thought they ought to have. The German exporter humored their wildest vagaries, so long as they sold the goods and enhanced German commercial prestige. The German trade exploiter took root in the country where he bartered, but the Englishman made of himself a thing apart. To-day the British Government and the British manufacturers are sending envoys everywhere with instructions to settle down and become part and parcel of the national life.

The new dynamo of British international trade is the Department of Overseas Trade, which is better known as the D.O.T. It is really the outgrowth of the extraordinary system of trade espionage established during the war, which not only kept the government in intimate touch with enemy commercial propaganda and penetration but through its censorship of the mails bared trade secrets.

The D. O. T. works in close coöperation with the Foreign Office and all the agencies of the diplomatic service are at its disposal.

The D.O.T. was largely responsible for the most noteworthy step taken by British industry in many years. I mean the passage of the Safeguarding British Industries Bill. It embodies two distinct measures. One slaps a flat tariff of 33⅓ per cent on practically all products of the key industries. They include optical glass, instruments of precision, dyes and chemicals. This section of the bill is really revolutionary because it puts a former free-trade country on a tariff basis. The second portion of the bill—which is aimed at France, Germany and Austria—carries provisions against dumping, whether by reason of collapsed exchanges—it penalizes exports based on low currencies—or in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Dumping is defined as the sale or offer of goods in the United Kingdom below the cost of production in country of origin.

The dominating personality in the D.O.T. is Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, who at thirty-seven has become a conspicuous figure in British public life. He is a lawyer by profession, served three years in the army in France, and subsequently had a grilling experience as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. He is one of the many protégés of Lloyd George, who singled him out for rapid advancement. Sir Philip, however, has real substance, and the general opinion in England is that he will travel far.

England is fast emerging from the grip of wartime control. The latest emancipation affects the railways, which were demobilized on August fifteenth. In the seven years of government operation the income of the roads was doubled, while the expenses were tripled. The deficit in revenue was equalized by treasury grants. During the war England turned over the management of her inland transportation to trained railroad men, while we left the executive direction to a corporation lawyer who was also Secretary of the Treasury.

The new Act of Parliament under which railways will be operated in the future provides for the fullest measure of protection for both the investor and the public. Charges are not to be determined by the operating companies but by rates tribunals, which will fix rates for freight and passengers sufficient to yield the roads an annual revenue equivalent to the net income of 1913, when there was a surplus. Rates of pay and conditions of service are to be settled by a central wages board. Meanwhile the companies will receive £60,000,000 from the government for renewals. The British railway systems, which comprise twenty-seven great constituent companies and ninety-six subsidiaries, are to be amalgamated into four groups, for purposes of economy in personnel, improvement in working traffic and general coördination of service. The act may be regarded as a compromise between unfettered private operation and complete nationalization. Decontrol is followed by recontrol. The operator, the wage earner and the consumer are all safeguarded.

The unification of the railways is matched by a closer-knit coördination of industry. England has become a land of trusts. The growing tendency for consolidation throughout the United Kingdom has for its chief objects the restriction of output and the control of prices. The power of these organizations was greatly strengthened during the war, when the government, acting through the Ministry of Munitions, preferred to deal with groups rather than with individuals. To-day the isolated firm is apt to be out in the cold when it comes to bidding for a big contract.

There are four types of British trade combination. The simplest is nothing more than a gentlemen's agreement made by a group of manufacturers or traders who would otherwise be bitter competitors. They meet from time to time and talk over prices and divisions of trade. No bond exists except that of good faith.

The second variety includes associations organized for the regulation of trade. The main purposes are elimination of competition and allotment of output. Penalties are imposed for exceeding the quota. Some of these associations apportion the home market and the foreign-trade field among their members. Each unit in the federation retains its freedom of action.

Combines and Trusts

Third in the category comes what we in America would call a combine. In this form the members of associations sacrifice some of their financial independence in order to obtain a powerful central fiscal organization. In the more highly developed combinations the bulk of the business is done by this central body. Combinations of this type are to be found principally in the foundry, wall-paper, cement, dye, chemical and textile industries. These groups not only control price and output but, like the German cartel, they enjoy special advantages for breaking into foreign trade through rebates on freight rates.

The fourth brand is the old-fashioned dyed-in-the-wool trust. It is developed along either vertical or horizontal lines. The sewing-thread industry represents the highest development of the horizontal type, while the soap trust expresses the last word in the vertical. In the latter organization thirty-seven firms are responsible for more than 70 per cent of the total British soap output. One concern, however, dominates the entire activity. To sum up, England is marching to the point that we reached in America before the Roosevelt era, when fangs were discovered in the Sherman Anti-trust Law. There is no such bar to British corporate expansion.

Linking all these groups is the great Federation of British Industries, which constitutes the most powerful offensive and defensive industrial agency in the world. Its membership has grown from 1000 firms in 1919 to 2000 at the present time. These concerns represent a total capitalization of $25,000,000,000 and employ 5,000,000 workers.

The federation is the liaison between industry and the government. Through its efforts the excess-profits duty—called E.P.D.—has been revoked. This tax took 80 per cent of all excess profits. It discouraged enterprise on the one hand and encouraged extravagance on the other. So inequitable was the imposition that scores of big firms are beginning to receive rebates because of their excessive payments during the war. The only justification for the duty was the government's urgent need of money to carry on the war. The effect of the withdrawal has been to reëstablish confidence and restore trade. Profits can now be utilized for the legitimate development of business.

British-American Competition

Late in November the federation sent a formal memorandum to Lloyd George suggesting sensational measures to bring about deflation in the interests of a general trade revival. Since they have a vital interest for us I will reproduce the principal recommendations, which are:

> There is little doubt that international action will be required before certain countries can be induced to adopt a sound currency policy. It would therefore seem wise to approach one or more of the other great commercial powers and endeavor, in agreement with them, to impose a common currency policy on the rest of the world.
>
> The means of influence at the disposal of two great commercial powers acting in agreement would be enormous. They would include the extending or withholding of credits, the manipulation of existing international debts, or, in the case of some countries, the manipulation of reparation payments, and finally, in the event of extreme recalcitrancy, the economic boycott.
>
> The ends to be sought by the application of these weapons would be obviously the cessation of inflation by all countries, the balancing of budgets, and then the stabilization of currencies by anchoring them again to gold.

The following significant reference to future British-American competition was made:

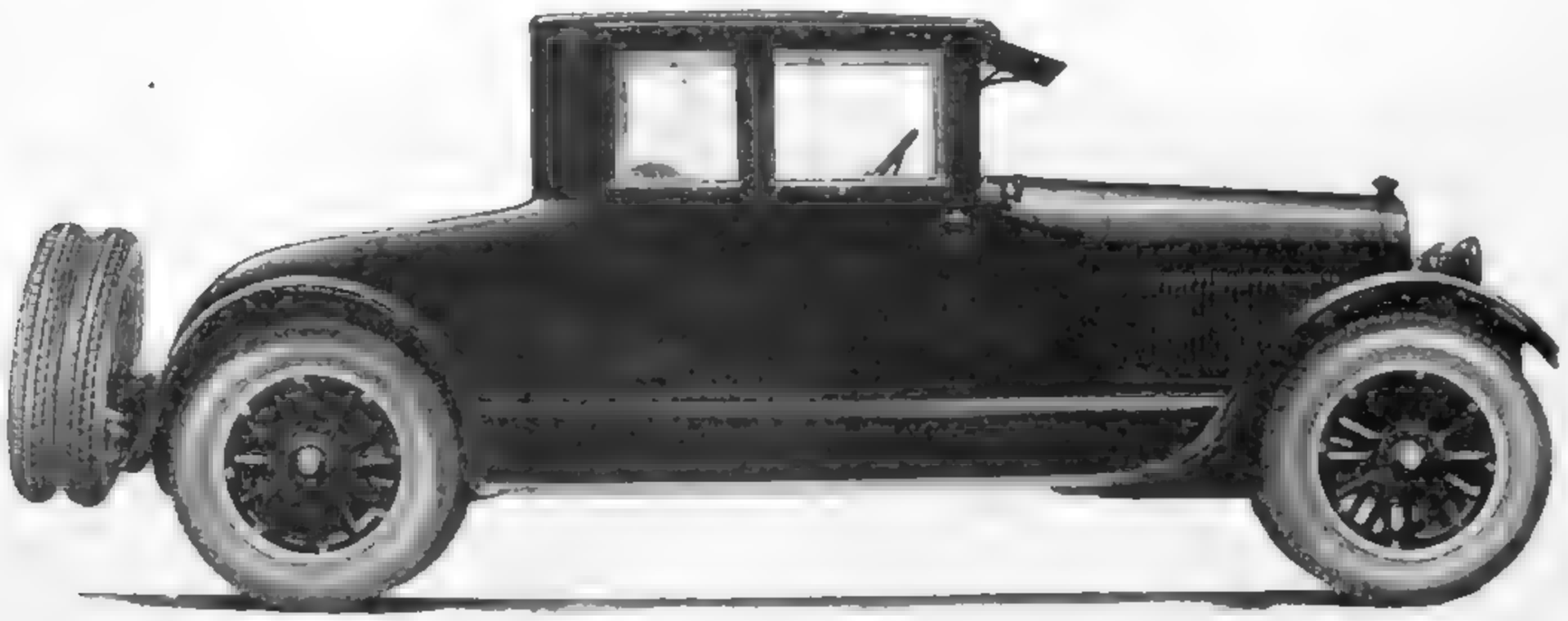
> It seems probable that circumstances will to some extent assist us in obtaining a share in the remaining markets of the world considerably larger in proportion than that which we commanded before the war, since the creditor position of the United States coupled with the maintenance of a high tariff makes it extraordinarily difficult for her to develop competition as against ourselves in foreign markets.

The Federation of British Industries is first aid to the big scheme of British world-trade penetration. It has well-equipped branch offices at Athens, Madrid, Paris, Stockholm, Berlin, Constantinople, Algiers, and its trade scouts are on the job everywhere. Typical of its enterprise was an All-British Industries Fair held in Athens. It is one of the sponsors of the British Empire Exhibition, to be held at London from April to October in 1923, when the most pretentious mobilization of imperial resources ever attempted will be made. It is expected to accomplish for this decade what the Crystal Palace show, sponsored by Prince Albert, achieved in 1851. During 1923 a liner named British Industry, which will be a floating exposition of British manufactures, will set forth for an eighteen months' tour of the world.

The federation renders one service to the British business man that similar bodies in the United States should duplicate. A merchant who wants to visit Rome, Constantinople, Berlin, Vienna or any other foreign city can go to its office in London and not only get all the necessary visas for his passport but have his passage booked and his sleeping-car and hotel accommodations arranged. In addition, he is able to obtain a list of eligible trade prospects. This shows that the federation does everything for its members but actually sell goods for them.

In the face of labor and industrial dislocation, diminished trade, excessive taxation and the staggering burden of war

(Continued on Page 28)



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The Type 61 Cadillac Two Passenger Coupé excites special interest as a recent and a most pleasing addition to the Cadillac line.

Its lowered center of gravity, achieved without lessening road clearance, produces a degree of road-steadiness and riding-smoothness best described as being new even to the Cadillac.

It reveals, moreover, in common with all models of the Type 61, remarkably swift and easy acceleration and really superb power.

The Two Passenger Coupé, we believe, is destined by a combination of convenient features to become the ideal car to many men for professional as well as for private use.

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We emphasize once more that in the Two Passenger Coupé, as in all models of the Type 61, a delightful revelation awaits those who had believed that no higher degree of roadability and gliding smoothness could possibly be attained even in the Cadillac.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

C A D I L L A C

(Continued from Page 26)

debt, the British pound sterling is not only stronger than any other European money but continues to advance steadily. This is due to the confidence that the world has in the solidity and honesty of Britain, to her hoard of hidden wealth which is revealed in the daily press in the list of wills probated, and to her announced determination to pay her obligations. Moreover, the pound is still the symbol of international exchange, and London remains the center of world finance.

British loss of prestige in manufacturing, and to a limited extent in shipping, is more than made up by the realignment of her banks, which have become a series of huge money trusts. With deflation and decontrol a new sovereignty has come to these closely welded battalions of capital. The London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., of which Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, is chairman, is typical, for it is a Gibraltar of financial power, representing an interlocking of interests that would have done credit to Wall Street back in the days when monopoly knew no curb.

Financial Rehabilitation

Until the coal strike the British budget showed a surplus of £176,000,000. This was not only wiped out by the extraordinary expenditures due to the labor disturbances but Britain now faces a deficit which must be made up with further taxation. Despite this contingency she has arranged to pay the £50,000,000 annual interest on her debt to the United States. Up to the first of last April she had reduced her war debt by £75,000,000 and but for the coal strike would have made further inroads in it.

The most striking contribution to the reorganization of British finance is the retrenchment era now under way. What the Northcliffe press aptly dubbed squandermania in government expenditure has come to an end. A committee on economy has been appointed to advise with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in cutting down expenses. Sir Eric Geddes, who is a hard-headed railway executive of long experience and who has been First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of Transport, is chairman. The other members are Lord Inchcape, one of Britain's shipping magnates; Lord Faringdon, chairman of the Great Central Railway; Sir Joseph Maclay, former Shipping Controller; and Sir Guy Granet, general manager of the Midland Railway. Thousands of superfluous employes have been dismissed from service and salaries are curtailed in every direction. The committee expects to save £150,000,000 in the national disbursements during 1922.

Antiwaste has become the slogan in business and politics. The man who stands for Parliament to-day in London unfurls the banner of "Down With Extravagance" instead of the usual party insignia. When a Westminster seat became vacant through death last autumn all three candidates for the succession ran on Antiwaste platforms. Thus there was no doubt of the attitude of the successful candidate.

In the matter of economy—to employ a widely quoted American phrase—everybody's doing it. Even King George has tightened his purse strings, which shows that dukes are not the only ones hard hit by the general depression and taxation. During the summer of 1921 he had to sell £100,000 of his securities to meet the increased cost of operating the royal establishments. He has given up his yacht, the Britannia, and is trying to sell one of his estates.

This is illuminating as showing that the modern monarch does not roll in the wealth traditionally attached to his job. King George receives less from what is known as the Civil List and keeps the royal household charges at a lower level than any other British ruler since Charles I, with the exception of Queen Victoria. His income is £470,000, supplemented by £45,000, the income of the Duchy of Lancaster, which he controls. Personal expenses account for a small fraction of the upkeep of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, which are owned by the nation. The King has various residences, such as Osborne and Balmoral, which he inherited, and innumerable dependents. Windsor Castle itself is a small town where hundreds live on the King's bounty. A king must maintain a truly noble front, endow charities, entertain visiting royalties, and provide himself with almost as many uniforms as there are days in the year at his own expense.

The business side of royalty is administered precisely like any commercial enterprise. The office of the Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse—the ancient title is maintained—is conducted along up-to-date methods. It is divided into departments dealing with household salaries, pensions, charities, royal investments, cost of entertainments and expenditures on state functions. In the old days when there was a royal deficit it was only necessary to go to Parliament and get a grant. In these democratic times the task is not so easy. When King George's accounts showed a deficit last summer he could have received a government allowance, for he is very popular, but he refused it and sold his securities instead.

When Lloyd George Retires

King George's father, the late King Edward, was a much more lavish spender than his son. Financially he was always between the devil and the deep blue sea. The principal reason was that Queen Victoria, his mother, was the champion royal tightwad of Europe. Edward had to have money and he was constantly borrowing from the big London bankers. This explains why so many of them became baronets the moment their most distinguished client came into power.

In connection with Queen Victoria's parsimony a story is told that deals with one of her grandsons, who was in a select school in England. The boy wrote to his grandmother asking for an additional allowance of one pound, claiming that he had to hold his own with the other lads. Victoria, who was an inveterate letter writer, not only refused the request, but reprimanded him sharply for his extravagance. A week later she received a note from the boy which contained this statement: "I am in ample funds, for I sold your letter to an American boy in school here for £10. His father is an autograph collector."

Any estimate of changing England must include a reference at least to the most important perhaps of all changes, the one that affects the head of the government. A big question not only in England but throughout the Allied world is "Who will succeed Lloyd George?" Although the little Welsh wizard has displayed a tenacity matched only by his amazing achievements, the time must come when he will be forced to step aside.

No Prime Minister since Gladstone has aroused such bitter hostility. His enemies maintain that he sucks his friends dry and leaves them to perish politically. Like Roosevelt he is a good forgetter. One thing is certain—Lloyd George has alienated many of his old colleagues, and they are all fierce haters. Yet even his bitterest critics contend that he has been indispensable. In this indispensability lies one of his chief claims to continued power. Since 1914 he has carried an immense burden of responsibility. He seems to thrive on trouble and his resiliency is little short of phenomenal.

Viscount Birkenhead

Chief among the possible inheritors of his post is Viscount Birkenhead, who, as Lord High Chancellor of England, sits on that famous woolsack in the House of Lords. He presides over this august body. Most Americans know him better as Sir F. E. Smith—they call him "F.E." for short in England—because he made a trip to the United States during the war, when he was Attorney-General of England. He is a brilliant orator, a distinguished authority on international law, and has many of those magnetic qualities that have made Lloyd George so popular. I have seen him in varying circumstances. In none was he more human than at a breakfast at his house in Grosvenor Gardens last summer, when he showed me his library, which is the finest private collection of books in the United Kingdom. Unlike most collectors, he knows the volumes on his shelves.

If Birkenhead should become Prime Minister his Chancellor of the Exchequer would undoubtedly be Winston Spencer Churchill. It is common gossip in London that this agreement exists. Churchill, who has been called the playboy of the political world, has as many political lives as the proverbial cat has existences. He is not without qualifications and pretensions to the premiership and no one would be surprised if he got it. He is a compelling speaker and has held every post in the cabinet except the highest. He just misses being a really great man.

Another likely Prime Minister is Viscount Grey, of Fallodon, who as Sir Edward Grey was head of the Foreign Office at the outbreak of the war. Now that his eyesight is practically restored there is a strong conviction that he is seeing the way to a return to prestige. As is the case with Asquith, he is a type of the old-line leader and does not lack a strong following among those who want to humble Lloyd George. Asquith himself is not entirely out of the running, although his wife's book of reminiscences has not added to his popularity.

If Lloyd George's coalition arrangement survives, it is not improbable that Sir Robert Horne may step into his shoes. Horne is one of the political white hopes of England. At forty-nine he has had the most sensational rise of any of his contemporaries. When the war broke in 1914 he was an obscure lawyer at Glasgow. Since that time he has been successively Minister of Labor, President of the Board of Trade, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the post he now holds. He is one of Lloyd George's prize finds. Horne is a bachelor and can dance the fox-trot as well as he can carry on a parliamentary budget debate. Like his chief, he is keen of wit and a master epigrammatist. In one of his speeches not long ago he defined a pessimist as "a man who, with a choice of two evils, takes both."

Whether he succeeds Lloyd George or not, he is booked for high place in British public life.

Others whom the Premiership lightning may strike are Lord Robert Cecil, one of the wet nurses of the League of Nations and a Tory of the Tories; and Reginald McKenna, who might be lured from his commanding place in financial life if only to get even with his implacable foe, Lloyd George. Until the coal strike there was much talk in England of a Labor Government and it seemed likely that a man like Arthur Henderson, J. R. Clynes or J. H. Thomas might upset all British tradition and sit in Downing Street. The British public, however, is so disgusted with union exactions that the labor movement has lost its opportunity to govern.

In all this array of candidates there is not a single really commanding or historic figure, certainly none to approach the stature of Gladstone or Disraeli. At best, Lloyd George is a brilliant and eloquent politician with the genius of opportunism. Although Churchill has the faults of impulse and what has been well termed dangerous optimism, he knows more about world affairs than any of his colleagues. Asquith is excessively cautious and his policy has been best described as "wait and see." So it goes. England is no different in this respect from the United States, where ripened leadership also seems a lost art. The Lincoln that civilization needs in its present extremity has not lifted his head above the mediocrity that masquerades as statesmanship.

The Silver Lining

With this article the series on Europe in transition comes to an end. Let us make a swift survey of events since I wrote the first narrative three months ago. Then I maintained that the curse of the Continent was a combination of delay, compromise and petty politics, and that the principal by-product so far of self-determination was festering animosity. What has happened?

Austria has sunk deeper into disruption. The riots in Vienna, when the leading hotels were looted, showed the temper of the people. Hungary barely survived the crisis brought on by ex-Emperor Karl's second attempt to regain his throne. Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania mobilized their armies as a sequel. Germany has lost a large part of Upper Silesia, intensified her hatred for France, and trembles on the verge of national bankruptcy. France clings to her military establishment, while England emerges from one crisis only to face another. With the exception of the pound sterling, practically all Continental currencies—notably the German mark and the Austrian and Hungarian crown—have collapsed to new low levels. Europe in transition remains Europe in upheaval.

The one silver lining to these lowering international clouds is the arms conference. At the time I write, which is early in December, it holds out the promise of something like sanity for a sundered and distracted universe. Whatever the outcome, it has projected the United States once more into the councils of the nations. Our idealism failed at Paris because it was academic and sentimental. It should triumph at Washington because it is practical and constructive. Success there means a coöperation which is the hope of the world.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh and last of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the European economic and political situation.

FATHER WAS RIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

"It's my frank open way—my exactly truthful method of expressing myself," Peter explained. "I call you 'dear girl' because you are a girl and because you are——"

"Never mind me, please," Molly interrupted hastily. "I came here this morning because you said that you wanted to tell me something important, and after the way dads treated you I felt that I owed you something. You've already had a minute or two and you are only talking nonsense."

"I was about to make a highly sensible statement," said Peter with an injured air. "I was going to say that I do not wish to put your father in the wrong or to have him consider me anything like the model and pattern of a young man that I really am. I wish particularly to have an opportunity of winning his friendship and regard. I am deeply anxious to do this. If you ask me why I am so dog-gone anxious, candor compels me to answer ——"

"I didn't ask you why you were, you know," Molly reminded him. "But taking it for granted that you are—and there's no reason why you shouldn't be, because he is the dearest, kindest, best man on earth—well, anyway, I'd like him to see the best side of you—I like all my friends to appear to the best advantage." She stopped and looked about her. "Why, you didn't drive to the green! Look where we are."

"That's so," said Peter.

They looked at each other and Molly burst into delicious laughter, whereupon a remarkable thing happened. Peter suddenly threw back his head, opened his mouth, displaying a set of strong and beautifully white teeth, and emitted a mellow bass peal of mirth as rollicking, hearty and well-sustained as a laugh could be. It was as pleasant a duet as could be imagined; but the young man in the runabout, catching its distant echoes, only said "Darn!"

"You ought to do that oftener," Molly told Peter when he had resumed his normal gravity and they were on their way back to the ball. "And you might smile oftener. Smile for the lady now, Mr. Sarvis."

"Peter," suggested the young man, struggling to hold gloom.

"Peter," Molly complied; and forthwith he smiled radiantly

"But you won't mention any of my good qualities to your father, will you?"

"I'm not likely to mention you at all," Molly replied. "Why should I?"

Peter paid no attention to that. "Let them dawn upon him by degrees," he went on. "I'm right about this, believe me. When I tell you anything, you can depend on it. It's so—every time, Molly."

"Miss Devine," she suggested.

"Oh, that's a little too much to ask."

"Well, perhaps it is," Molly admitted, relenting. "Here's the ball, but I can't wait any longer. I just want to say that if dads makes any apology I hope you will accept it nicely. Because whether we meet again or not ——"

(Continued on Page 30)

The CHALMERS SIX

Six-Cylinder Goodness At Its Best In New Series Chalmers $1295

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Every impulse of the motor beautifully and completely blended into the next—all six cylinders merging their power into an unbroken flow.

Clock-like precision in performance—the fruit of more than clock-like precision in shop practise.

A vigorous, virile car, overflowing with power-vitality, steadily, smoothly applied.

Flexible to a degree.

Amazingly swift in getting into action.

Rides as buoyantly as a boat.

The first Chalmers built entirely by the new and fine Chalmers organization which has been directing its affairs for more than a year past.

As fine in materials, in measurements, and in manufacturing processes—in grace and beauty of design, in fineness of finish—as money and high skill could make it.

Studied from any and every angle, one of the few really great six-cylinder values recent years have produced.

All Models Equipped With Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

Chalmers Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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They'll do the same for YOUR car!

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LIGHT WEIGHT CAST IRON

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—a DODGE owner . . .
"The average mileage to the gallon of gas before you reground my block and equipped it with DELUXE pistons was 12½ miles—and now I am getting 23¾ miles to the gallon."

—a FORD owner . . .
"Since you . . . fitted DELUXE pistons, the mileage has increased 10 miles per gallon and the oil consumption is less than 1 gallon per 1,000 miles . . . makes speeds from 5 to 30 miles per hour without the least vibration . . . engine runs as smooth as any good six."

—a HUDSON owner . . .
". . . the finest piece of work I have ever had done on a car was . . . putting in the new (DELUXE) cast iron pistons. The car runs better than it ever did. It made it a new engine. There would be less exchanging cars if people only knew what you (the repair man) can do to their engines. It adds tremendously to the power and will . . . make a substantial saving in gas."

—a STUDEBAKER owner . . .
"I am using much less oil and obtaining a greater mileage per gallon of gasoline. The engine runs with less vibration, delivering greater power . . ."

—a PACKARD owner . . .
". . . they (DELUXE pistons) have done all that you claimed for them and the car . . . has been greatly improved."

—a BUICK owner . . .
"On the first of April I had my Buick equipped with a set of DELUXE pistons and rings and I want to tell you that after driving 6,000 miles my car has never been in such good running condition. Where I used to get from 12 to 14 miles on a gallon of gasoline today I am getting 22 miles and better. . . . I challenge anyone who doubts the truth of my statement. I would be pleased to have them call on me personally when in Atterbury."

—a TRUCK owner states . . .
"Eighteen months ago we put in our first set of DELUXE pistons in a three-and-one-half ton White truck. They proved so efficient and economical after a thorough test, that we immediately had our entire fleet, which includes Whites, Pierce-Arrows, Kelly Springfields, Garfords, Macks, Oldsmobiles and Fords, reground and fitted with DELUXE pistons and they have proved to be the highest standard in all of them."

—a DEALER writes . . .
"We have to date installed 24 sets in different cars and they have given absolute satisfaction, producing more power with less oil and gas consumption and a more even running motor."

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now for a copy of their report. The above extracts are from a few of hundreds of similar letters from owners of cars, trucks, tractors, motorcycles and other types of engines. Copies of the complete letters will be sent on request. Write us, giving the name and year of your car, and we will tell you what DELUXE pistons will do for you.

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(Continued from Page 28)

"Where—to use a vulgar phrase—do you get that stuff?" demanded Peter. "If I had as many dollars as times that we're going to meet again I'd stop working for mere money. Tell me one thing, Molly d—Devine: Will he come to the course to-day, think you, lady?"

"Not to-day. To-morrow afternoon he will, I'm sure. Good-by."

"One moment more, I pray. This whole interview seems inconclusive. It hasn't got us anywhere, so to speak. Now we're friends, anyway, aren't we, Molly?"

Molly nodded.

"We'll swear an eternal friendship then. That will give us something to start on. Give me your hand, dear friend. You promise ——"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Molly, snatching her hand away, but laughing. "Do you know that we are in full view of the —— And there's Billy Blankenhorn's car, and Billy in it. Can you hole in four? Do it then. Good-by, and don't write again—because questions are asked."

"Just one instant. I've a question that I want to ask you. I nearly forgot it. A momentous question. One—well, do you like me, Molly?"

"I do not," Molly answered. "And don't look after me." With which she went swinging off.

If she had not looked back Peter might have felt a little discouraged. As it was, he examined the lie of the ball with a light heart and, deciding on a niblick, made a shot that he hoped Molly had noticed. But when he next turned his head he saw her getting into the runabout, assisted by, presumably, the man she had called Billy Blankenhorn.

"You blessed Billy!" cried Molly. "You heaven-sent angel boy! Help me in before I drop."

Billy was out of the car in something less than two seconds and complied with her altogether unusual request. She sank back in the cushioned seat with a long-drawn sigh of relief and closed her eyes.

"Let me rest here for a moment or two, please," she begged in a faint voice. "I've a long weary walk before me, but I can stagger along somehow if you'll just allow me to rest a very little while."

"Quit your kidding," said Billy rather sullenly as he started the engine.

Molly opened her eyes and clasped her hands ecstatically. "Do you mean to say that you are going to give me a lift home? Sweetest of all sweet things!"

"You know darn well that I came after you," growled Billy. "I didn't know what I was going to run into, though," he added bitterly.

As he backed for the turn Molly half rose as if to look at the hood. "Not a telegraph pole, Billy!"

"No, not a telegraph pole," replied Billy. "Nothing like a telegraph pole. Yes, he is, though. He's long enough." He laughed noisily.

"Do you mean Mr. Sarvis out there?" Molly inquired innocently. "Dads called him a bean pole—an animated bean pole. How funny!"

Young Mr. Blankenhorn again burst into a discordant cachinnation. "That's a good one!" he cried. "Haw, haw! Say, that's a peach! Animated bean pole! Haw, haw, haw, haw!"

"You don't need a horn on your car with that," Molly commented. "How do you mean, that you came after me?"

"Well," Billy explained, "I was just shaving and I happened to look out of the window and saw you beating it down the road. See where I cut myself? You did that."

"You poor thing!" said Molly. "Did I do that? How very careless of me!"

"Well, I couldn't go with just one side of my face shaved ——"

"Nobody would have noticed the difference," said Molly.

After a detour, in the course of which young Mr. Blankenhorn achieved at least ten hairbreadth escapes from sudden and violent death, Molly reminded him that her parents were confidently expecting her home for breakfast. She had, in the meantime, explained that she had undertaken the morning walk for healthful exercise and at Doctor Dunne's suggestion. Billy derided the doctor and was witty at Mr. Sarvis' expense, conceding, however, that holing in three, if not a fluke, was a creditable performance.

"Did he?" cried Molly, evidently pleased. "Are you sure?"

"I've got eyes," said Billy in a surly tone. "I don't have to wear oversize tortoise-shell specs to see things. If I did I'd go drown myself," he added vindictively.

"That was splendid!" said Molly. "It's the ambition of dads' life to do it in par. Six would be pretty good for you, Billy, wouldn't it?"

"Aw, Molly!"

"And you ought to see the tennis he plays!"

"He ought to. He could straddle the court with those legs. If I had those legs of his I'd—I'd go drown myself."

"You've got very nice legs yourself, Billy," said Molly, surveying those symmetrical members admiringly.

Billy blushed with embarrassment. "Aw, Molly! Say, quit your kidding. Listen, Molly. What's the matter with taking a little spin after you've had your breakfast? They don't need me specially at the office. I'm late anyway, and I might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. How about it?"

"Billy," said Molly, "I'm going to be very busy all day, and if I wasn't I wouldn't encourage you to play hooky. You be a good boy and go to the office and work hard, and some day they'll make you one of the firm and you'll be rich and respected like your father. Thanks awfully for the ride. I'll get out here. Don't bother to drive in."

"Molly," said young Mr. Blankenhorn, detaining her, "on the dead, you know! Say, if I do get a wiggle on me and get right down to the grind and make good, would you—would you—I mean ——"

"No harm trying it, Billy," said Molly encouragingly.

She ran up the garden walk and met her father, who had been discussing chrysanthemums with Magowan, keeping at the same time an anxious eye on the road.

"So that's where you've been," he said, receiving her embrace with his usual stoicism. "Must be getting pretty serious when you have to begin before breakfast."

"I had a lovely ride," said Molly, congratulating herself on her opportune arrival. "I hope there's plenty to eat."

As she ran up to her room to take off her hat and arrange her disordered hair her conscience reproached her mildly regarding Billy. But she justified herself.

"Nothing one can do better than strive to be an influence for good in a young man's life," she murmured. "Perhaps Billy will get a little wiggle on himself now. For a while anyway."

IV

MR. DEVINE, returning home after an arduous afternoon at the country club, went upstairs to change, and came down, Molly was pleased to observe, in a perfectly good humor. She forbore to question him, however, until dinner was over and he was comfortably cushioned and seated, with his stogy drawing freely and his coffee at his elbow. Then she asked him how his game had been.

"We-ell," said Mr. Devine, "I didn't do quite so well as I might have, but I might have done worse. But what I look at isn't so much the score as the experience. My idea isn't so much to cut down records at once as to perfect my play under all conditions—study each stroke, scientifically experiment, see what a certain club used in a certain way will do with a certain lie, even if the chances are that I lower my score by trying it."

Molly mocked him. "I've heard all that before—as far back as I can remember anything; and you're still the same dear old dub."

"Dub!" cried Mr. Devine. "Dub as I am, according to my dutiful daughter, I won a dozen balls, and I might have won two dozen if I had chosen. And I'll tell you another thing, Molly Malone: There are worse dubs than I ever dreamed of being, and I played with one of them this afternoon."

"He must have been a new member," said Molly wickedly.

"A visitor. If you want to know, it was that spindle-shanked undertaker's understudy, your friend Sarvis. Of all the footless, fumbling, stumbling, thick-fingered boneheads that ever swung a club, he's the worst. Just to humor you, and not because I felt that I had been at all what you said I was, I put myself out to be a little more than ordinarily polite to him; and then as a club member I had to do the civil and hospitable thing with a club guest. So I took him on. Holy smoke!"

Molly got up and with great deliberation imprinted a kiss on the top of his head in the center of the clearing. "That's for being good," she told him. "I'm sorry that you had to do violence to your feelings to quite such an extent; but *noblesse oblige*, you know, and I'm pleased with you. But, dads, you're joking when you say he was a dub, aren't you?"

"The worst ever," replied Mr. Devine. "He sliced into the ravine twice, he topped when he didn't try to tunnel under the ball, and he broke a perfectly good club. Just once or twice, after I'd taken pains to show him, he made a fairish shot or two, but as a golf player he's in the primary ping-pong class."

"Perhaps he was nervous," said Molly thoughtfully. "You have a way of making young men nervous, dads. Billy Blankenhorn says that sometimes when you just look at him he gets so rattled he doesn't know anything."

"He's the same way when I don't look at him," said Mr. Devine. "But I will say for this elongated lunkhead, Sarvis, that he seems to realize his deficiencies and to be willing to be told things. That's a point in his favor. Ha, ha!" Mr. Devine laughed grimly. "I told him a thing or two. Ha, ha!"

"I hope you weren't rude, dads."

"I was frank," said dads. "Perfectly frank." He chuckled. "If old Peter had heard that boy swear when he broke his niblick he'd have had an apoplectic stroke. Say, Miss Maguire, didn't you tell your mother and me that he was a president or something of an ethical society?"

"Why, no! Oh, I remember now. That was another man altogether, dads. A Mr. Truscott. But swear! Mr. Sarvis?"

"Oh, in an amateurish, dilettante sort of a way, as you might expect, but I'll say he was letter-perfect. I took the liberty of reproving him. Told him that swearing was a senseless and vulgar habit—as it is. You needn't raise your eyebrows at me. You never heard me swear in your life except on some occasion when I was perfectly justified. Apart from the moral point of view I consider it ungentlemanly and highly offensive to well-bred people—as I told him. Of course I can excuse a little slip of the tongue under provocation, but it can be carried to excess. I wish old Peter could have heard my little homily, the smug, hypocritical old scoundrel! It was almost word for word what he had the nerve to tell me once. A fine upbringing he's given to that whelp of his!"

"Dads!"

"Well, look at the result. I don't know that I blame the boy so much. If he'd had a father with a lick of sense—I'll bet if I had taken him in hand I'd have made something out of him. He's got a drop or two of sporting blood in him, at least, wherever he got it. Those balls—but that's neither here nor there."

"I'm surprised that you bet with a mere dub," said Molly. "You won those balls from Mr. Sarvis, didn't you?"

"It was a bet on my own shot, and he proposed it," Mr. Devine argued. "I wasn't by any means sure of winning it."

"N-no, perhaps not, now—if it was your own shot," Molly conceded. "But you mustn't bet next year, when you'll know to a certainty just where your ball will land and where it will stop."

"And the next time he offered to bet I refused," Mr. Devine went on, ignoring the sarcasm.

"You probably showed good judgment."

"Oh, did I? Well, if you please, my dear, I showed great consideration for him. He wanted to bet that I couldn't make the same shot over again. I told him that I was in the habit of buying my balls ——"

"And everybody else's that you bet with?"

"You're too smart, altogether, miss," said her father. "Your tongue will get you into trouble some day. I was going to say that I refused at first, but as he wouldn't have it that way I had to humor him. I lost—purposely, of course."

"Of course. But you should have lectured him on the evil of gambling. It's gambling to bet, isn't it, dear father? Unless it's a sure thing; and then it's swindling, don't you think?"

"I think that you've set yourself to try my patience," said Mr. Devine a little irritably. "What's the matter with you, Molly Maguire?"

(Continued on Page 33)

PEERLESS

FEBRUARY 1922

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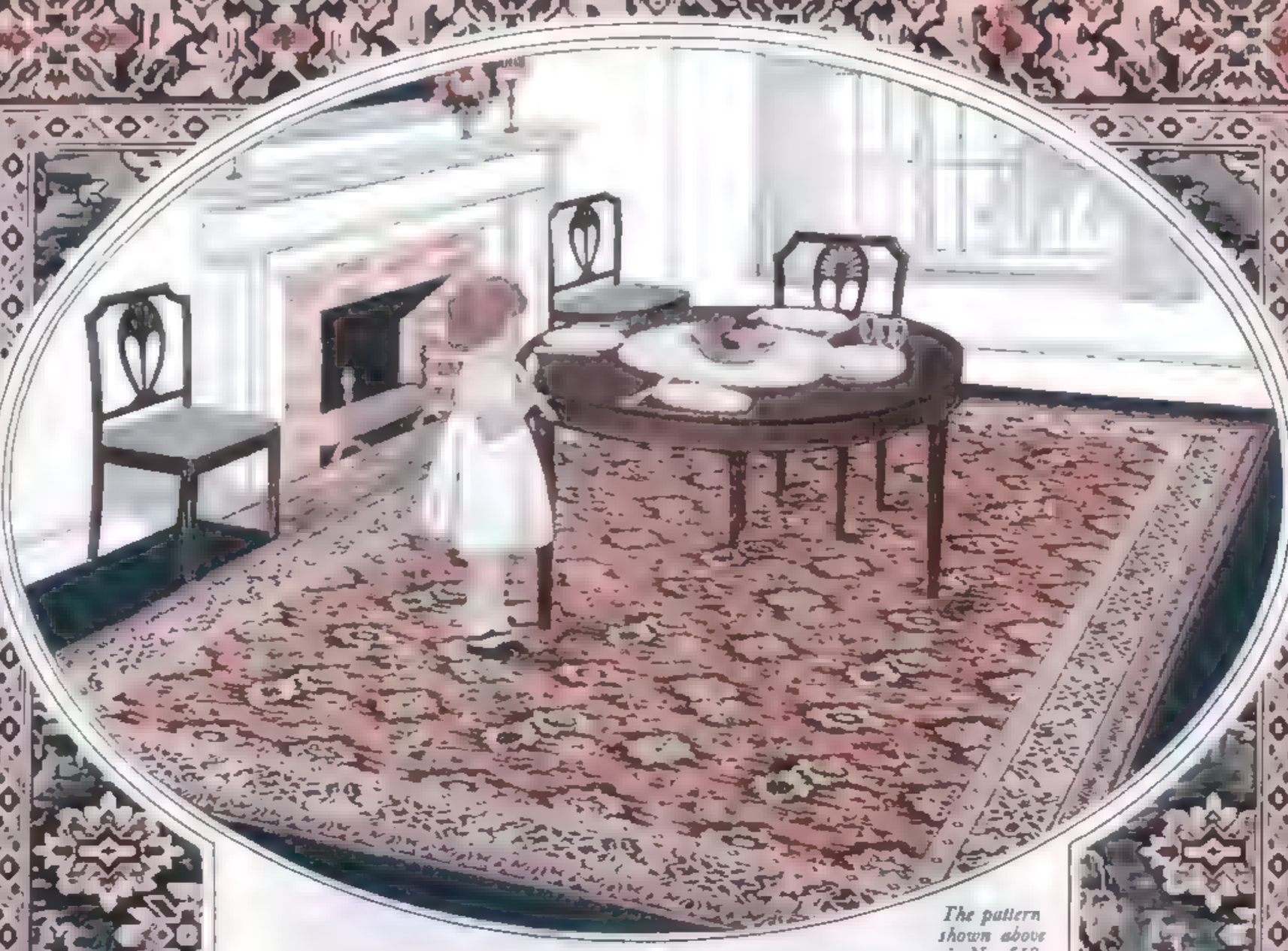

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This is Gold-Seal Congoleum Art Rug No. 516

(Continued from Page 30)

Miss Molly quite unaccountably flashed upon him the wrathful blue lightnings which, as has been stated, her eyes were capable of flashing upon certain rare occasions.

"Oh, men make me sick!" she exclaimed. "Swearing! Gambling! Was he drinking? Did you drink?" She stamped her foot as she asked the question.

"We certainly had a little snort together," replied Mr. Devine with dignity. "Do I understand that you criticize me for showing a little hospitality to a ——"

"I thought so!" said Molly in a disgusted tone. "And I was idiot enough to think ——"

She stamped her foot again, caught her lip between her teeth, turned abruptly and almost ran out of the room, leaving her father in a pathetic state of bewilderment.

V

BILLY BLANKENHORN basked and beamed—basked in the sunshine of Molly's smiles, beamed his rapturous assurance that all was well and would be better still in the not so darned distant future of rose and gold. For a week or two Billy continued in this blissful condition and then perceived a dark cloud rapidly forming and spreading across the rose-gold horizon. It assumed various shapes, that cloud, as he watched it. First a pointed beard seemed to jut from it and it looked a good deal like Doctor Dunne.

Doctor Dunne dangled devotedly, and dreamed dreams. Not properly professional or scientific things to do, but the facts that his practice was as yet small and his leisure abundant must be taken into consideration. He had dangled, more or less, from the first, but it was only lately that he had dared to think that there was quite a little base to the fabric of his visions. Now, it seemed to him that the glittering pageant in his mind's eye was not so insubstantial, after all—and again, on a certain evening, he feared that Jim Parker might have at least as good reason to hope.

Jim Parker proposed prematurely. Jim was a good deal of an optimist, and not fearing himself in the least and entertaining no mean estimate of his own desert he put it to the touch—and only got what he asked for, in the colloquial sense of the phrase. He decided thereupon that there was somebody else. And there was.

Not to proceed with this alliterative account, it may be summarized by saying that for something over a month nearly every unattached male in Primrose Dell had conceived himself to be especially favored by Miss Molly Devine, and whereas that young woman had previously been rather unusually popular with her own sex she was now seriously criticized by a large proportion of its younger members and not a few of the older ones. And justly so. Properly so. As Margery Hollister remarked, "Molly was deliberately vamping." If she had taken her victims seriatim and subjected them to the vamping process it wouldn't have been so bad, but to distract and unsettle a whole roomful of men at once, making them absent and unresponsive in their manner to all the other girls, as they watched with one eye for opportunities to cut in on her and listened with one ear to hear what other fellows were saying to her—that was simply inexcusable.

It really seemed as if the only man that Molly wasn't making eyes at was that new man, Mr. Sarvis, who was always coming down week-ending with the Moffitts, and he was awful! Worse than none, so far as dancing was concerned; and his tennis was rotten. He said some awfully cute things once in a while, but he always looked so solemn behind those tortoise-shell cheaters that you never knew whether he had really meant to say the things that he said. And, another thing, he seemed to have caught the prevailing watchfulness and absent-mindedness when Molly was in company. It was a pity, too, about him, because when he smiled at you, as he did once in a while, you kind of—well, it was a pity, rather, that he was so clumsy and queer!

That was the general attitude of the younger set toward Peter: A queer, blundering bird, but not without his good points. In a way he was popular. Even the older set regarded him with a kindly tolerance and now and then allowed him to sit in with them at their indoor sports. His golf was still pitiable, but under Mr. Devine's tuition he was steadily improving. Regarding this Sam Moffit had expressed some surprise, knowing Peter's game of old, and he had also wondered at his friend's sudden inaptness for the dance, having previously admired and envied the dirty leg that Peter shook. Voicing his curiosity concerning these and other lapses he was rebuffed and left to form his own conclusions. Which he did.

"None of my business, of course," he said. "If you want to play the fumbling fool it's your affair. But why?"

"As you pertinently remark, it's none of your damned business," Peter replied. "All I'm asking you is to keep your head shut, and this I earnestly entreat. 'A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.' But me no buts and don't butt in. I may have my reasons and I may be suffering from shell shock. Let it go at that, Sam, and, for the cat's sake, don't give me away! Play up to me like a good scout and don't ask questions."

"Just as you say," Sam answered. "But you're making no hit with Molly Devine. I tell you those."

Peter knew that. The fact had been impressed upon him at the very first call that he made in Sam's company soon after Molly's little spat with dads. She had not only received him coldly but had repudiated their pact of friendship, with thinly veiled allusions to the way he had conducted himself on the golf course with her father, and subsequently crippled one or two of her girl friends at an informal dance that she herself did not attend. Peter hardly took that seriously, but when she abruptly terminated their tête-à-tête and gave no further opportunity for a word in her private ear he realized hazily that something was wrong.

And the next time he called, Miss Molly excused herself and, leaving him to her mother, telephoned to Billy Blankenhorn for aid and was presently whirled off in Billy's car. Billy didn't enjoy that little jaunt quite so much as he had expected, but Peter didn't know that. But he stayed on, and Mrs. Devine gave him tea and cake and they had a nice little visit together, during which the matron conceived a rather uncommon liking for the young man—a liking that Peter honestly reciprocated. So it was an afternoon well spent, after all

Yet when Mrs. Devine spoke of Peter's remarkable good sense and modesty to her husband and daughter she was pained to learn that Mr. Sarvis made Molly tired. Emphatically so; so, with an angry twitch of a plump little shoulder.

Mr. Devine's comment was "Huh!"

Nevertheless, when Peter met Mr. Devine at the country club the next day that gentleman's greeting was, if not exactly effusive, at least tolerant, and they played a round together quite amicably. Once Mr. Devine, in a moment of exasperation caused by one of his experimental strokes, forgot himself a little, and when at the conclusion of his apostrophe Peter remarked sympathetically "I don't blame you, sir," Mr. Devine fixed him with a belligerent eye and said "Why in hell should you?" But that passed.

A quite amicable game; but on the morrow Peter returned to town in a state of mind almost as gloomy as his countenance indicated. If only he could make Molly understand! But she gave him no chance to explain, even if he had been willing to present his parent to her in the light of an exasperating prig. Of course, if it came to a show-down he would have to sacrifice the old gentleman on the altar of love, but not otherwise. No! And he was encouraged to think that he was slowly advancing in Mr. Devine's favor; and that, in his opinion, was the really important thing. For from the first he had felt absolutely certain that Molly would never engage herself to any man in the face of her father's violent opposition. He may have been—probably was—mistaken about this, but that was the way he felt. As to Molly's feeling toward him he felt fairly confident, although that confidence was diminishing of late. But he had weighed the evidence of her favor at the Wessingtons', word by word and look by look as they were treasured in his memory, and added to it all that had passed between them up to the moment of their parting at the golf course, and he found no reason for discouragement. He had carefully appraised his rivals, and on the whole they gave him no great uneasiness of mind. In their numbers and in the impartiality of Molly's treatment of them he imagined the proverbial safety, and although the young woman's newly developed and reprehensible vampishness gave him jealous pangs he salved these with reason and thereby was comforted and resigned himself to patience. Anything was preferable to the awful risk of failure.

So he came down to Primrose Dell again and again, working prodigiously in the bank to justify his absences.

He met Molly often, though not so often as he might have had she not contrived otherwise; and when they did meet their conversation was never uninterrupted, a circumstance likewise to be attributed to Miss Devine's contrivance. The first chance that Peter got after that chatty little afternoon with Mrs. Devine was on the Atwoods' porch just before they rolled up the grass rugs and started the phonograph. With Sam's friendly assistance Peter managed to detach young Mr. Blankenhorn and corner the young lady.

"Sorry your headache was so bad that you couldn't come down when I called this afternoon," he said, when he had taken up the position that barred her away from freedom. "It was a sudden attack, wasn't it? Your mother said that it must have been. Is it better now?"

"It was, but I feel it coming on again," said Molly defiantly.

"No wonder!" said Peter sympathetically. "Somebody ought to speak to Blankenhorn. Of course he doesn't realize the effect that he has on people who have been obliged to listen to him for some time, but that doesn't make it any the less distressing."

"Mr. Blankenhorn is a friend of mine, Mr. Sarvis," Molly reminded him with dignity.

"So was I at one time," sighed Peter. "Did you make a solemn pact with him?"

"I wish you would be kind enough to get me a glass of water," said Molly.

"In a little while," Peter promised. "I wish you would tell me your idea of friendship first. Is it to give a man the glacial gaze and the guileful go-by without a Chinaman's chance to square himself? Just listen to me a moment."

"I don't suppose you realize the effect that it would have on me. Suppose you listen to me. Will you tell me why you have thought proper to make a fool of yourself and humiliate me?"

"Humiliate you?"

Molly caught her lower lip between her teeth, a trick of hers when it was too late to do any good. "I didn't mean that," she said. "I ought to have said disgust me and everybody else by your actions and your conduct. But I don't care to talk about it and you are perfectly welcome to make yourself a laughingstock. But please don't criticize my friends."

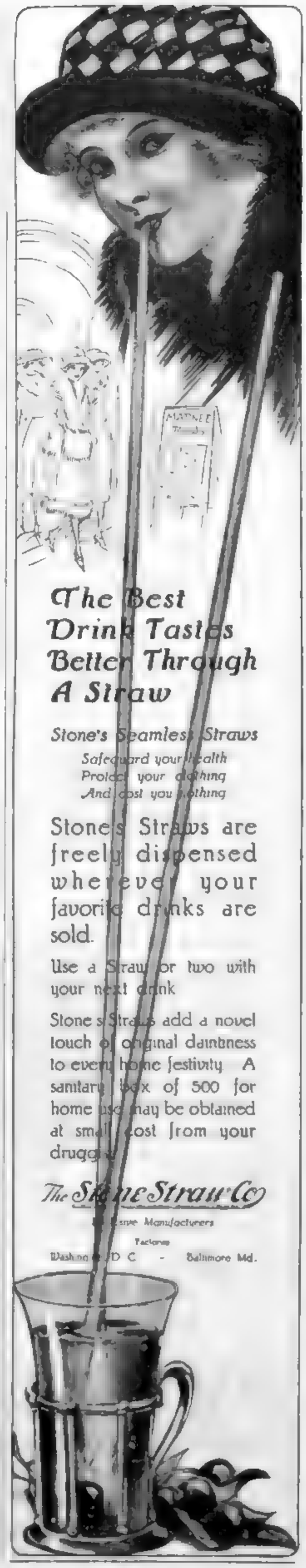
"Do you remember what I said to you that morning on the golf course? We were speaking of my model conduct, which I told you I had reasons to regret. I couldn't tell you why, but I thought you would trust me and leave me free to behave in the way I thought best, and still think best."

"You are perfectly free," said Molly, "to take any course you see fit!" She might have proceeded in the same strain, or she might have terminated the interview at once, but something in Peter's look melted her a little. "Of course, you don't care for my—for my respect and—and good opinion of you?" she asked rather wistfully. "At the Wessingtons' you—well, I thought that here, among my own people and friends, you might have liked to justify any good opinion of you that I might have had. If you really have any good reason for not doing it, as you say you have ——"

"I asked you to believe that I had," said Peter. "I can't very well explain."

"Just as you please," replied Molly indifferently. But again something in Peter's look softened her. "I rather wondered why you took such pains to make a bad impression on my father," she went on. "I hoped—you see, he has a rather low opinion of most young men and I think that he was particularly prejudiced against you because he dislikes your father. I think that they quarreled about something at one time. I don't know what it was about, but I know that dads must have been in the right. Not that I care about that, because you aren't to blame for anything your father may have done."

"Let me tell you that my father was in the right," said Peter, smiling. "That's as much as I can tell you. And I'm in the right about this too," he added. "Believe me, Molly."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The blue lightnings of Molly's eyes flashed upon him. "You've told me quite enough," she said. "How dare you! My father is the best, the finest ——" She bit her lip, and then craned to look past him. Her eyes no longer darted wrathful fires, but became at once impish and demure, tender and provocative, wholly enticing, supremely—vampish, and at the same time her lips parted in an enchanting smile. Peter turned as sharply as if somebody had stuck a pin into him, and saw that look and smile were bestowed upon Doctor Dunne, who, on his part, almost leaped forward at their invitation.

A minute or two later the phonograph blared the Something Blues and Dunne bore her away.

Peter retired to a corner of the porch and watched the slithering, dipping couples with an inscrutable face as he meditated upon the unlucky aspect of affairs. It had seemed for the moment that the sky was about to clear. Molly's confession of concern regarding his course of conduct—her admission that she had wanted him to make a good impression on her father—was a highly favorable weather sign; but here again he had bungled and brought on the storm of filial indignation that promised to wreck everything. There now seemed nothing to do but possess his soul in patience, watch and trust to another opportunity and lovers' luck.

"But I can't hold out much longer," he thought. "And if the darling girl is really and truly unhappy about it I'll have to give in and take a chance on dads. It seems to me that I'm in a devil of a fix!"

At this stage of his reflections Mrs. Devine, who was assisting Mrs. Atwood to entertain, came up and wanted to know why he wasn't dancing. Peter told her that he had allowed himself to get out of practice and that complaints had been made the last time he attempted so to disport himself; but Mrs. Devine assured him that that was all nonsense and all he wanted was a little confidence, saying which she led him to a newly arrived young person, bobbed and vivacious, named Chrissie, who, declaring herself a sport, willing to take a chance, took it and bore the consequences with amiable fortitude.

"But I think we'll sit out the next one that we dance together," she told him.

"You're a noble girl!" Peter exclaimed. "Even to intimate the possibility of a next shows what a magnanimous and forgiving nature you have."

"You can't help it, I suppose," said Chrissie. "And what's a kneecap between friends? But, honestly, you'd think that Molly Devine was the poor maimed sufferer, the way she glared at you."

"Did she glare?" asked Peter.

"Did she! Ask me! Well, I think I shall have to give you a few private lessons. Still, if I did that I wouldn't put it past Molly to grab you off just about the time I got you finished. There was Jimmy Parker. When Jimmy first came to the Dell his coat was one mass of burs, and he was so wild that he wouldn't eat if he thought you were watching him. Well, when I had got him all combed out and gentle and taking an interest in our appearance and an ornament to the front porch, what does Molly do but lure him away from me—just like that!"

"Unscrupulous, I call it," said Peter, stealing a look at the siren referred to, who was then the center of an animated group, principally male.

"But I'll say that glaring has never been a habit of Molly's," Miss Chrissie admitted, taking a tiny puff from her vanity case and powdering her impertinent nose. "Oh, here's Tyson Wheeler, and he's going to tear me from your side. Sorry! But I won't be gone longer than I can help."

Tyson Wheeler took her away. Herby Atwood and Jerry King sauntered up.

"Hello, Sarvis! Say, don't you want to come out to the garage with us? Jerry has got a wonderful lubricator he'd like to show us." Herby winked.

"Little demonstration," said Jerry, winking likewise. "Great for the bearings. Goes right to the spot."

Peter got rid of them, and then came Sam Moffitt, wiping his forehead. "Gosh, Petey! You look as if you hadn't got a friend on earth."

"Fine!" said Peter. "That's exactly what I was trying to look like; but you're spoiling the effect. Beat it, will you be so good?"

He resumed his brooding attitude. Mrs. Devine again noticed it, from a seat within by the French window that opened on the porch. She called her husband's attention to it. The Devines lived across the way, and papa had tagged after his womenkind, as he had a way of doing.

"I feel sorry for that poor boy," said the kind lady. "He looks so lost."

"Why isn't he dancing?" asked Mr. Devine with an indifferent glance at the poor boy.

"He's shy. He doesn't dance very well and I think he's sensitive about it. I do wish Molly wouldn't snub him so! You go and talk to him, daddy. You oughtn't to be smoking that stogy in here, anyway."

"Why in thunder should I talk to him?" demanded Mr. Devine gruffly.

"I think it would please him. He admires you very much, my dear. He spoke of your kindness to him at the club so appreciatively to-day. Did I tell you he called? Did you know that he lost his mother when he was quite a little boy?"

"I didn't. I never met her. I remember hearing that she was a mighty fine girl though. That's the kind that scaly old toad, Peter, would naturally get. She was in luck to die. I'll bet she wanted to, having to listen to him. I'll bet that he told her all along that she would catch whatever it was she died of."

"Daddy!" exclaimed his wife. "How can you talk so! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well, anyway I bet the boy has had his troubles. A wonder he's not more of a mollycoddle than he is. If somebody with a lick of sense had had the training of him they might have made something out of him. If he had been a boy of mine I'd have made something out of him—or broke his darned neck."

Mr. Devine didn't go over to cheer Peter up as requested, but there is no doubt that from that time his interest in his young admirer took rapid, forward strides. He seemed to have concluded that Peter must take after his mother, and so set himself, as opportunity offered, to counteract the malign paternal influence. He tried in a fumbling sort of way to secure his daughter's cooperation, but in that he was not at all successful. Molly's dislike for young Mr. Sarvis had not decreased, and she was unreasonably unwilling to give any reason for it or to discuss him.

"It doesn't matter, anyway," she said rather flippantly. "He's muddsy's beau, not mine. As such, I shall treat him politely and considerately keep out of their way as much as possible. But really, dads, people will be beginning to talk if muds is not more discreet. I know you are very liberal-minded, but honestly you ought to speak to her about it."

"Miss Maguire," said her father, "I've often wished that you were a boy so that you could get what was coming to you from my own parental hands. This is one of the times. Be thankful that your sex protects you."

"You're a big bluffer," laughed Molly. "You're the gentleman who is always going to kick young men down the steps or wipe up the porch floor with them; but I never knew you to do anything worse than make them smoke your stogies, although that's bad enough, heaven knows. But, dads, do let up on Mr. Sarvis!"

"He's about the best in the bunch, poor as he is," growled Mr. Devine; "and he's not such a fool as he looks, at that."

"It's to be hoped he isn't!"

"Sam Moffitt tells me that he's one of the smartest business men in the city. Practically runs the bank. And I've noticed that he's got plenty of nerve and he's a good loser."

"He ought to be a good loser, with the practice he's been having with some people I could name."

"That's all right too; but he's learning. For a man that didn't know clubs from spades a month or two ago, he's doing mighty well, I want to tell you."

"I suppose you think so," said Molly scornfully. "I should say that he might be doing a great deal better than gambling."

Mr. Devine patiently began to explain the difference between a friendly little game of poker between gentlemen and the vicious frenzy of gambling as gambling is generally understood. He began, but he did not finish, as his audience feigned to hear a voice that called her, and hastened away.

That Peter was a good loser was fairly evident, and he seemed to be losing steadily as one or another of his rivals gained. It can hardly be said that he was cheerful about it, for his melancholy air became, if anything, more pronounced than ever; but he made no complaint and he persisted. Molly usually kept her promise to treat him politely, but if she at any time showed signs of relenting Peter was sure to do something to make her repent it.

Then came the tennis game, where Molly lost her temper completely. Just before that game began she had forgotten herself so far as to smile at him in quite her old way.

"Well, say it," Peter challenged when, the game concluded, he bowed gravely in acknowledgment of ironical cheers and seated himself by her side. He took the seat that Doctor Dunne had reluctantly given up at the call of his partner for the next game. "Say it," Peter repeated. "It can't be any worse than the way you look."

Molly said it.

"That's pretty hard. But I entertained the crowd, at least."

"So does a circus clown."

"I was a little off my game, I admit, but I felt your critical eyes upon me all the time, and it rattled me. Another thing, Mr. Pleydell is what an uncultured person might call a hot baby. A bit of an ass, you know, but he can play tennis."

"You could have put it all over him if you had wanted to," Molly declared. "As for being—what you call him, all I can say is that I consider him about the cleverest and most interesting man I ever met and—I wish you would go away."

"Certainly," said Peter, picking up his racket. "But any time you want me don't hesitate to let me know—and I'll consider whether I want to come."

Upon which he left her, rather to her surprise. It really seemed as if the worm had turned. Molly noticed that he went over to Chrissie Gerrish, where he seemed to be well received. She sighed. It might have been a sigh of relief.

"I thought you said that Sarvis played a wonderful game of tennis," said Billy Blankenhorn's voice at her elbow.

"Well, don't you think that he does?" asked Molly with a lift of her eyebrows.

"I get you," Billy guffawed. "He sure does! 'Wonderful' is right, I'll tell the world. Haw, haw, haw! Say, that's a good one! But Pleydell is a crackajack, all right. Did you see that back-spin? Wow! But listen, Molly, I'm getting a little sore the way you're letting him rush you. Don't you think you're giving him a little too much of the glad eye? Of course I'm not really sore, but ——"

"Don't be silly, Billy," said Molly.

"I'm not worrying about Dunne so much, or Jimmy Parker ——"

"Oh, aren't you?"

"Well—oh, it's all right. I didn't mean anything. But listen, Molly. About Sarvis. I know you haven't got any use for him, but—I was wondering about him. Not in that way, you know, but whether he was quite straight. You know I saw him playing cards at the club a week or two ago."

"I don't know, and I don't care in the least."

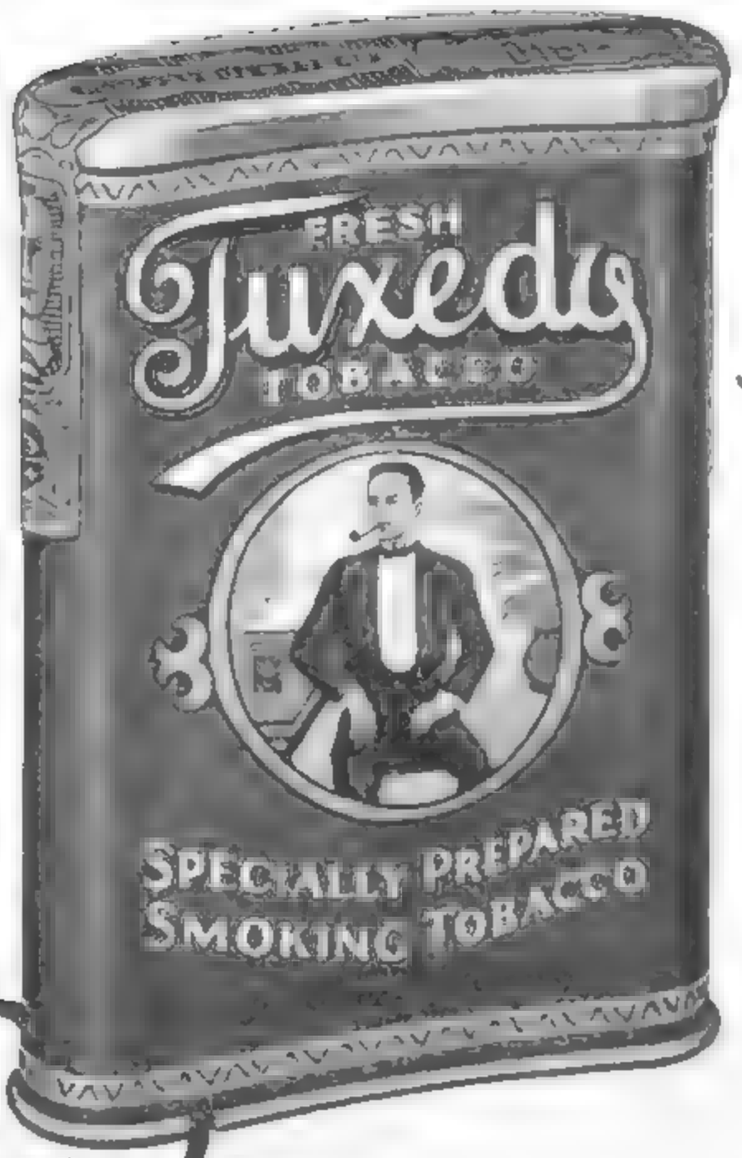
"But you don't get me. Here's the point: He played like a kid. Honest! Fierce! Your father got sore about it and bawled him out, and I don't blame him. But here's the idea: I came down on the same train with him last Saturday and he was in the smoker playing cards with a bunch from Cedarhurst, and, say, he just skinned them alive. If I could play the way he did on that trip I'd—I'd—well, I'd have more money than I've got now. You take it from me, he's no stiff-fingered, muddle-headed beginner. Listen: You don't think I'm a knocker?"

"Why should I?"

"Why, here's the point: I got to thinking about the way he played the first hole that morning—you know. Made it in three—and he's been simply rotten ever since. I just sort of wondered if he could be laying his pins for a clean-up some of these days. A scheme—get me? Making everybody think he's rotten and then backing himself heavy, or raising the limit at poker, or something. I haven't said a word of this to anybody. Kept it right under my hat. But I'm going to watch him. But say, Molly; about Pleydell ——"

"Billy, you're crazy!" said Molly emphatically. "Mr. Sarvis is an old friend of Sam Moffitt's, and if he wasn't, anybody with a grain of sense —— Anyway,

(Continued on Page 36)



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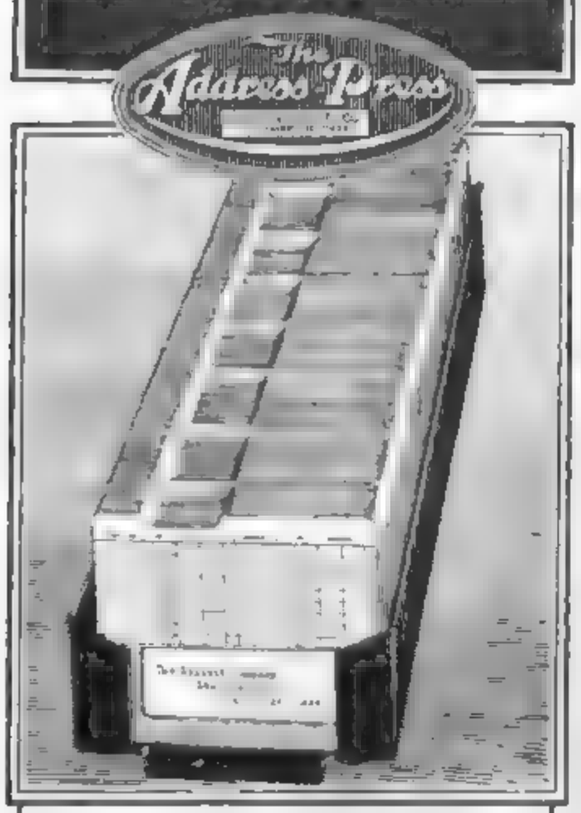
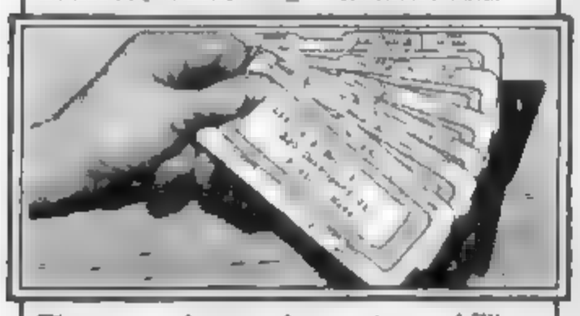
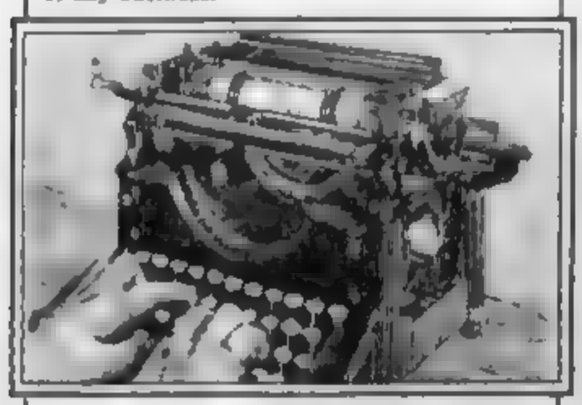


Here is a tray of 250 Elliott "*Jumbo*" Index Cards (size, 4 x 4⅝ths)—durable, compact, light, easy to handle. Note what a great quantity of data can be written on their fibre frames. Each card serves as a complete *one-piece* follow-up, mail-order, or credit record, and also *prints its own address whenever and as often as you wish.*

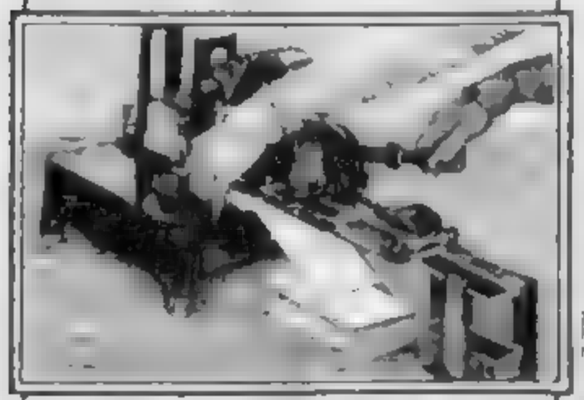
Below are shown a few *standard size* Elliott Index-Address Cards (4½ x 2)—for lists that do not require the filing of extensive data.



These are only two of many types of Elliott Index-Address Cards, but suffice to indicate the complete adaptability of the ADDRESS-PRESS system to the individual requirements of any business.



Addresses can be stencilled into Elliott Cards right in your own office—on *any standard typewriter.* Very easy, inexpensive thing to keep a mailing list alive and accurate—whether it contains 700 or 7,000,000 names.



Then, when you want to address circulars, form letters, statements, etc., just put the cards into the ADDRESS-PRESS and it automatically transfers the addresses from the cards to whatever is being sent out—60 per minute! These addresses cannot be distinguished from typewriting.

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The Elliott Co.

146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

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you're all wrong and I'm not going to listen to any more nonsense."

"All right," said Billy. "But I'm keeping an eye on him just the same."

Peter a little later sought information from Sam Moffitt. "Who is this guy Pleydell, who's cutting such a swath around here?" he asked. "Where did he ever tend bar?"

"Pleydell," Sam told him, "is the *sine qua non* and *os frontis* of our little community—if you count Cedarhurst as part of us. Cedarhurst has just about got through feeting him and now he's gathering a few garlands of bay from us Dellers. Handsome brute, isn't he? Just got back from the Rhine, and his folks are filthy with the rhino. Served through the horrors of the bombardment in Paris and all that sort of thing; and you can see for yourself that the late Admiral William P. Crichton had nothing on him. Can you wonder at it?"

"It's a pity his hair is that color," remarked Peter.

To himself he said, "Peter, it looks bad! You'd better square yourself now—if you can."

But for a while longer opportunity flouted him and procrastination held him by the sleeve.

Billy Blankenhorn's uneasiness regarding Mr. Pleydell increased as time passed. Doctor Dunne likewise had misgivings; Jimmy Parker, though out of the running, eyed Mr. Pleydell with a peculiarly baleful expression when he thought himself unobserved; in fact, the *jeunesse dorée* of Primrose Dell generally showed a certain politely veiled hostility to Mr. Pleydell, and, most significantly, the interest of the girls in this really worthy young man slackened almost to a standstill. It should have been apparent to the most casual observer that Mr. Pleydell was in the lead of Miss Molly's suitors and going strong. Oddly enough, this caused Mr. Devine some uneasiness too.

"He wasn't the only pebble on that beach," said Mr. Devine, apropos of Mr. Pleydell and the war. "There was Lonny Harkness and Bob Sefton and Sam Moffitt, and young Pettigrew was at What's-His-Name—Belleau—wasn't he? Mighty few of our boys that could go stayed at home. I'll bet ——"

Whatever thought he may have had he checked here; but when Peter came down the next day he asked him point-blank if he wasn't with the A. E. F. Peter seemed a little embarrassed, even to the extent of blushing.

"No, sir," he answered. "My eyes, you know."

It was unfortunate that Molly overheard question and answer, and doubly unfortunate that Mr. Pleydell heard too. Molly flashed him a look of angry contempt. Mr. Pleydell coughed delicately behind his hand and permitted himself a half smile. Mr. Devine said lamely that it was too bad and tough luck, and hastened to change the subject. And all this was after Molly had been again relaxing a little in her attitude toward Peter. There seemed to be a fatality about it.

Mr. Devine was distinctly disappointed. Of course the boy was not to blame if it was really his eyes. Still—well, it was too bad, anyway. But, after all, the young fellow was Peter Sarvis' son. He was cool toward Peter and rather avoided him for a little while, until, meeting Sam Moffitt one afternoon and touching on the subject with elaborate carelessness, Sam enlightened him.

"Old Petey? The worst kind of a slacker, that lad, Mr. Devine. He and I were at Plattsburg together. He'd slipped through the physical examination somehow and was getting along fine until some spoil-sport noticed him stumbling and blundering into inconspicuous things and overlooking outposts where he didn't expect to see them, and so they had him up for another test. That settled poor Pete. They fired him. Then he tried two or three places to enlist, but no good, so he hooked up with the Y and got over. But was he any good? Rotten!" Sam grinned. "Wouldn't attend to his job. Got chasing after machine-gun nests and things when he ought to have been handing out chocolate and stationery and such. Got in with a French mob one time and was publicly kissed by a general who hadn't shaved for a month; and served him right, dog-gone his old hide! Yes, sir, Pete's got a rotten record."

Sam said that he never saw the old man look so tickled, and it was only a little after that that Mr. Devine gave Peter a cordial invitation to Molly's birthday party. Molly didn't ask him herself; but she may have intended to, in spite of what she told her father.

"If it's on account of his slacking ——" Mr. Devine began.

"I know all about that," Molly interrupted. "The Wessingtons told me—and his decoration and all the rest of it."

"Then I don't see ——"

"Please don't, dads. If you and muds want him to come you can ask him, but I'm not going to."

But Peter seemed by no means keen about it. "Thanks, but I believe I'd better not, sir," he said to Mr. Devine. "I've about made up my mind to cut out all this society business. I'm not a social success and I feel more or less in the way."

"That's where you make a big mistake," said Mr. Devine. "What you want to do is wade right in. Take a brace! Show a little pep! Don't go around with your lip dragging all the time. Smile, damn you, smile! You can grin, can't you, sure enough? Well, you see that you're right on hand like a sore thumb, and if any girl bites you you just mention it to me and I'll see that she doesn't do it again. Let yourself go and whoop 'er up. You're too dog-gone bashful. Oh, Mrs. Devine told me to tell you that she'd have some plumcake special for you."

"Well, thank her for me, and thank you," said Peter, smiling again. "If I can get away I may look in.

"I really think that I'll take his advice," Peter soliloquized when Mr. Devine had left him. "The time seems to have come when I can take the bushel basket off my light and let its radiance dazzle the Dell. Yes, I think I'm now safe and solid as far as papa is concerned. But daughter! Aye, there's the rub. I'm not so darned sure about you as I'd like to be, Molly machree. Not nearly so sure, my dear. Not at all sure—even that I was right. Come to think it over, this may have been rather a fool stunt. No, I'm not at all sure."

VI

THAT was a great event, that birthday party of Molly's. A really brilliant affair, with all of Primrose Dell and a good part of Cedarhurst, Muirland and Redacres lining the street with their cars; not to speak of a contingent from the city, including the Wessingtons. A florist had supplemented what old Magowan had spared from the Devine flower beds, and a caterer had augmented the Devine cook; there was a ravishing orchestra for the dance music, and the whole thing was on a perfectly stupendous scale and quite regardless.

And where would you have found a more charming and gracious hostess than Mrs. Devine? The spirit of hospitality embodied in a confection of pearl gray, and marcelled to a marvel, yet seemingly unconscious of magnificence! Well might Mr. Devine look proudly upon her, as he did from time to time! If Molly should look anything like her when her fifties bore down upon her she would have no complaint to make of old Father Time, and in the meantime you might have said that Molly was looking rather nice, if you didn't want to burst into a dithyramb and reduce description to absolute destitution. For her remarkable eyes were so bright and joyful and her cheeks so rosy with excitement and her voice so gay and her smile so quick to reveal two perfect rows of milk-white teeth and make tiny Cupid finger dents in the cheeks aforesaid that "rather nice" would have been about as safe, undeniable and incontrovertible a term to apply as you could find in the entire English language. And really her cunning little frock and her stockings and shoes and the maiden pearls that rested on her fair, beautifully rounded neck had little to do with it, effective as they were in themselves.

She was not vamping at all as she greeted her young friends. An attitude of good will to all and malice toward none seemed to be the one she had chosen. Even Mr. Pleydell, superbly splendid as he was, received nothing beyond candid kindness in her welcome.

Even Peter got a smile that was as cordial as any reasonable person could have expected to get, and he fancied a slight responsive pressure to his firm and friendly handclasp. Still Peter wasn't satisfied. Still Peter was a little uneasy.

There were a few of the girls with whom he was on pleasantly intimate terms, and to them he proceeded to make himself more than usually agreeable, but he found it hard work under the circumstances. Julia Wessington captured him and took him off to a quiet nook to reproach him properly for long neglect and give him an opportunity to atone for it in some degree; but from a corner of his eye Peter saw that Doctor Dunne was having quite an innings with Molly, so, though he acquitted himself so well as to occasion more than one interchange of surprised glances, he was not exactly happy. Joining a party gathered around the quite innocuous punchbowl in the dining room he was jovially hailed, and presently became the center of a group whose spirits quite apparently required no stimulus other than that afforded by lemon and grape juice, and soon from this group proceeded a burst of laughter in which one rollicking, melodious bass was so predominant and so provocative of increased mirth that, one by one, with anticipatory grins, people came straggling in to see what the joke was.

Mr. Devine was among them and was considerably surprised to find that Peter was responsible for the big laugh—was laughing at that moment; yet a moment later his face was as solemn as ever.

"Doing pretty well, I should say," murmured Mr. Devine as he went back to give Mrs. Devine the news. "Taking my advice and turning himself loose. But who the devil would have thought it!"

Molly heard the laugh, too, and recognized it. But she was dancing with Mr. Pleydell then, as Peter perceived when the couple passed the open door of the dining room. He concluded, did Peter, that he was not doing very well and he took an early opportunity to escape; but only to find his way blocked by Chrissie Gerrish.

"So here's where you are!" said the lively Chrissie. "I've been looking for you high and low and fighting off Roddy and Joe to give you a chance. Come in and we'll show them the honest-to-goodness poetry of motion."

But Peter hung back. "See here, Chrissie; this is awfully good of you, but I can't consent to the sacrifice. It isn't fair to you and it isn't fair to Roddy and Joe and the rest of them. Besides which, I'm more nervous than usual and I'll get stage fright."

"I should fret myself into an early grave about Roddy and Joe," returned Chrissie scornfully. "You were doing splendidly the last time, and if you're nervous we'll take a few turns in the hall where nobody will look at you."

Peter unwillingly accepted the compromise. But if Chrissie thought that nobody would look at them she was mistaken. Because Molly looked at them. Of course it wasn't any affair of hers, but honestly it did seem as if they ought to be ashamed of themselves. Certainly the dickens did seem to be in Chrissie that night!

"Don't hold me as if I were a damp paper bag of eggs," she instructed. "A firm and manly clasp, if you please. The idea is to inspire confidence in a girl—give her a sense of being prized and supported in the style to which she hopes to be accustomed. Now! One, two, one —— Oh, you did that wrong! Watch my step now."

She faced him, and if he didn't know that she had an exceptional pair of little feet in perfectly wonderful silver-heeled slippers that matched her pale lilac silk stockings beautifully and which moved rhythmically and with amazing precision—why, it wasn't because he didn't have all the chance in the world.

"Get it? Well, try it again. Don't forget the firm, manly clasp. Mercy! One, two . . . dip . . . now turn. Swelly splendiferous! You're doing nobly! . . . Ah, too bad! We'll try it again.

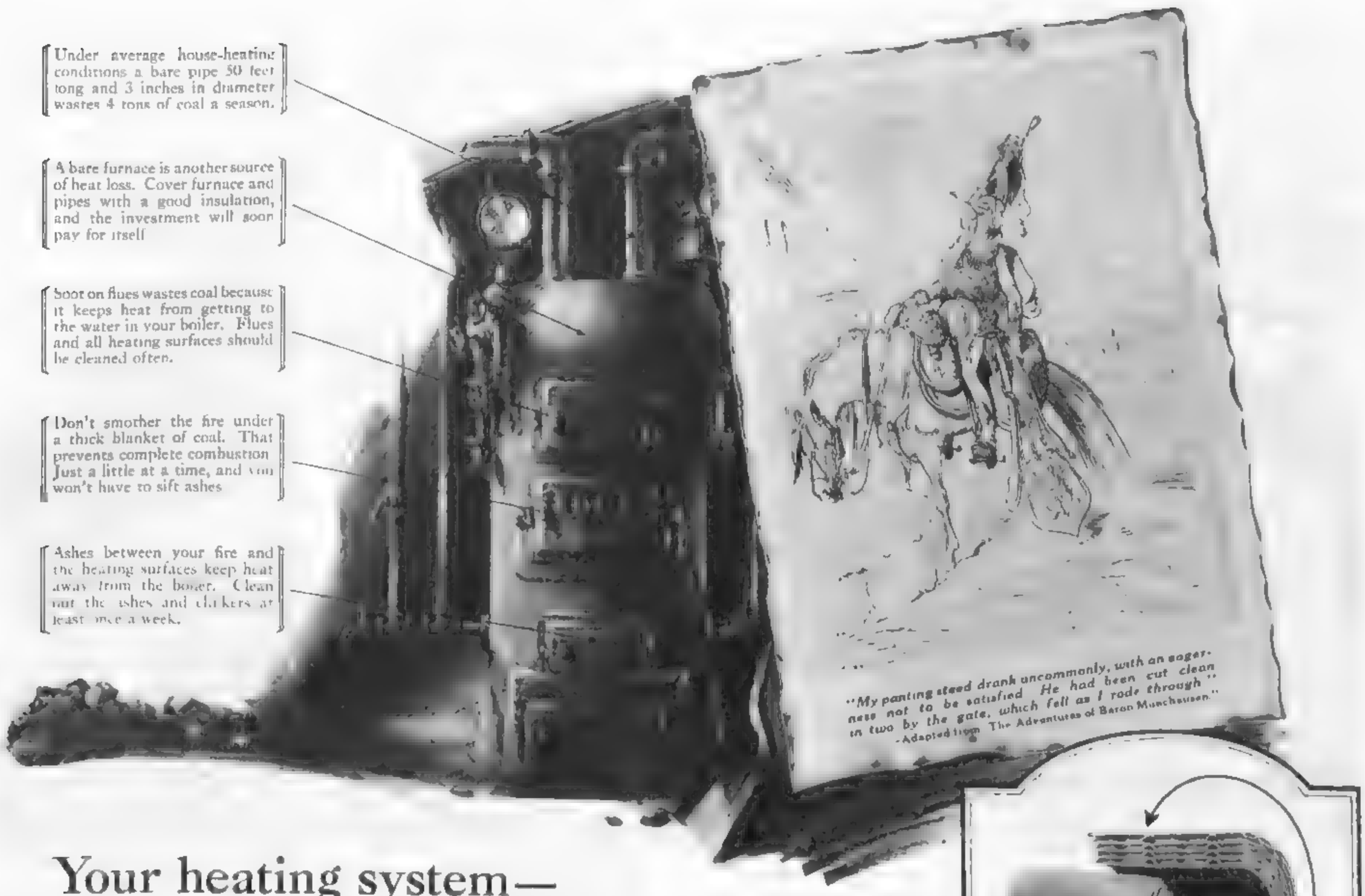
"You're getting it, you're getting it! Lovely! . . . This music would make a wooden man dance. . . . I'll teach you the topnotch toddle next.

"Have you seen them do the cheek-to-cheek? I'll show you. Gracious heavens, I'm no toe dancer! You'll have to stoop."

It was at this interesting stage of the lesson that Molly went gliding by and looked at them. Peter caught the look—but what could he do? She was gone! It couldn't be helped now.

Chrissie couldn't have seen that Molly saw, so it is to be presumed that she was rather ashamed of herself, for she withdrew her cheek after the momentary contact and laughed a little nervously.

(Continued on Page 38)


Under average house-heating conditions a bare pipe 50 feet long and 3 inches in diameter wastes 4 tons of coal a season.
A bare furnace is another source of heat loss. Cover furnace and pipes with a good insulation, and the investment will soon pay for itself
Soot on flues wastes coal because it keeps heat from getting to the water in your boiler. Flues and all heating surfaces should be cleaned often.
Don't smother the fire under a thick blanket of coal. That prevents complete combustion. Just a little at a time, and you won't have to sift ashes
Ashes between your fire and the heating surfaces keep heat away from the boiler. Clean out the ashes and clinkers at least once a week.
"My panting steed drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied. He had been cut clean in two by the gate, which fell as I rode through."
—Adapted from The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.

Your heating system— just like Munchausen's horse

MANY a furnace is as greedy for coal as the redoubtable Baron's horse was for water—and with as good reason. The chart above shows five ways that coal is commonly wasted.

It pays to check these losses—sometimes saving as much as one-fourth of the season's fuel bill.

A mysterious loss—*checked!*

Less easy to trace than coal losses from faulty drafts and wasteful firing is the loss from uncovered furnace and pipes. The pipes, running through icy walls, give up much of their heat somewhere in between a warm cellar and a chilly upper floor.

If your house is still in the plan stage, you can prevent most of this loss by covering the pipes wherever they run through cellar and walls and flooring. If you are now living in the house, it is a simple matter to cover the cellar pipes and thus make a considerable saving. In either case, cover the furnace too, and you will cut down your coal bills still further.

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But this is important—not any covering selected at random will do. The insulation which checks up on every requirement a good insulation should meet, is Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

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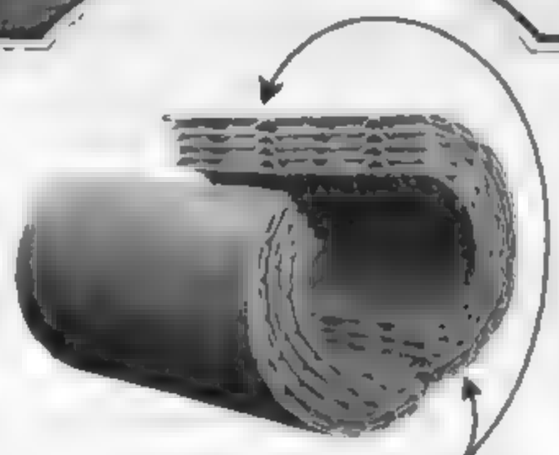
Just what this feature, together with economies in manufacture, means to you is that by actual test Improved Asbestocel saves more heat per dollar of cost than any other household insulation on the market.



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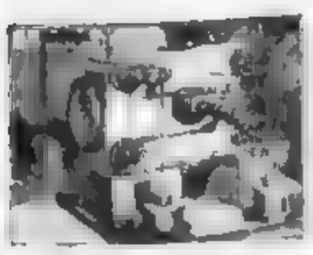
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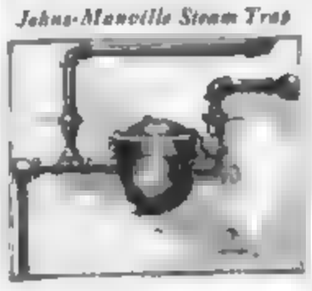
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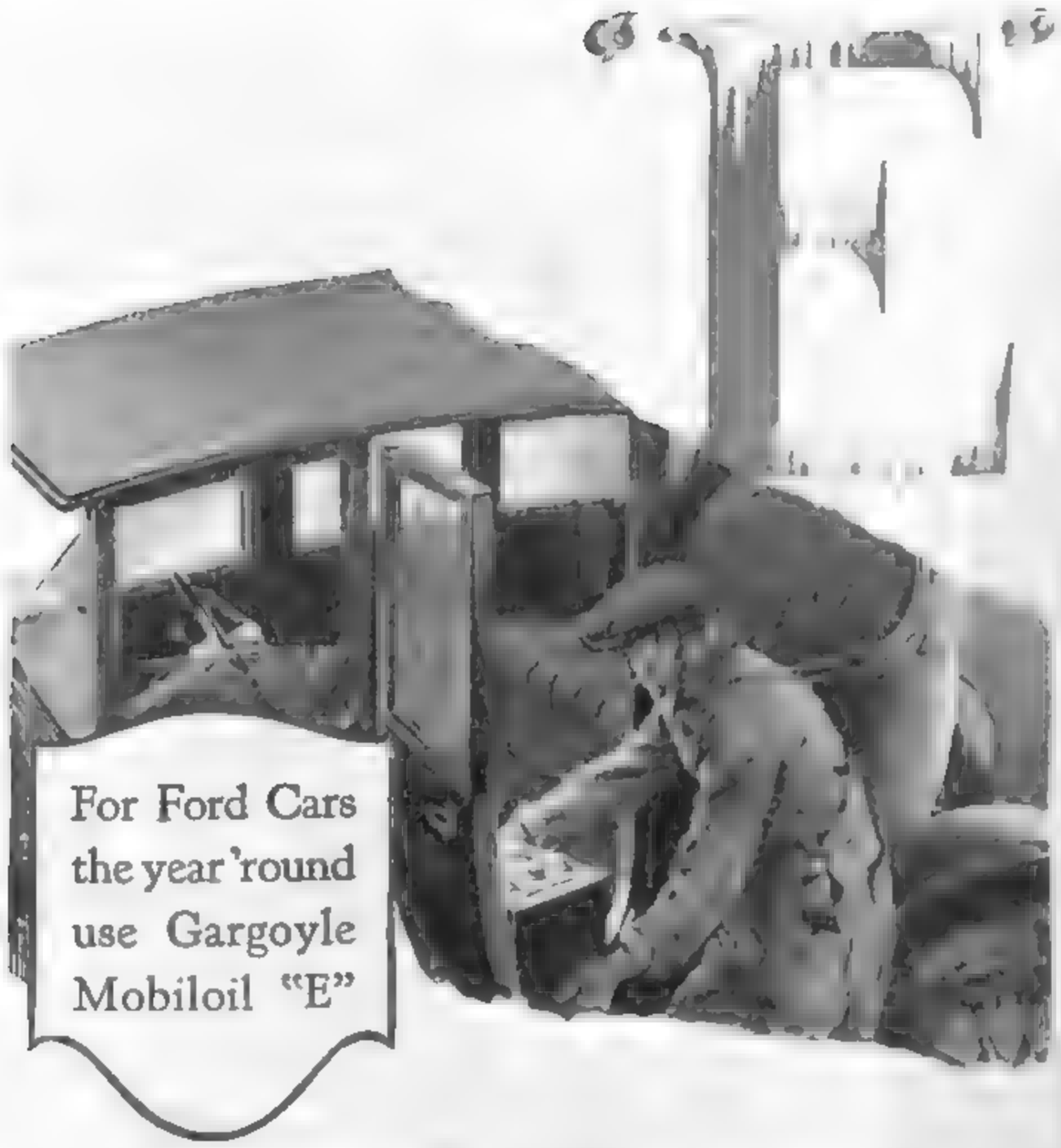

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 36)

"Let's try the other again now," she said, and Peter, faintly protesting against the change, tried the other, and with such success that Chrissie was delighted and danced him out of the hall and into the throng. But just then the music stopped and Roddy and Joe came posting up. Peter, released, sneaked into a corner, where he was joined by Sam Moffitt.

"Well, buddy," observed Sam, "I must say!"

Peter's eyes were on Molly. Molly's eyes were on Mr. Pleydell, who sat beside her, and their expression was more than candidly kind now. Mr. Pleydell's attitude was as loverlike and his gaze as ardent as they could decently be under the circumstances. "You certainly are going strong to-night," pursued Sam.

What could Molly be saying as she looked down on the dainty little trifle of pierced ivory and painted silk that she was folding and unfolding as she spoke? Whatever it was, it interested Mr. Pleydell intensely. He bent forward and said something to her and she nodded. Did she look at Peter just then? Peter was not quite certain. She flashed another of those rather more than candidly kind glances at Pleydell, though. That was unmistakable.

"Come, wake up and say something," urged Moffitt. "Explain your conduct. Roddy is going to do something fiendishly brutal to you if you don't let his girl alone. What are you looking at? Molly? Yes, I imagine so too. It begins to look very much that way."

"Kindly be so good and obliging as to excuse me," said Peter.

Sam caught him by the arm. "Aw, let 'em go! Be a sport and give the man his chance."

The music had begun and several couples were on the floor. Molly and Pleydell had got up and Pleydell's hand had sought and found her waist, but she had detached it and they were leaving the room together.

Peter shook off Sam's detaining hand. "Here's where I quit being a sport," he muttered, and with that he made his way through the moving couples and followed Molly and Pleydell.

He knew the house fairly well by that time—the music room, library and living room, reception room, dining room and breakfast room—but it was not likely to be any of these, and the servants were in the kitchen. But there was a little box of a place known as the den, supposed to be sacred to Mr. Devine and which he never by any chance used, and that room was lighted and its doors were open, so that Peter was left in no uncertainty and saw at once a sight that shook him to the soul.

A pretty enough sight too, to a dispassionate beholder—a sight that a perfectly disinterested spectator might have observed with a certain amount of pleasure, though also with a little admixture of envy. A very pretty girl in the act of being kissed by an unusually handsome young man!

That Molly had averted her head; that one of her hands pushed against Pleydell's face and the other shoulder with a repelling effect; that, in a smothered voice, she said "Please don't" and again "Don't!" was nothing to Peter. She uttered no wild screams of protest calculated to bring instant aid; he knew that. She struggled by no means madly, she neither bit nor scratched, and Pleydell gave a little gurgling laugh of triumph as he put aside her hand and bent his head.

Peter coughed.

You may perhaps consider that rather tame, but it really was not. He may have intended it to be a casual intimation that there was a witness of their indiscretion, but actually there was something indescribably savage and ferocious in the sound. One has heard of a wounded tiger coughing before his final and perhaps fatal charge upon his hunters. Possibly like that. Yet, aside from his ashy pallor Peter seemed quite composed as he stood in the doorway with his hands in his pockets, surveying them through his horn-rimmed spectacles; and when he took a step or two into the room and spoke, his voice sounded almost casual. There was now, of course, a certain space intervening between the two.

"A very cozy little room, this!" he remarked.

Pleydell, who was as red as Peter was white, fluttered the leaves of a book that was on the table and muttered without looking up, "It was a moment ago."

Peter lounged another step or two forward. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Your eyes are pretty good now, whatever they may have been during the draft," said Pleydell.

"Peter!" cried Molly, and moved quickly between them.

But it went no farther than that, for just then another form filled the doorway and Sam Moffitt, beckoning and smiling mysteriously, said: "Pleydell, a minute with you out here, please."

"What is it?" asked Pleydell sullenly.

"Something highly important and imperative and immediate," Sam answered, still smiling. "Come out here and I'll tell you, if Miss Molly will excuse you."

"Oh, yes," said Molly almost eagerly. "Indeed, yes."

There was no doubt that she was willing to let him go. She was still standing between the two angry young men, regarding them anxiously, and her quickly heaving bosom showed her agitation. Peter had not vouchsafed her a glance since his entrance, and his hands were no longer in his pockets.

"Well," assented Pleydell after a moment's hesitation; and with a parting glare and a significant nod at Peter he left the room. Peter saw that Sam immediately gripped him by the arm, and knowing his friend he guessed that Mr. Pleydell would not immediately reappear. But he still stood staring at the doorway until, at a movement of Molly's, he turned and looked at her. There was blighting contempt in that look. It was a wonder that Molly did not shrink to nothingness under it; but she brazenly returned him defiance for scorn.

"Well?" she said.

Peter, still ashy white, said nothing.

"Spying?"

He turned from her and walked to the door, when she called to him. "Mr. Sarvis," and then, as he took no notice, "Peter!"

And at that he stopped.

"I—I want to tell you that I didn't think that he was—was going to ——"

"It really doesn't matter in the least," said Peter. "I suppose I owe you an apology—you and Mr. Pleydell. I wasn't exactly spying, although I admit that I followed you. But it really doesn't matter."

"Oh, if you feel like that!"

"Quite like that. I think I shall say good night to you now, Miss Devine."

"Good night, then. I hope —— Oh, don't look like that! Please don't. Can't you be —— And what right have you?" she burst out with sudden indignation. "You and Chrissie Gerrish ——" Too late, as usual, she bit her lip. "I told you," she went on, struggling for composure, "I explained that it wasn't my fault at all, and he didn't—it was on my ear, and you —— Oh, Peter, can't we be friends again?"

"I'm afraid not," Peter answered dryly. "Good night."

This time Molly did not call him back. What she did was slump miserably into a chair, with her arms on the table and her head buried in her arms, and sob.

Now, what is there in a woman's weeping that is so fatal to resentment in the manly breast, that so instantly obliterates all sense of injury and prompts the forgiveness inseparable from forgetfulness of wrong? Why should the easy functioning of lachrymal glands and derangement of laryngeal nerves under stress of facile emotion so excite compassion, render argument superfluous, revolutionize reason and make the just, impeccable judge feel himself the culprit?

Peter was well into the hall, hot rage, righteous rage in his heart, and resolute, so far as he was then capable of a formed resolution, to see his false love no more. He heard the first sob, and, lo! here he was back, embracing the perfidious one, petting her and soothing her with words of endearment that he had never imagined in his vocabulary, calling himself names the reverse of endearing and imploring her forgiveness in the most abject manner. She crying! She, the dear one, the beloved of his soul; she, the tender, innocent, mirthful creature loved of all the world, whom all the world united to serve and pleasure! She in an agony of grief, wounded to her gentle heart; and he the wretch who had inflicted those wounds, caused those tears to flow! Her tears!

They were real tears, there was no doubt of that when she raised her glowing face to his. But oh, the heaven of the smile that shone through them! And oh again the

(Continued on Page 40)

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Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain or spread on crackers or bread. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit juices or milk. It combines well with almost any familiar dish.

It is well known that many of the things we eat have lost their valuable food properties through refining and other such commercial preparation. Fleischmann's Yeast has not been subjected to any such process. This yeast gives you the health essential food factors in all the potency of their fresh form. This is what your body tissues crave.

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(Continued from Page 38)

rapture when that lovely rounded arm embraced his neck! And a million ecstatic ohs in one for what followed! Was it her ear that time?

Presently Molly said, "I thought I had gone too far and had lost you, Peter."

Said Peter, "I thought I had gone too far and had lost you, Molly."

"What makes you so obstinate, Peter?"

'It's from the Latin, *petrus*, signifying a rock. When I am right, as I—sometimes am, I am adamant, granite. But that's all past and gone, and now you understand everything. Do you know that your father told me yesterday that he supposed, after all, that time had changed my father and that he would rather like to see the old villain again? Fact! Well, he's going to have the opportunity mighty soon."

"Peter!" cried Molly, starting up, her eyes wide, "Do you realize how long we've been here? We must go—instantly. Come!"

As they stopped in the hall for a moment Peter exclaimed, "Good! They are starting another dance. I want to dance with you, Molly."

People stared at them. It was not only because Peter shook his very wickedest leg, although that was calculated to attract attention, considered merely as a fine example of the Terpsichorean science; but the pair of them danced with such joyous abandon, and—the way they looked at each other, my dear!

Nothing vampish in Molly's looks. Not a bit of it! No sidelong, rolling, purposely provocative, coldly conceived, artfully contrived, diabolically designed simulation of the real thing. No! She looked at him—and he looked at her—well, you know.

So that Mr. Devine gasped and for the second time that evening ejaculated, "Who the devil would have thought it!"

So that Chrissie Gerrish sighed and said to Roddy, with a note of wistfulness in her voice: "'Twas ever thus! I said so! I no sooner get a man properly trained and getting to know and love me well than Molly Devine breezes along and takes him away from me!"

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Now they'll cut back to the tenement-house stuff they shot last week," explained the Spanish girl.

"Tenement house?" queried Merton. "But I thought the story would be that she falls in love with a man from the great wind-swept spaces out West, and goes out there to live a clean, open life with him; that's the way I thought it would be—out there where she could forget the blight of Broadway."

"No, Mercer never does Western stuff. I got a little girl friend workin' with her, and she told me about this story. Mercer gets into this tenement house down on the East Side, and she's a careless society butterfly; but all at once she sees what a lot of sorrow there is in this world when she sees these people in the tenement house, starving to death, and sick kids and everything; and this little friend of mine does an Italian girl with a baby; and this old man here, he's a rich swell and prominent in Wall Street and belongs to all the clubs, but he's the father of this girl's child, only Mercer don't know that yet.

"But she gets aroused in her better nature by the sight of all this trouble, and she almost falls in love with another gentleman who devotes all his time to relieving the poor in these tenements—it was him who took her there—but still she likes a good time as well as anybody, and she's stickin' around Broadway and around this old guy, who's pretty good company in spite of his faults. But just now she got a shock at remembering the horrible sights she has seen; she can't get it out of her mind. And pretty soon she'll see this other gentleman that she nearly fell in love with, the one who hangs around these tenements doing good; he'll be over at one of them tables, and she'll leave her party and go over to his table and say, 'Take me from this heartless Broadway to your tenements, where I can relieve their suffering.' So she goes out and gets in a taxi with him, leaving the old guy with not a thing to do but pay the check. Of course he's mad, and he follows her down to the tenements, where she's relieving the poor—just in a plain black dress—and she finds out he is the real father of this little friend of mine's child, and tells him to go back to Broadway, while she has chosen the better part and must live her life with these real people.

"But he sends her a note that's supposed to be from a poor woman dying of something, to come and bring her some medicine, and she goes off alone to this dive in another street; and it's the old guy himself who has sent the note, and he has her there in this cellar in his power. But the other gentleman has found the note and has followed her, and breaks in the door and puts up a swell fight with the old guy and some toughs he has hired, and gets her off safe and sound, and so they're married and live the real life far away from the blight of Broadway.

"It's a swell story all right, but Mercer can't act it. This little friend of mine can act all around her. She'd be a star if only she was better lookin'. You bet, Mercer don't allow any good-lookers on the same set with her! Do you make that one at the table with her now? Just got looks enough to show Mercer off. Mercer's swell-lookin', I'll give her that; but for actin'—say, all they need for a piece for her is just some stuff to go in between her close-ups. Don't make much difference what it is. Oh, look! There come the dancers. It's Luzon and Mario."

Merton Gill looked. These would be hired dancers to entertain the pleasure-mad throng—a young girl with vine leaves in her hair and a dark young man of barbaric appearance. The girl was clad in a mere wisp of a girdle and shining breastplates, while the man was arrayed chiefly in a coating of dark stain. They swirled over the dance floor to the broken rhythm of the orchestra, now clinging, now apart, working to a climax in which the man poised with his partner perched upon one shoulder. Through the megaphone came instructions to applaud the couple, and Broadway applauded—all but Merton Gill, who stared moodily into his coffee cup or lifted bored eyes to the scene of revelry. He was not bored, but his various emotions combined to produce this effect very plausibly. He was dismayed at this sudden revelation of art in the dance so near him. Imogene Pulver had once done an art dance back in Simsbury, at the Cantata of Esther in the vestry of the Methodist Church, and had been not a little criticized for her daring; but Imogene had been abundantly clad and her gestures much more restrained. He was trying now to picture how Gashwiler would take a thing like this—or Mrs. Gashwiler for that matter. One glimpse of those practically unclad bodies skipping and bounding there would probably throw them into a panic. They couldn't have sat it through. And here he was, right up in front of them, and not turning a hair.

This reflection permitted something of the contemptuous to show in the random glances with which he swept the dancers. He could not look at them steadily, not when they were close, as they often were. Also, he loathed the cigarette he was smoking. The tolerant scorn for the Gashwilers and his feeling for the cigarette brought him again into favorable notice. He heard Henshaw, but did not look up.

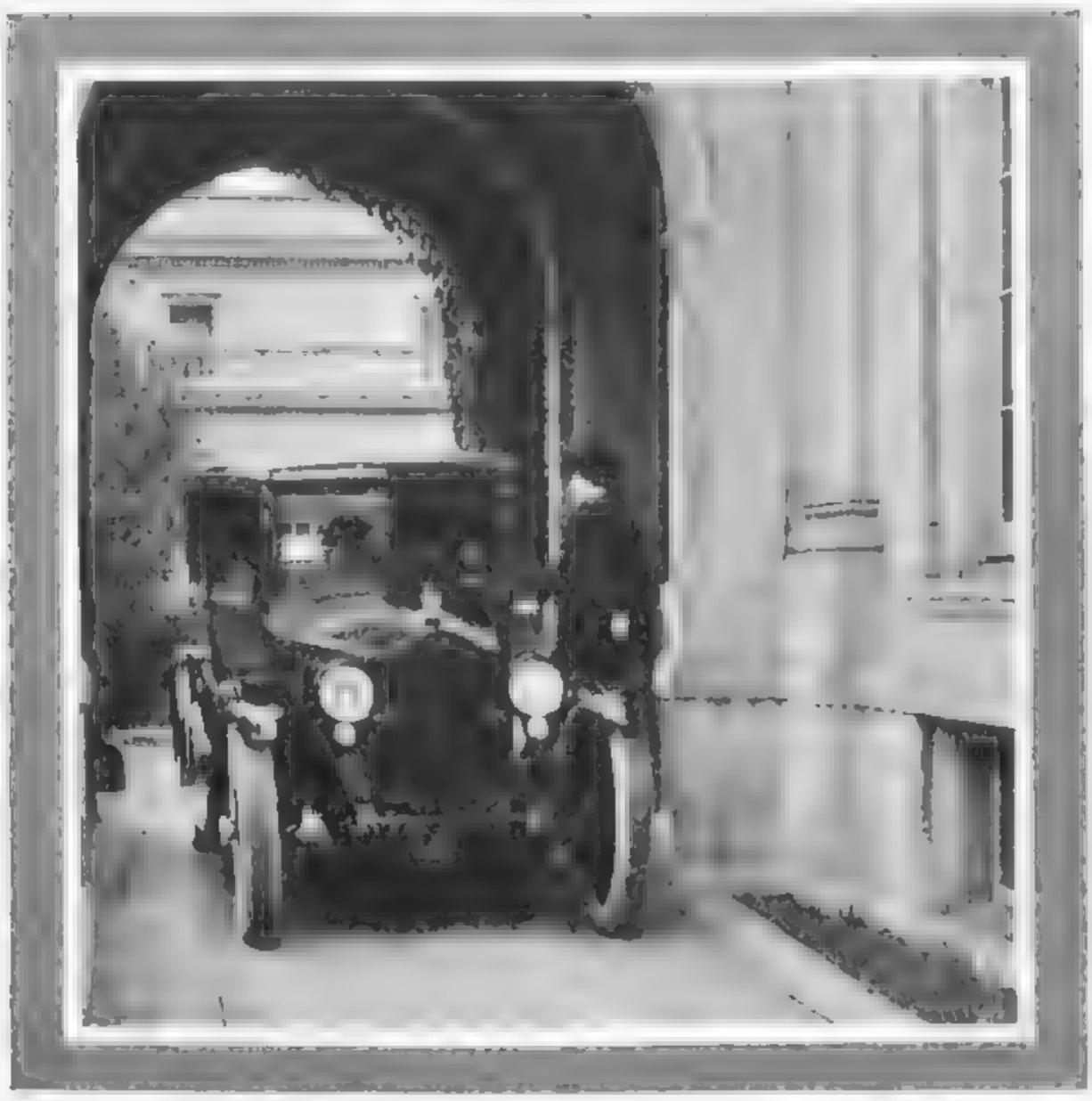
"Get another flash here, Paul. He's rather a good little bit." Henshaw now stood beside him. "Hold that," he said. "No, wait." He spoke to Merton's companion. "You change seats a minute with Miss Montague, as if you'd got tired of him—see what I mean? Miss Montague! Miss Montague!"

The Spanish girl arose, seeming not wholly pleased at this bit of directing. The Montague girl came to the table. She was a blithesome sprite in a salmon-pink dancing frock. Her blond curls fell low over one eye, which she now cocked inquiringly at the director.

"You're trying to liven him up," explained Henshaw. "That's all—baby-vamp him. He'll do the rest. He's quite a good little bit."

The Montague girl flopped into the chair, leaned roguishly toward Merton Gill, placed a small hand upon the sleeve of his coat and peered archly at him through beaded lashes, one eye almost hidden by its thatch of curls. Merton Gill sunk low

(Continued on Page 42)



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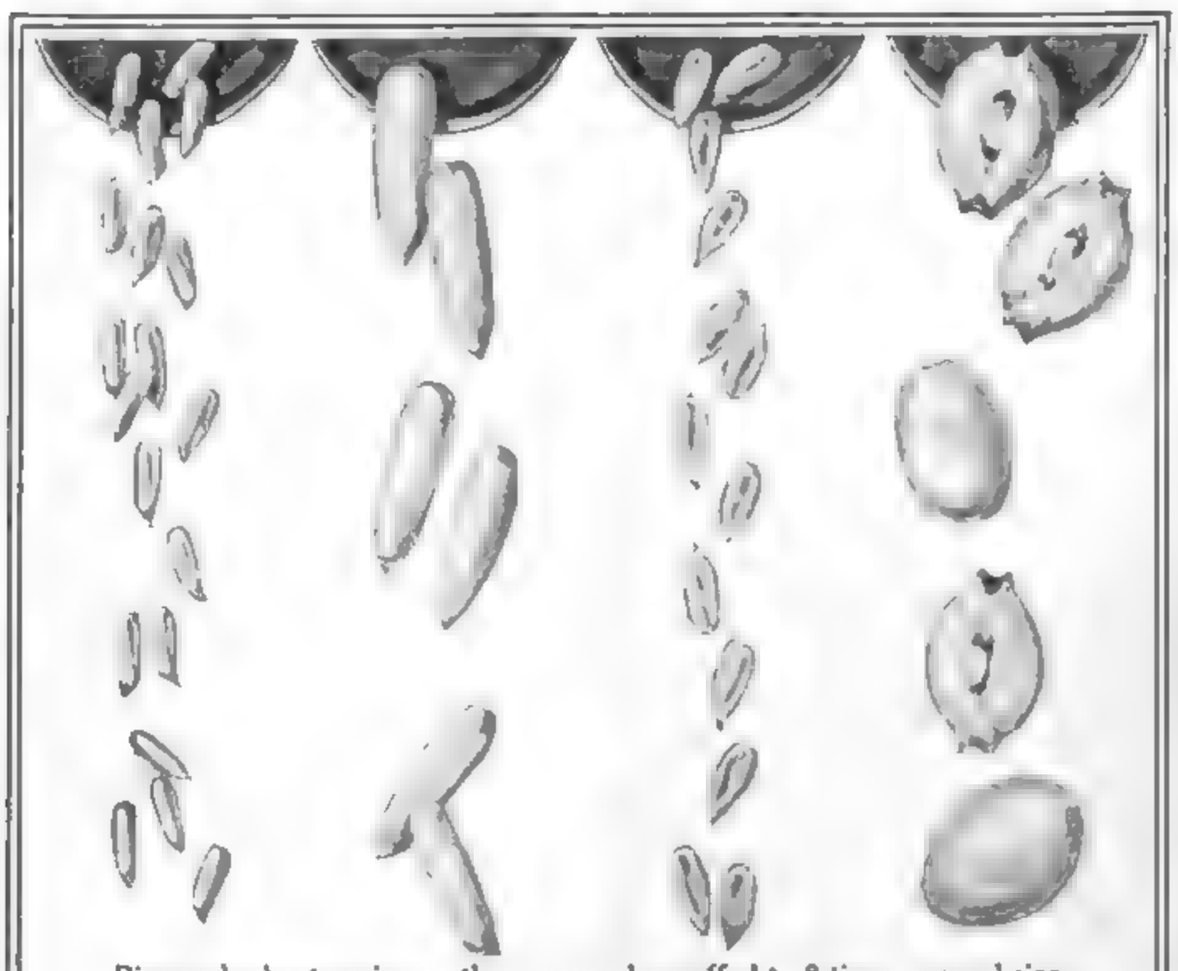

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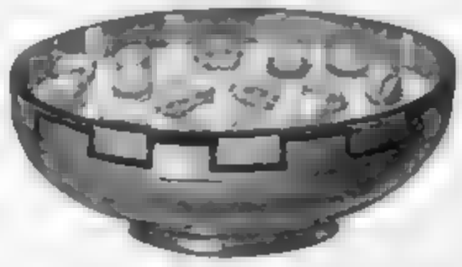
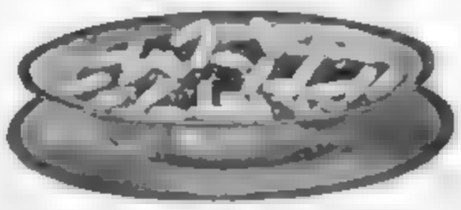


Puffed Wheat in milk makes children delight in whole wheat



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The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

3674

(Continued from Page 40)

in his chair, cynically tapped the ash from his tenth cigarette into the coffee cup and raised bored eyes to hers.

"That's it! Shoot it, Paul—just a flash."

The camera was being wheeled toward them. The Montague girl, with her hand still on his arm, continued her wheedling, though now she spoke:

"Why, look who's here! Kid, I didn't know you in your stepping-out clothes. Say, listen! Why do you always up-stage me? I never done a thing to you, did I? Go on, now, give me the fishy eye again! Say, how'd you ace yourself into this first row, anyway? Did you have to fight for it? Say, your friend'll be mad at me putting her out of here, won't she? Well, blame it on the gelatin master. I never segested it. Say, you got Henshaw going! He likes that blighted look of yours."

He made no reply to this chatter. He must keep in the picture. He merely favored her with a glance of fatigued indifference. The camera was focused.

"All ready, you people! Do like I said, now! Lights, camera!"

Merton Gill drew upon his cigarette with the utmost disrelish, raised the cold eyes of a disillusioned man to the face of the leering Montague girl, turned aside from her with every sign of apathy, and wearily exhaled the smoke. There seemed to be but this one pleasure left to him.

"Cut!" said Henshaw, and somewhere lights jarred off. "Just stick there a bit, Miss Montague. We'll have a couple more shots when the dancing begins."

Merton resented this change. He preferred the other girl. She lured him, but not in so pronounced, so flagrant a manner. The blight of Broadway became more apparent than ever upon his face. The girl's hand still fluttered upon his sleeve as the music came and dancers shuffled by them.

"Say, you're the actin' kid all right!" She was tapping the floor with the heel of a satin slipper. He wished above all things that she wouldn't call him kid. He meditated putting a little of Broadway's blight upon her by saying in a dignified way that his real name was Clifford Armytage. Still this might not blight her—you couldn't tell about the girl.

"You certainly are the actin'est kid on this set, I'll tell the lot that! Of course these close-ups won't mean much—just about one second, or half that maybe. Or some hick in the cuttin' room may kill 'em dead. Come on, give me the fish eye again! That's it! Say, I'm glad I didn't have to smoke cigarettes in this scene! They wouldn't do for my type, standin' where the brook and river meet up. I hate a cigarette worse'n anything. You—I bet you'd give up food first."

"I hate 'em too," he muttered grudgingly, glad to be able to say this, even though only to one whose attentions he meant to discourage. "If I have to smoke one more it'll finish me."

"Now, ain't that the limit? Too bad, kid!"

"I didn't even have any of my own. That Spanish girl gave me these."

The Montague girl glanced over his shoulder at the young woman whose place she had usurped.

"Spanish, eh? If she's Spanish I'm a Swede right out of Switzerland. Anyway, I never could like to smoke. I started to learn one summer when I was eight. Pa and ma and I was out with a tent Tom show, me doing Little Eva, and between acts I had to put on pants and come out and do a smoking song, all about a kid learning to smoke his first cigar and not doin' well with it, see? But they had to cut it out. Gosh, what us artists suffer at times! Pa had me try it a couple years later when I was doin' Louise the Blind Girl in The Two Orphans, playin' thirty cents top. It was a good song all right, with lots of funny gags. I'd 'a' been the laughing hit of the bill if I could 'a' learned not to swallow. We had to cut it out again after the second night. Talk about entering into your part! Me? I was too good."

If the distant camera glanced this way it caught merely the persistent efforts of a beautiful débutante, who had not yet felt the blight of Broadway, to melt the cynicism of one who suffered it more and more acutely each moment. Her hand fluttered on his sleeve and her left eye continuously beguiled him from under the overhanging curl. As often as he thought it desirable he put the bored glance upon her, though mostly he stared in dejection at the coffee cup or the empty wineglass. He was sorry that she had had that trouble with the cigar, but one who as Little Eva or poor persecuted Louise the Blind Girl had to do a song and dance between the acts must surely come from a low plane of art. He was relieved when at megaphoned directions an elderly fop came to whirl her off in the dance. Her last speech was "That poor Henshaw—the gelatin master'll have megaphone lip by to-night."

He was left alone at his table. He wondered if they might want a close-up of him this way, uncompanioned, jaded, tired of it all, as if he would be saying, "There's always the river!" But nothing of this sort happened. There was more dancing, more close-ups of Muriel Mercer being stricken with her vision of tenement misery under the foul glare of a middle-aged *roué* inflamed with wine; and there was a shot of Muriel perceiving at last the blight of Broadway and going to a table at which sat a pale, noble-looking young man with a high forehead, who presently led her out into the night to the real life of the worthy poor. Later the deserted admirer became again a *roué* inflamed with wine and submitted to a close-up that would depict his baffled rage. He clenched his hands in this and seemed to convey, with a snarling lift of his lip, that the girl would yet be his. Merton Gill had ceased to smoke. He had sounded on Broadway even the shallow pleasure of cigarettes. He was thoroughly blighted.

At last a megaphoned announcement from the assistant director dismissing the extras, keeping the star, the lead and a few small-part people to clean up medium shots—dramatic and other work requiring no crowd.

"All you extra people here to-morrow morning, 8:30, same clothes and make-up."

There was a quick breaking up of the revelry. The Broadway pleasure seekers threw off the blight and stormed the assistant director for slips of paper which he was now issuing. Merton Gill received one. There was fine print upon it which he took no pains to read, beyond gathering its general effect that the Victor Film Art Company had the full right to use any photographs of him that its agents might that day have obtained. What engrossed him to the exclusion of this legal formality was the item that he would now be paid seven dollars and fifty cents for his day's work. And once he had been forced to toil half a week for this sum! Emerging from the stage into the sunlight, he encountered the Montague girl, who hailed him as he would have turned to avoid her.

"Say, trouper, I thought I'd tell you in case you didn't know—we don't take our slips to that dame in that outside cafeteria any more. She always pinches off a quarter or maybe four bits. They got it fixed now so the cash is always on tap in the office. I just thought I'd tell you."

"Thanks," he said, still with the jaded air of the disillusioned. He had only the vaguest notion of her meaning, but her intention had been kindly. "Thank you very much."

"Oh, don't mention it. I just thought I'd tell you." She glanced after him shrewdly.

Nearing the office, he observed a long line of Broadway revelers waiting to cash their slips. Its head was lost inside the building and it trailed far outside. No longer was any blight to be perceived. The slips were ready in hand. Instead of joining the line Merton decided upon luncheon. It was two o'clock, and though waiters with trays had been abundant in the gilded cabaret, the best screen art had not seemed to demand the serving of actual food. Further, he would eat in the cafeteria in evening dress, his make-up still on, like a real actor. The other time he had felt conspicuous because nothing had identified him with the ordinary clientele of the place.

The room was not crowded now. Only a table here and there held late comers, and the choice of foods when he reached the serving counter at the back was limited. He permitted himself to complain of this in a practiced manner, but made a selection and bore his tray to the center of the room. He had selected a table and was about to sit when he detected Henshaw farther down the room, and promptly chose the one next him. It was probable that Henshaw would recall him and praise the work he had done. But the director merely rolled unseeing eyes over him as he

(Continued on Page 45)

THEY STAND UP TO THE HARDEST DUTY

Actual Photograph of Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires on the service of The Columbus Consumers Company, Columbus, Ohio

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"The wearing quality of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires on our truck has satisfied us that they will successfully stand up under any hard usage. Their tractive features are so good that we have not used chains in slippery, snowy weather. The tires lasted 16,000 miles—16,000 miles of hauling all kinds of building and road material, dense, heavy loads, over all kinds of roads. Their treads did not chip under the heaviest loads."—Robert M. Miller, Manager, The Columbus Consumers Company, Columbus, Ohio

SUCH rugged wearing quality and such tremendous tractive power as they demonstrated in the service of The Columbus Consumers Supply Company are regular performance for Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires.

Heavy duty and heavy going only serve to emphasize their strength, their tenacious grip, and their remarkable cushioning resilience.

Much thicker than ordinary smooth-tread solid tires, Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solids wear down slowly, pile up thousands of miles of trouble-free hauling, and give the lowest cost per tire mile.

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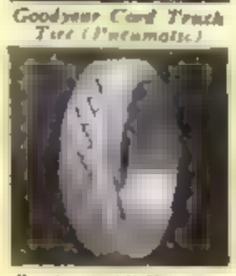
Goodyear Cord Truck Tire (Pneumatic)



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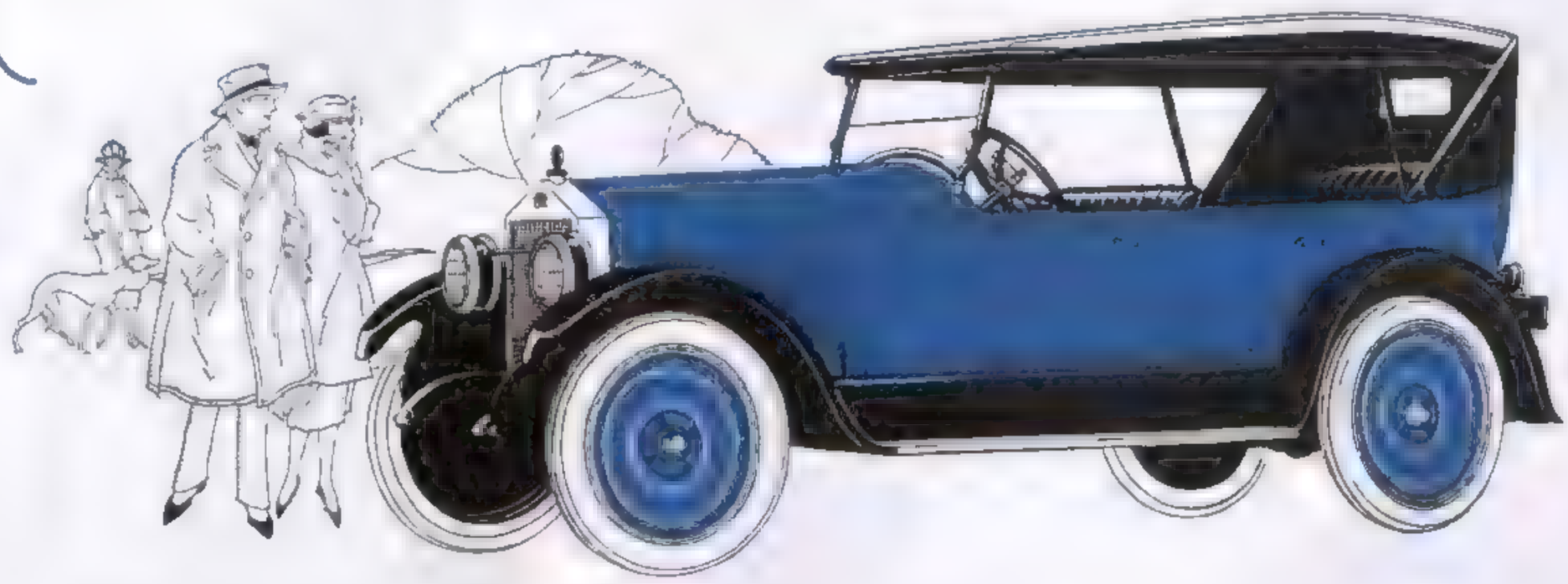

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A full-blood brother to the Six-48—the car which, with its daring and elegance, has captivated America.

Inherent in this new brother are the mechanical excellence and dependability which have won such favor for the Six-48.

Moon engineers have done their utmost to perfect a standard of mechanical excellence in full keeping with requirements of the most exacting.

The New Six-40 embodies only those well proved units for which Moon cars are famed. Each and every one the product of the world's foremost specialists. Continental, Timken, Delco, Borg & Beck, Spicer, Rayfield, Fedders, etc.—an array of skill not found in any *single* organization.

In appearance, likewise, it meets the keen desire for that distinction and beauty so rare in cars at anything like this price.

Born for those who shun the commonplace—for those seeking individuality. From stem to stern, evidence of attention to detail and refinements.

Only such genius as that evolved through fifty years' experience in fine coach building could have achieved so complete and satisfying a result. So compact without crowding—so ingeniously fitted—faultless in taste.

The Six-40 bears living testimony that a superior six-cylinder car may be built and offered at so remarkable a price.

The New Six-40—five-passenger touring model, fully equipped, is priced at $1295, f. o. b. St. Louis. Closed models will be announced later.

The Six-48—five-passenger Touring or Sport Roadster, $1785, f. o. b. St. Louis. Closed models—Sedan, La Petite Sport Sedan, or the Coupé—completely equipped, $2785, f. o. b. St. Louis.

The MOON

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

(Continued from Page 42)

seated himself, and continued his speech to the man Merton had before seen him with—the grizzled dark man, with the stubby gray mustache, whom he called Governor. Merton wondered if he could be the Governor of California, but decided not. Perhaps an ex-governor.

"She's working out well," he was saying. "I consider it one of the best continuities Belmore has done. Not a line of smut in it, but to make up for that we'll have over thirty changes of costume."

Merton Gill coughed violently, then stared moodily at his plate of baked beans. He hoped that this, at least, would recall him to Henshaw, who might fix his eye on him to say, "And by the way, here is a young actor that was of great help to me this morning." But neither man even glanced up. Seemingly this young actor could have choked to death there without exciting their notice. He stared less moodily at the baked beans. Henshaw would notice him sometime, and you couldn't do everything at once.

The men had finished their luncheon and were smoking. The animated Henshaw continued his talk:

"And about that other thing we were discussing, Governor; I want to go into that with you. I tell you if we can do Robinson Crusoe, and do it right, a regular five-thousand-foot program feature, the thing ought to gross a million. A good clean censor-proof picture—great kid show—run forever. Shipwreck stuff, loading the raft, island stuff, hut stuff, goats, finding the footprint, cannibals, the man Friday—can't you see it?"

The governor seemed to see it.

"Fine—that's so!" He stared above the director's head for the space of two inhalations from his cigarette, imbuing Merton Gill with gratitude that he need not smoke again that day. "But say, look here! How about your love interest?"

Henshaw waved this aside with his own cigarette and began to make marks on the back of an envelope.

"Easy enough! Belmore can fix that up. We talked over one or two ways. How about having Friday's sister brought over with him to this island? The cannibals are going to eat her too. Then the cannibals run to their canoes when they hear his gun, just the same as in the book, and Crusoe rescues the two. And when he cuts the girl's bonds he finds she can't be Friday's real sister, because she's white—see what I mean? Well, we work it out later that she's the daughter of an English earl that was wrecked near the cannibal island, and they rescued her, and Friday's mother brought her up as her own child. She's saved the papers that come ashore, and she has the earl's coat of arms tattooed on her shoulder blade; and finally, after Crusoe has fallen in love with her, and she's remembered a good deal of her past, along comes the old earl, her father, in a ship and rescues them all. How about that?" Henshaw, brightly expectant, awaited the verdict of his chief.

"Well, I don't know." The other considered. "Where's your conflict, after the girl is saved from the savages? And Crusoe in the book wears a long beard. How about that? He won't look like anything—sort of hairy, and that's all."

Henshaw, from the envelope on which he drew squares and oblongs, appeared to gain fresh inspiration. He looked up with new light in his eyes.

"I got it—got the whole thing! Modernize it! This chap is a rich young New Yorker, cruising on his yacht, and he's wrecked on this island and gets a lot of stuff ashore and his valet is saved, too—say, there's some good comedy. See what I mean?—valet is one of these stiff English lads; never been wrecked on an island before and complains all the time about the lack of conveniences. I can see a lot of good gags for him, having to milk the goats, and getting scared of the other animals, and no place to press his master's clothes—things like that, you know. Well, the young fellow explores the island and finds another party that's been wrecked on the other side, and it's the girl and the man that got her father into his power and got all of his estate and is going to make beggars of them if the girl won't marry him; and she comes upon the young fellow under some palms, and they fall in love and fix it up to double-cross the villain—Belmore can work it out from there. How about that? And say, we can use a lot of trims from that South Sea piece we did last year, all that yacht and island stuff—see what I mean?"

The other considered profoundly.

"Yes, you got a story there; but it won't be Robinson Crusoe, don't you see?"

Again Henshaw glanced up from his envelope with the light of inspiration.

"Well, how about this? Call it Robinson Crusoe, Junior! There you are! We get the value of the name and do the story the way we want it, the young fellow being shaved every day by the valet, and he can invite the other party over to dine with him and receive them in evening dress and everything. Can't you see it? If that story wouldn't gross big then I don't know a story. And all easy stuff. We can use those trims for the long shots, and use that inlet down toward the other end of Catalina for the hut and the beach. Sure-fire stuff, Governor—and Robinson Crusoe, Junior, is a cinch title."

"Well, give Belmore as much dope as you've got and see what he can work out."

They arose and stood by the counter to pay their checks.

"If you want to see the rushes of that stuff we shot this morning, be over to the projection room at five," said Henshaw as they went out.

Neither had observed the rising young screen actor, Clifford Armytage, though he had coughed violently again as they left. He had coughed most plausibly, moreover, because of the cigarettes he had smoked in their behalf that day.

At the cashier's window, no longer obstructed, he received his money, another five-dollar bill adorned with the cheerfully prosperous face of Benjamin Harrison and half that amount in silver coin. Then, although loath to do this, he went to the dressing room and removed his make-up. That grease paint had given him a world of confidence.

At the casting office he stopped to tell his friend of the day's camera triumph; how the director had seemed to single him out from a hundred or so revelers to portray facially the deadly effect of Broadway's night life.

"Good work!" she applauded. "Before long you'll be having jobs oftener. And don't forget you're called again to-morrow morning for the gambling-house scene."

She was a funny woman; always afraid he would forget something he could not possibly forget. Once more in the Patterson kitchen he pressed his suit and dreamed of new eminences in his chosen art.

The following morning he was again the first to reach the long dressing room, the first to be made up by the grumbling extra, and the first to reach the big stage. The cabaret of yesterday had been transformed overnight into a palatial gambling hell. Along the sides of the room and at its center were tables equipped for strange games of chance which only his picture knowledge enabled him to recognize. He might tarry at these tables, he thought, but he must remember to look bored in the near presence of Henshaw. The Spanish girl of yesterday appeared and he greeted her warmly.

"I got some cigarettes this time," he said, "so let me pay you back all those I smoked of yours yesterday."

Together they filled the golden case that hung from her girdle.

"It's swell, all right," said the girl, gazing about the vast room now filling with richly clad gamblers.

"But I thought it was all over except the tenement-house scenes where Vera Vanderpool has gone to relieve the poor," he said. The girl explained:

"This scene comes before the one we did yesterday. It's where the rich old boy first sees Vera playing roulette, and she loses a lot of money and is going to leave her string of pearls; but he says it's a mere trifle, and let him pay her gambling losses; so in a weak moment she does, and that's how he starts to get her into his power. You'll see how it works out. Say, they spent some money on this set all right!"

It was, indeed, a rich set, as the girl had said. It seemed to Merton Gill that it would be called on the screen "One of those plague spots that eat like a cancer at the heart of New York." He lighted a cigarette and leaned nonchalantly against a pillar to smile a tired little smile at the pleasure-mad victims of this life who were now grouping around the roulette and faro tables. He must try for his jaded look.

"Some swell shack!" The speaker was back of him, but he knew her for the Montague girl, and was instantly enabled to

"Bring a comb and play upon it!'
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum."
Robert Louis Stevenson

The "Comb Band"—
here it comes! And it takes a

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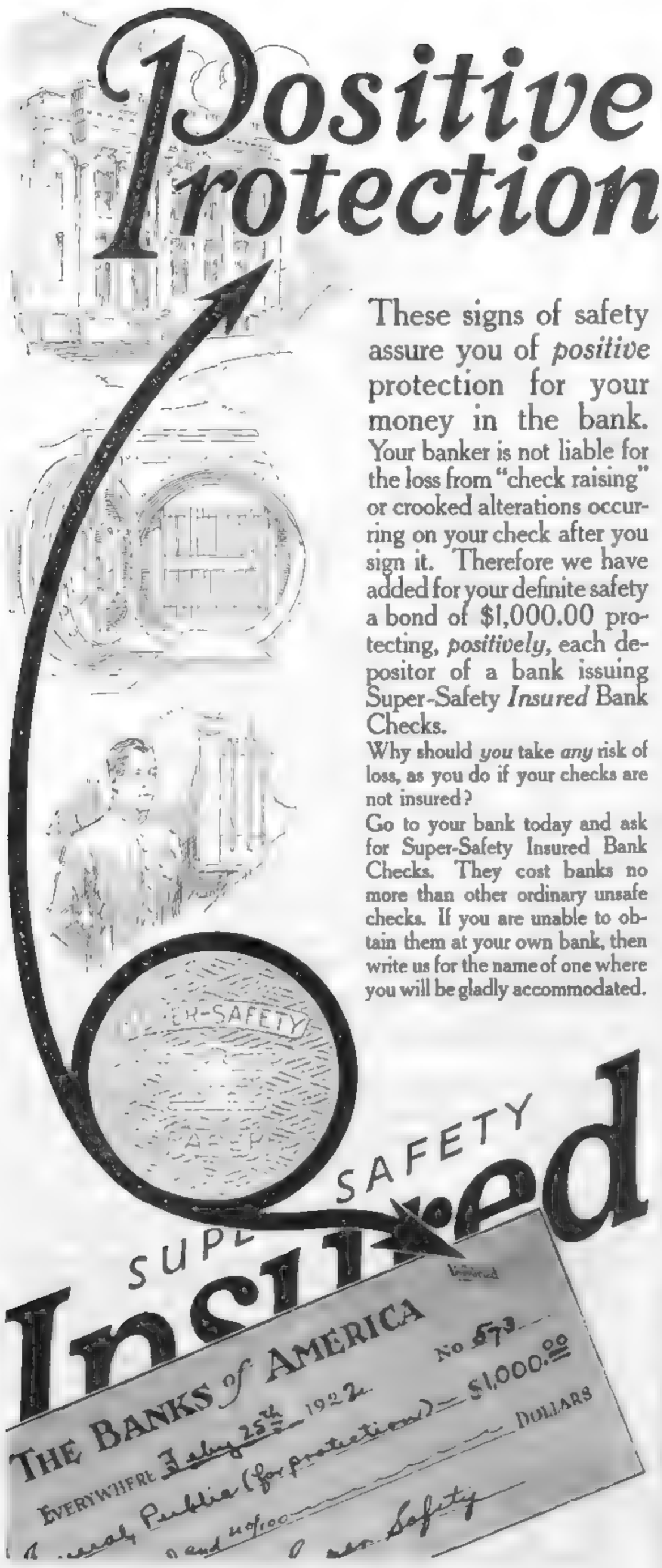
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increase the blighted look for which he had been trying. "One natty little hovel, I'll tell the world!" the girl continued. "Say, this puts it all over the Grand Central Station, don't it? Must be right smack at the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue! Well, start the little ball rolling so I can make a killing!"

He turned his head slightly and saw her dance off to one of the roulette tables, accompanied by the middle-aged fop who had been her companion yesterday.

Henshaw and his assistant now appeared and began grouping the players at the various tables. Merton Gill remained leaning wearily against his massive pillar, trying to appear blasé under the chatter of the Spanish girl. The groups were arranged to the liking of Henshaw, though only after many trials. The roulette ball was twirled and the lively rattle of chips could be heard. Scanning his scene for the first time, he saw Merton and his companion.

"Oh, there you are, you two! Sister, you go and stand back of that crowd around the faro table. Keep craning to look over their shoulders, and give us your side view. I want to use this man alone. Here"—he led Merton to a round table on which were a deck of cards and some neatly stacked chips—"sit here, facing the camera. Keep one hand on the cards, sort of toying with 'em—see what I mean?"

He scattered the piled chips loosely about the table and called to a black waiter.

"Here, George, put one of those wineglasses on his left." The wineglass was placed. "Now kind of slump down in your chair like you saw the hollowness of it all—see what I mean?"

Merton Gill thought he saw. He exhaled smoke, toyed contemptuously with the cards at his right hand, and with a gesture of repulsion pushed the wineglass farther away. He saw the hollowness of it all. The spirit of wine sang in his glass, but to deaf ears. Chance could no longer entice him. It might even have been suspected that cigarettes were ceasing to allure.

"Good work! Keep it up!" said Henshaw, and went back to his cameras.

The lights jarred on and desperate gaming was filmed.

"More life at the roulette tables!" megaphoned Henshaw. "Crowd closer around that left-hand faro table! You're playing for big stakes!"

The gaming became more feverish. The mad light of pleasure was in every eye, yet one felt that the blight of Broadway was real.

The camera was wheeled forward, and Merton Gill joyously quit smoking while Henshaw secured flashes of various groups, chiefly of losers who were seeing the hollowness of it all. He did not, however, disdain a bit of comedy.

"Miss Montague!"

"Yes, Mr. Henshaw."

The Montague girl paused in the act of sprinkling chips over a roulette layout.

"Your escort has lost all his chips and you've lost all he bought for you ——"

The girl and her escort passed to other players the chips before them, and waited.

"Your escort takes out his wallet, shows it to you empty and shrugs his shoulders. You shrug too, but turn your back on him, facing the camera, and take some bills out of your stocking—see what I mean? Give her some bills, someone."

"Never mind, Mr. Henshaw. I already got some there."

The pantomime was done, the girl turned, stooped, withdrew flattened bills from one of the salmon-pink stockings and flourished them at her escort, who achieved a transition from gloom to joy. Merton Gill, observing this shameless procedure, plumbed the nether depths of disgust for Broadway's night life.

The camera was now wheeled toward him, and he wearily lighted another cigarette.

"Get a flash of this chap," Henshaw was saying.

The subject leaned forward in his chair, gazing with cynical eyes at the fevered throng. Wine, women, song—all had palled. Gambling had no charm. He looked with disrelish even at the cigarette he had just lighted.

"All right, Paul, that's good. Now get that bunch over at the crap table."

Merton Gill lost no time in relinquishing his cigarette. He dropped it into the wineglass, which became a symbol of Broadway's Dead Sea fruit. Thereafter he smoked only when he was in the picture. He felt that he was becoming screen wise. And Henshaw had remembered him. The cast of The Blight of Broadway might not be jeweled with his name, but his work would stand out. He had given the best that was in him.

He watched the entrance of Muriel Mercer, maddest of all the mad throng, accompanied by the two young men and the girl who was not so beautiful. He watched her lose steadily, and saw her string of pearls saved by the elderly scoundrel who had long watched the beautiful girl as only the wolf of Wall Street could watch one so fair. He saw her leave upon his arm, perhaps for further unwholesome adventure along Broadway. The lights were out, the revelry done.

Merton Gill beyond a doubt preferred Western stuff, some heart-gripping tale of the open spaces, or perhaps of the frozen North, where he could be the hard-riding, straight-shooting, two-fisted wonder man, and not have to smoke so many cigarettes—only one now and then, which he would roll himself and toss away after a few puffs. Still, he had shown above the mob of extra people, he thought. Henshaw had noticed him.

He was coming on.

The Montague girl hailed him as he left the set.

"Hullo, old trouper! I caught you actin' again to-day, right out before the white folks. Well, so far so good. But say, I'm glad all that roulette and stuff was for the up-and-down stage and not on the level. I'd certainly have lost everything but my make-up. So long, kid!"

She danced off to join a group of other women who were leaving. He felt a kindly pity for the child. There could be little future in this difficult art for one who took it so lightly, and who talked so frankly to strangers without being introduced.

At luncheon in the cafeteria he waited a long time in the hope of encountering Henshaw, who would perhaps command his further services in the cause of creative screen art. He meant to be animated at this meeting, to show the director that he could be something more than an actor who had probed the shams of Broadway. But he lingered in vain. He thought Henshaw would perhaps be doing without food in order to work on the scenario for Robinson Crusoe, Junior.

He again stopped to thank his friend, the casting director, for securing him his first chance. She accepted his thanks smilingly, and asked him to drop around often.

"Mind you don't forget our number," she said.

He was on the point of making her understand once for all that he would not forget the number, that he would never forget Gashwiler's address and that he had been coming to this studio too often to forget its location. But someone engaged her at the window, so he was obliged to go on without enlightening the woman. She seemed to be curiously dense.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Good Six at the Right Price

FOR many years engineers and car builders have been working earnestly to solve a problem. That problem was to produce for the man who must confine himself to the $1000 field a car that, for mechanical excellence, could be legitimately compared with the high-priced, speedy, smooth-running six-cylinder automobiles.

The ideal was the six, because the six is an inherently balanced mechanism.

The solution has been reached. The answer is the Jewett Light Six, and the price is $1065.

Imagine, if you can, a six-cylinder car beautiful in appearance, powerful and speedy in action, flexible and smooth running in operation, roomy and comfortable to ride in, sufficiently sturdy to withstand years of hard usage, economical in upkeep—and you will picture in some measure the amazing qualities of the new Jewett Light Six.

Then grasp, if you can, the fact that this car is to be placed on the market at $1065 and you get something of the significance of the engineering and manufacturing achievement the new Jewett represents.

Behind this car is the mighty organization of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, with all that such sponsorship implies. It is a full guarantee of adequate resources, integrity, permanency and service.

The new Jewett Light Six may be seen in the salesrooms of any Paige dealer after March First.

JEWETT MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

JEWETT

A Good Six at JEWETT *the Right Price*

TWO CAN PLAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I'll lay the whole thing before you in a moment, but first, naturally, I must ask you a number of questions, after which I shall feel freer to proceed. Your name, for instance?"

"James MacForth."

"New Yorker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it happen that your father was Alexander MacForth?"

"No, sir—Angus MacForth, his brother."

"The physician?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm! That clarifies the preliminaries considerably. It wouldn't have mattered, but this saves, perhaps, a certain amount of elementary investigation. Mr. MacForth, why did you answer this advertisement?"

"I—well, it hit me, that's all."

"How?"

"I think it was because it seemed to open the possibility of something out of the ordinary, something that calls for a risk. And I liked the tone of it."

The older man peered at him, seemed to look through him, from under his heavy brows.

"You are working?"

"Yes, sir." Jimmy told him where.

"Sick of your job?"

"No—well, yes, I guess I am. At least I wish I were doing something more interesting."

"You will be. Now, Mr. MacForth, are you prepared to resign your present position and put yourself under my orders according to the terms of my advertisement?"

"As long as anything I have to do is straight—yes."

"You are willing to commit burglary to an honorable end, and risk your life if necessary?"

"Under the same condition—yes."

"Good." He opened the door into the next room. "Miss Matthews," he called. Then, as the young woman entered: "Will you please take down the essential parts of what Mr. MacForth will now tell us? I am going to ask you, Mr. MacForth, to give me as detailed a history of your career, from your earliest recollection to the present date, as you can manage to piece together. This is exceedingly important to me. I want everything, from the date and place of your birth through your schooling and college course—you're a college man, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir—Williams."

"Through your army career," the older man went on, "and through whatever experience in earning a living you may have had. This will be kept entirely confidential and I may add that it is possible that some things which appeal to you as unimportant may strike me in just the reverse manner."

"I don't think there's anything that needs to be kept particularly confidential," said Jimmy, trying to smile.

"So much the better. Go ahead."

For ten long minutes Jimmy MacForth stammered and blushed his way through his recital, aided occasionally by a pointed lead from his questioner. Then he leaned back in his chair.

"That's all I can think of," he announced.

"Just a moment," said the older man. "Were you captain of that football team?"

"No, sir; I only got on it by the skin of my teeth."

"All right. Were you decorated overseas?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Great heavens, sir, they'd have to decorate the entire flying corps if they wanted to pin anything on me."

"H'm. Ever been engaged?"

"To a girl? No, sir."

"Never been in love?"

Jimmy laughed.

"I thought so at the time, I guess. But it never seemed to take."

"How many times?"

"I don't know—three or four."

"That's all, Miss Matthews," said the older man. "You may fix things up with the hotel people, if you will, and then return to the office when you're through." Then, as the young woman in black left the room, he faced Jimmy.

"I have asked you a good many exceedingly personal questions," he said, "but I hope you will find no apology needed for my apparent desire to pry into your intimate affairs. In return for your confidence I shall now, to a certain extent, give you mine. I only ask that everything that transpires between us be kept absolutely private. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

The older man put his hand to his head, grasped the shock of black hair over his forehead and gave an upward tug. Jimmy gasped. It was a wig; the hair beneath it was grizzled white, trimmed close.

"I don't blame you for being astonished," the man said soberly, reading Jimmy's thought; "but I couldn't very well pretend to be an aviator at my age without some sort of camouflage, could I? Besides, somebody might have recognized me. As a matter of fact I think there was a detective present—the little man with the sharp nose and the funny mustache. He may have recognized me, anyway, but I think not. Do you know who I am, Mr. MacForth?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy, "except that you look familiar."

"I assure you, Mr. MacForth, it is a real pleasure to hear such an answer. At times I feel that everyone in the entire United States must not only know me but be convinced that I am a sort of ogre. The cartoons, however, generally picture me as fat, predatorily fat. You will admit that, at least, I am not that?"

Jimmy thought he had better smile.

"As I shall take your name and your history as an earnest of your good will, Mr. MacForth," the white-haired man went on, "so I must ask you to take mine. My history you will unfortunately find, in its most unessential phases, in a few sumptuously bound volumes like Who's Who. My name is Hammis—John A. Hammis."

Jimmy gasped again.

"Not—not John A. Hammis, the banker?" he managed to stammer.

The elder man bowed. "I'm afraid so," he laughed.

"I—I—now—you—yes, sir," said Jimmy.

His companion laughed again. "Now, Mr. MacForth, if you care to proceed with this matter ——"

Jimmy nodded eager assent.

"You will immediately make arrangements to resign from your present position and place yourself in my hands. I shall ask nothing of you but what you would be glad to do if you knew the full facts upon which we are operating. For the existence of these facts you will have to take my word. I believe my word has always been good. At precisely nine-thirty to-morrow morning you will come to see me at my office on Broad Street. Between now and then you may investigate me all you choose—as long, of course, as you let no one know for what particular purpose you are doing so. I shall probably look you up a little further myself. You would not want me to do otherwise."

"No, sir," said Jimmy in a daze.

"At nine-thirty to-morrow morning I shall give you your first instructions. As I have said, I shall ask you to commit three robberies. The first you will hesitate about, merely because it is the first. The second you will welcome. And if you are the man I think you are you will, as I have expressed it, nose-dive into the third. Your salary begins this morning. Have you any further questions?"

"About a thousand, sir."

"Well, don't ask them. Do you want the job?"

"Yes, sir."

The white-haired man held out his right hand.

"Done," he said, clasping Jimmy's, and opened the door into the hall. "Nine-thirty sharp, Mr. MacForth."

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy as he walked toward the elevator. "John A. Hammis himself! Something's up, all right."

As Jimmy MacForth passed through the lobby a little man with beady eyes and a lopsided aquiline nose gave a genial twist to his carefully waxed mustache, carelessly nodded good-by to the hotel clerk with whom he had been chatting, and at a discreet distance followed the new employe of John A. Hammis through the big revolving door and out into the street. But Jimmy did not look back. He was too busy looking forward.

▼

"GREAT guns, Ben," said the chief of the most maligned detective bureau in the world as he looked up across his desk shortly after three o'clock that same warm May afternoon, "honest, now, what kind of architecture do you call that?"

"This brush?" Pride twinkled in the twin beady eyes. "Upper Fifth Avenue, chief."

"If you go up far enough, Ben, maybe you're right, at that. Why don't you fit it out with a grease cup and give it a turn now and then?" He paused. "Well, what's the big dope?"

"Take a hundred and fifty guesses, chief—then take another. Do you know who's the guy that pulled that phony ad? No use guessing. Don't try."

"All right, Ben, I give up."

"Just John A. Hammis, chief, that's all."

"Who?"

"John A. Hammis, I think I said."

"Not John A. himself?"

"Yep."

"Then it isn't phony, that's a cinch."

"Don't you be so sure, chief. He had a bunch of comeons there, and he pulled a new one, sittin' right there with us and wearin' a black wig—a wig, get me? Does that sound phony? I never got him at all till the hotel people wised me afterward. He sits there lookin' us over, and then all of a sudden he picks a young bird and gives the rest of us the gate."

"Well, what of it?" the chief insisted.

"I think somethin's doing," said Ben; "somethin' the old man doesn't want to show up in. I had to put the screws on the hotel to get the dope at all. He hired two rooms and had his own stenog there and everything."

"What did you do, Ben?"

"Me? I trailed the young guy—name's MacForth—to his office. Assistant sales manager—publishing house. He threw up his job this noon."

"Well," pressed his superior, "what do you figure?"

"Just this way, chief: There's somethin' here worth watchin'. No use watchin' the old bird—he'll have himself covered proper. The young bird's the guy. I'll just trail him for a while and take a look."

"Yeh, Ben, but be wary of doing any pinching unless you've really got something—real goods. Maybe John A. Hammis is trying to put something over. I doubt it, but you never can tell, and that's our job. Just the same he's a bad man to buck. I'd hate to have him giving me the laugh. He's a personal friend of the commissioner's too. So go easy. But keep your eye peeled. It won't hurt any for us to be in the know."

The little man straightened up.

"Take it from me, chief, I know this game. No rough stuff unless I have to, but from now on I'm that young bird's personal shadow."

The chief nodded and sighed. In weather like this being an operative was not such bad fun, at that. And if you really landed something big ——

VI

JOHN A. HAMMIS pulled open the right-hand upper drawer of his desk and took out a small sealed package, neatly wrapped in white paper. The seal he broke. Then he undid the package carefully and drew from it two heavy pearl necklaces, tossing them on the broad green desk blotter in front of him, where they lay shimmering in coils of opalescent light. Jimmy MacForth's eyes went wide.

"Mr. MacForth," said the banker, "I have told you that I would not be completely frank with you, and I have not been. I have been frank about everything except my own motives, and I have been frank there as far as I have gone. For the time being you must trust me for the rest. You will?"

"I will, Mr. Hammis."

"I have told you, Mr. MacForth, that my sister-in-law, the widow of my brother Peter, is living beyond her means, in some ways far more beyond her means than she realizes. She is unable to see certain mistakes she is making, and these are mistakes which are bound to prejudice not only her own future happiness but also the future happiness of her daughter, my niece, for whom, as I have told you, I have more affection than I have for any other person in the world. You understand me so far, Mr. MacForth?"

"Yes, sir."

Through the wide windows Jimmy could glimpse all the sparkling bustle of the city's harbor traffic—a ferryboat waddling toward the Brooklyn shore, the Governor's Island tub heeling perilously in the tide, a bevy of tugs scooting this way and that, a sleek liner sliding down toward the Statue of Liberty—but his gaze came back fixedly to that of the white-haired man across the mahogany desk.

"It is to insure the happiness of both my niece and her mother, Mr. MacForth," the banker continued, "that I have set in motion the machinery which has brought you here in the capacity you fill. You see these pearl necklaces, Mr. MacForth?"

"Very much, sir."

"They are not pearl necklaces, Mr. MacForth. They are imitations, both of them. Do they look like pearls to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps I am too much of a connoisseur, Mr. MacForth; but, then, I have made a study of pearls for many years. Look at them closely." The older man gathered up the necklaces and handed them across the desk to his companion. "Of course you see the difference between these two strings?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hammis. The longer string is comparatively white. The shorter one has a pink luster and the center pearls are larger than they are in the white string."

"Precisely," said the banker. "Now listen carefully. These two necklaces are exact duplicates of two genuine strings owned by my sister-in-law, Mrs. Peter Hammis. I had them made by a jeweler who is thoroughly familiar with the originals. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now, this very evening Mrs. Hammis is giving a dance at her home in honor of my niece's engagement, the announcement of which you may or may not

(Continued on Page 53)

"Oil Peddler" or Lubrication Specialist

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You must *know* the answer—if you want a powerful, smooth-running, trouble-free engine. And here's the reason—

You must know what *kind of oil* the dealer gives you—whether it is saving you money or piling up repair bills, stealing gasoline mileage and shortening your car's life.

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That frequently means a compounded low-quality oil. It may even mean a "reclaimed" oil—a lifeless mixture of worn-out oils drained from crankcases. And Dodge, Packard and Ford owners, for instance, get oil from the same barrel. Think of it!

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He knows that oil must maintain a compression-tight, leak-proof piston-ring seal—or tremendous loss of power and waste of gas and oil are sure to result.

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How can you know a lubrication specialist? Look for the SUNOCO Motor Oil sign. *SUNOCO dealers sell lubrication.* That's because they follow the "SUNOCO Lubrication Guide."

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 48)

have noticed in the newspapers. I shall take you with me to this dance, introducing you under your proper name as a young man whose father I once knew and greatly admired. This is all true. You, Mr. MacForth, will take with you these two imitation necklaces. At the dance you will carefully notice which one of her necklaces Mrs. Hammis is wearing. She will wear one, leaving the other in the wall safe in the library upstairs. I assume this because nobody else ever wears them, least of all my niece. As you can see, they are exceedingly showy and, of course, worth a considerable amount of money. That, however, is beside the point."

Jimmy coughed nervously.

"It begins to sound like a moving picture, doesn't it?" the white-haired man laughed. "I assure you, however, that it involves a matter of the utmost seriousness. But let me finish my instructions. When the proper time comes, Mr. MacForth, I will give you a word and you will go upstairs to the library, which is on the third floor in the front of the house. At the right of the mantelpiece there is a picture, a painting of my grandfather, Silas Hammis; this painting will swing outward at a slight tug; it is hinged on the left side. Behind it you will find a wall safe." He reached into his inside coat pocket and produced a folded paper. "Here, Mr. MacForth, is the combination to that safe."

Jimmy reached for it gingerly.

"You want me to take the real necklace from the safe," he hazarded, "and replace it with the imitation."

"Exactly," said John A. Hammis. "Then rejoin the dancers and bring the necklace here to me in the morning."

Jimmy dropped his eyes.

"You don't want to do it very much, do you?" queried the older man.

"No, sir; not very much."

"When you first got to France the idea of killing individuals in German uniform didn't appeal to you very much, either, did it?"

"Well—I don't know—I soon got over it."

The older man stood up and paced the length of the office twice.

"You must believe me implicitly, Mr. MacForth," he finally said, "when I tell you that the taking of this necklace is for an unimpeachable purpose. We cannot perhaps always be sure of our means. But we can be sure of our ends; we must be sure of them. And I am as sure of this as a mortal man can be sure of anything. I cannot tell you any more just now. I simply give you my word, as I have given it to you before."

Jimmy looked up slowly. The man before him was flushed with sincerity. He stood there, clean cut, erect, strong. Jimmy's face broke into a smile.

"I don't need your word, Mr. Hammis," he said. "What time do you want me to report to-night, and where?"

"I shall be honored, Mr. MacForth, if you will dine with me at seven-thirty at the Union League."

"You bet," said Jimmy.

The banker held out the two necklaces.

"You have the combination of the safe," he affirmed. "Take these two strings—and hang onto them. Incidentally, don't get yourself arrested to-day if you can help it. Have you ever been arrested? I forgot to ask."

"For speeding—once—yes, sir."

"Well, don't speed to-day, Mr. MacForth. I wouldn't want an overzealous police sergeant to find those necklaces in your pocket just now. Any more questions?"

"No, sir."

The older man opened the door marked Private and Jimmy found himself in the hall. A man was leaning against the wall outside. Jimmy looked at him and started to nod, but his nod froze at the other's blank nonrecognition.

"That's funny," said Jimmy to himself. "I've met that queer-looking duck somewhere. Wonder where?"

VII

THE home of Mrs. Peter Hammis was glowing with light, fragrant with roses and abuzz with laughter and chatter. It was one of those modern city houses of what is called the American-basement type, a broad house with spacious rooms, a trifle too ornate in the studied and costly simplicity of its furnishings perhaps, but as tasteful as such a city residence can be. The street door of glass and wrought iron opened into a small reception room, from which wide carpeted stairs led directly up to the second floor. Here were three great rooms, a music room in the center, a drawing-room at the front, a dining room at the rear; and these three rooms had been thrown together and cleared for the dance.

On the floor above was the library, with Mrs. Hammis' bedchamber and boudoir in the rear, these two more intimate rooms now being given over to the feminine guests, the one as a repository for furs and brilliant velvet wraps, the other as a powder magazine. The reception room on the ground floor had been transformed into a smoking room for the gentlemen; and here were laid out not only cigars and cigarettes for the men but also tiny gold-tipped, heavily scented cigarettes for the pleasure of any sex that might wish to try them. These little scented cigarettes were thus a sort of announcement of the canons of the establishment, and were so intended. They effectively took the place, as it were, of a printed card labeled House Rules informing those who cared to read it that ladies might smoke, and where. There were similar cigarettes, of course, and a number that weren't similar, in the whitewashing and tinting room on the third floor. Later a punch would be served in both the smoking room and the beauty parlor aloft. Here again would be demonstrated the unparalleled advantages of being a woman under our present urban civilization, for the men would have but one source of solace, and that not inviolate, while their silk and satin clad companions, if one may use the term clad, would have two.

Jimmy MacForth kept his eyes and ears wide open. He was hardly embarrassed at being there, for he had been dragged, more or less a stranger, to similar private dances before; in fact, this bringing in of outsiders, as long as they were trousered and not skirted, had apparently become something of a metropolitan custom. Men, particularly since the war, were scarce at the best.

John A. Hammis had simply said: "Genevieve, may I present Mr. MacForth, whose father I admired and with whom I have recently become connected in business? And, Dorothy—this is Mr. MacForth. I wanted him to meet you and your mother."

Mrs. Hammis gave Jimmy a fluttering hand, murmured something inaudible, and immediately began talking over his shoulder to a newcomer behind him. Jimmy was only too glad, for he could barely tear his eyes from the shimmering pearl necklace that challenged his gaze. The girl, smiling like a débutante across the cluster of American Beauties that nestled in the curve of her arm, was more gracious.

"Oh, I'm so glad Uncle Jack brought you," she said. "It isn't complimentary, but I was awfully afraid we weren't going to have enough men. Men usually don't like house dances like this, do you think?"

"I don't know, but I think I will," said Jimmy, and started to move on.

"Come back a little later," she called to him, "and I'll introduce you to all the girls. Uncle Jack, you know some of them. Take him round a little till I can leave my post." She turned at a nudge from her mother. "Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Freeland?"

"Want to meet some girls?" said the older man to Jimmy. "I know a few of them."

"I'd rather wait a few minutes, Mr. Hammis. I want to get my bearings first."

"All right, son. Take it easy. I'll give you plenty of time."

Jimmy sauntered downstairs to the smoking room to think. He picked up a cigarette, started to light it, then suddenly threw it down. It was one of the gold-tipped, scented ones. He seated himself miserably. Now that he was here his task seemed even less pleasant than it had before. That girl—she was a nice girl, all right. You couldn't exactly blame Mr. Hammis for being fond of her. Wait a minute! What could the whole idea be, anyhow? Mr. Hammis had said that it meant his niece's future. Jimmy couldn't connect it up at all. His brows knit, and he scowled more deeply. Then he heard the music and rose slowly to go upstairs.

At the head of the carpeted steps his white-haired patron met him.

"Better dance, son," he said. "Why not cut in on my niece? No—better not. That's her fiancé. Do you know him?"

"No, sir, I don't think so."

"You wouldn't," said the older man dryly. "He's not your kind." Jimmy looked puzzled. "I don't like him much,"

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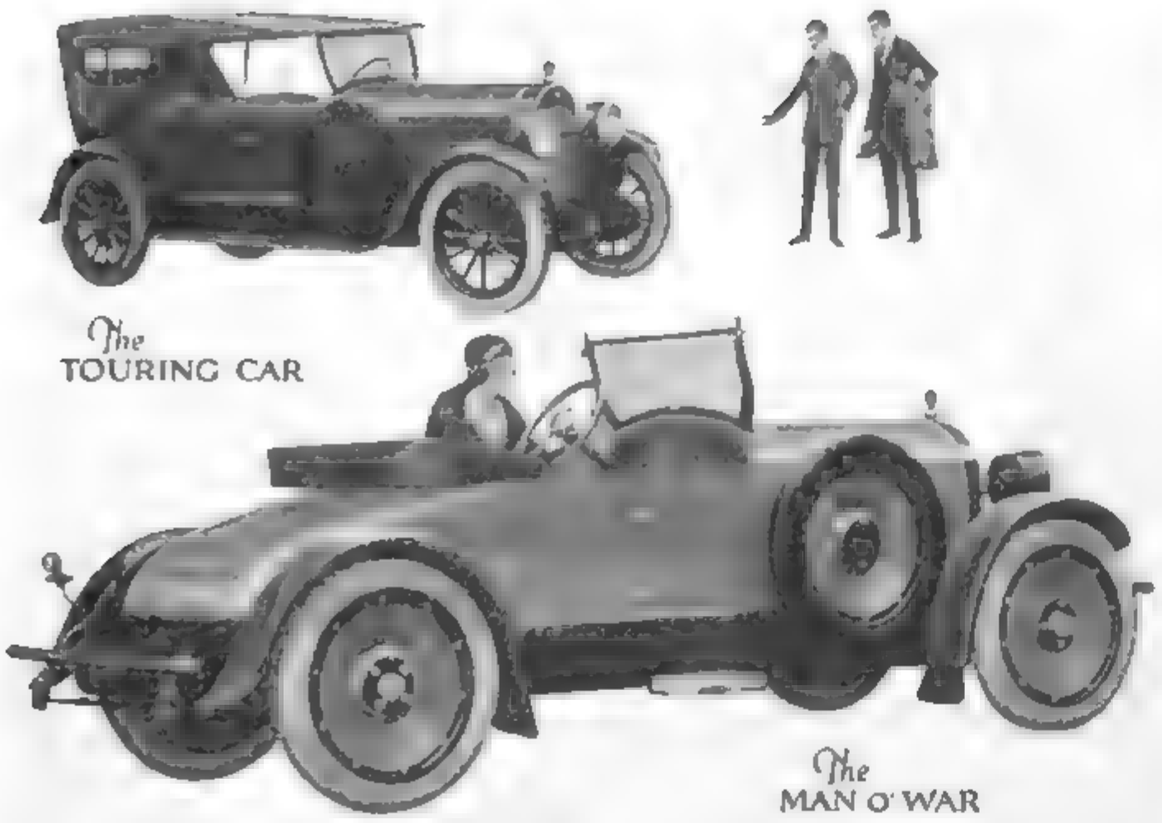

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DAVIS
"BUILT OF THE BEST"

John A. Hammis explained; "but, then, Dorothy's mother and I disagree on that—quite emphatically. Maybe I'm jealous. They say old men are."

Jimmy studied the girl's partner as the couple whirled in and out of the eddying press.

"I don't know, sir," he began uncertainly. The swarthy face, full lips and heavy figure of Cyril Radgleigh did not appeal to him, that was sure; but, then, what did it matter?

"I'm afraid I'm something of a sentimentalist," Mr. Hammis was saying. "I suppose I'm bound to feel that no man can ever be good enough for my niece. She's the only daughter I've ever had, you see."

"But they're engaged, aren't they?" said Jimmy.

The strong middle-aged lips came together in a hard straight line. The white-haired man bit out his words: "They're not married, though, Mr. MacForth."

Jimmy stared at John A. Hammis again. Then as the older man sauntered away he looked once more at the girl. Young she was, and slim, and as graceful as most of the girls in that room were not. He observed her eyes. They were darting about the room; now she nodded gayly to this one, now to that; but as far as he could see her glance did not meet her partner's.

"I wonder if she's really crazy about him?" Jimmy thought.

Then she caught Jimmy's own eye, and bobbed her head in recognition, and as she came near him she whirled out of her partner's grasp and stopped.

"You didn't come here to be a wall-flower," she laughed. "Oh, Cyril, this is Mr. MacForth—Mr. Radgleigh, my fiancé." The two men shook hands in the customary perfunctory manner of males being introduced by a woman. "Cyril, I'm going to ask Mr. MacForth to finish this with me—he doesn't know a soul."

"Well, now," began Jimmy, "I don't want ——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Radgleigh with a politely sulky smile. "See you later." And bowing, he withdrew.

"The most exciting thing has happened, Mr. MacForth!" chattered the girl as they swept away together. "What do you think? There's a detective here from Police Headquarters—don't look—that little man over in the corner with the funny mustache; he's looking our way now. He's supposed to be watching for somebody—he wouldn't say who it was or anything. Isn't it mysterious? And thrilling?"

Jimmy stumbled clumsily and blurted out an incoherent apology.

"I do hope nothing happens," said the girl, ignoring his erring feet.

"Me too," Jimmy agreed from his heart.

"It would be exciting, though, wouldn't it, Mr. MacForth? I think I almost do hope ——"

A stranger came ducking across the floor and said: "May I have the rest of this, Dorothy?"

Jimmy relinquished the girl, thanked her, restrained himself from thanking the young man who had interrupted the conversation, and made his way to the side of the room to mop his forehead. Presently he found John A. Hammis.

"There's a detective here, Mr. Hammis," he breathlessly announced.

"Didn't you know that, son? He's the man I told you about when you came to the hotel. He was there in the crowd; the little man with the twisted nose. We'll have to watch him, that's all. Here, come over and meet Alice Andrews, the girl in pink."

Jimmy followed him miserably.

At half past eleven John A. Hammis pulled out his watch and seemed to study it. The music was preparing to play for another dance, but in the high rattle of voices the light tuning of the violin was barely audible. The white-haired man nodded to himself, then beckoned Jimmy from across the room with a slight lift of his brows.

"As soon as the music gets well under way," he said, "you will go upstairs to the library and do your job. Mrs. Hammis, as you have noticed, is wearing the shorter, pinker string. That leaves you the white one to work with."

Jimmy could feel his knees trembling; he wondered if his face showed it.

"You've got the duplicate, haven't you?" the older man continued. "And you've memorized the combination? Good! Now I'll watch the stairs, my boy, and see, if I can, that nobody goes up until the end of the dance. Nobody has gone up or down for two dances, and the women are way in the rear. So everything's clear."

Jimmy jumped involuntarily as the orchestra, with a crash, broke into a rattling jazz tune. John A. Hammis put his arm about the boy's shoulder.

"Steady now, son," he cautioned. "I'm taking care of you. All right. Go ahead."

Jimmy turned and walked up the stairs.

John A. Hammis glanced at his watch again. Then as Dorothy swept by him he called out to her: "Will you give the rest of this one to your old uncle?"

She dismissed her partner with a smile and came over to him, looking up expectantly, like a child.

"I'm too old to dance," he said, "but not to talk. Are you having a good time, Pussy?"

"Wonderful!" she breathed.

"You kids!" he laughed. "By the way, what do you think of my young friend MacForth?"

"He's very nice," she ventured.

"He's of the best," her uncle asserted. "Some record too. Aviator—shot down twice on the other side, but managed to get back to our lines both times. Did he tell you?"

"Why, no."

"He wouldn't, of course." He paused thoughtfully, studying his watch. "Pussy dear, while you're here would you do a little errand for me—on the next floor? Could you leave your dance that long?"

"Of course, goosey," she mocked.

"I left a long envelope addressed with my name on the library table," said John A. Hammis. "Will you run up and get it for me? There's something I want you to see."

The girl darted up the steps, a flutter of sky-blue silk, waving back at him as she ran. John A. Hammis drew a long, long breath.

"He'll just about have it open," he thought. Then: "Lord help me now!" he muttered fervently.

VIII

JIMMY MACFORTH walked boldly from the head of the stairs toward the library. His knees were still going wabbly and his heart was beating like a riveting hammer, but he tried not to think of them. What he would say if someone was in the room, or, worse still, if someone came in while he was at his task, he did not know; he felt that it would be better to trust to luck, as he had trusted to luck in tight places before. That time, for instance, when the aileron of his left wing had burst into flame from an incendiary bullet. He was eight thousand feet up then, with a German plane spattering at him from below. There were no rules to go by, but he instinctively side-slipped to the right, keeping that licking sheet of fire trailing up and away from the tip of his left plane; and somehow or other, just before the flame reached his fuselage, he managed to land. After that, he had decided, he could afford to take the cards of Fate more or less as they were dealt to him, play his hand on the spot as it might be allotted.

Jimmy paused a moment at the library door, swept the interior of the room with a hurried glance, thanked his stars that it was empty, noted with relief that the mantelpiece was somewhat hidden from the hallway by the door at his hand, and then slipped in. The portrait swung on its hinges as his patron had predicted; the gleaming knob of the wall safe turned swiftly under his fingers. He shoved his hand into the aperture, drew out a japanned iron box, opened it, found a small packet of tissue paper, clumsily tore it apart—and was suddenly aware that the necklace he sought was dangling in his clutch. He blinked at it a second, hesitated, then reached into the right hip pocket of his trousers. He must be quick!

The light swift cadence of running footsteps sounded from the hall. Startled, he turned. And as he did so Dorothy Hammis, still aflutter, her cheeks glowing, burst into the room.

She brought herself up suddenly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. Then her eyes widened, her jaw dropped. "Wha-what—what ——"

Jimmy MacForth dropped his hands limply at his sides.

"I don't understand!" the girl pressed. "What are you doing here? What's that in your hand?"

Jimmy held it out to her, misery in his eyes.

(Continued on Page 56)

Your boy

will eat almost anything that tastes good

But you know that you must satisfy his hungry appetite with food that means his health and happiness and future well-being.

We, as makers of foods, share your responsibility for the health of your youngsters. It is a sobering responsibility. It makes purity and goodness a matter of principle to us.

Every one of our loyal workers feels in honor bound to prepare Heinz foods just as carefully as you prepare things in your own kitchen for your own children to eat.

H. J. Heinz Company

(Continued from Page 54)

"My mother's pearls!" she affirmed. "Where did you get this?"

The boy, tongue-tied, nodded toward the open safe.

"You were—stealing them?" Her eyes were incredulous, but her voice was hard.

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"Put them back," she commanded sternly.

Jimmy's eyes dulled. He coiled the necklace mechanically, stuck it gingerly into the opening in the wall, closed the safe, twirled the knob, swung the portrait back into its place, wiped the palms of his hands together and turned unhappily to the girl.

"Well," she demanded briskly, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," the boy mumbled.

The girl drew herself up disdainfully.

"You!" she indicted. "Here as a guest—my uncle's guest—our guest—a common burglar! Oh, I should think you would die with shame!"

His head dropped. "I wish I could," he muttered.

"Yes, now that you're caught, of course you do. What do you think my uncle will say? What do you think the police will say? That detective—he was here for you. Oh, I'm so mortified." She hesitated, studying him.

Jimmy stood there, nothing if not disconsolate.

When she had met him he had seemed tall, crisply cut, ramrod-straight in his evening clothes. Now he just dangled, and his face was beet red.

"I suppose you would call yourself a gentleman burglar," she went on, her voice all scorn.

He forced a weak smile.

"As a burglar I am not much of a success, Miss Hammis. And I certainly am not a gentleman."

"You certainly are not," she agreed, and directly hated herself for the faint qualm of pity that stung her as she saw his new grimace of shame.

"And you were an aviator," she scoffed. "Were you?"

He nodded.

"Were you an officer?"

"Yes."

"An officer in the United States Army—a thief," said the girl as if to herself. Then: "You can't be a thief," she shot at him. "Are you?"

"I never have been before, Miss Hammis, but I guess I am now."

She faced him a moment, flushed, her two fists clenched, her breath coming fast, and all Jimmy could think of was how splendid she looked.

"I'm going to call my uncle," she declared, and turned toward the door. Then she wheeled swiftly back.

"Someone is coming," she hurriedly whispered. "You mustn't be found like this. Here—get behind that curtain."

Jimmy got.

He heard footsteps come into the room, then a voice:

"Excuse me, Miss—Miss—now—Hammis. I was just wandering round. Er—was there anybody in here just now?"

"Nobody but me," came her reply.

Followed a pause, then the man's voice again: "Are you sure? Dead sure?"

"Of course I am!"

"How long you been here?"

"Why—ten minutes, anyway."

"All right, Miss—Miss Hammia. I'm just lookin' round. That's my business, you know." The man laughed. "All right," he said again.

For what seemed minutes Jimmy heard no sound. He wondered dully if the intruder had gone. What was going to happen? Then came the girl's voice.

"You may come out now," she said.

The boy stepped from behind the curtain, blinking in the light, his thoughts too tumultuous to record themselves upon his whirling brain. He stood there woodenly as the girl flung her scorching gaze at him.

"My uncle will decide what to do," she informed him curtly. "I lied to that detective. I—I—you are still a guest in my house. But if you knew how I felt toward you you wouldn't be grateful. You'd be ashamed—ashamed!" Her head was back, her eyes flashing.

"I am," said Jimmy.

The girl raised her head still higher.

"You may go downstairs," she commanded, "and get your hat and coat—and get out of this house." She pointed at the door and whipped out two more words: "Get out!"

Jimmy did not look around, but he could still see her, standing there as he imagined a queen might stand, proudly erect, her face flushed, her eyes gleaming scorn, her arm extended, her finger stretched out straight at his retreating back. A manservant gave him his hat and coat.

■

JOHN A. HAMMIS was waiting at the foot of the stairs when Dorothy came down. From a far corner he had watched the boy make his descent and his exit, and searching the youngster's face with his gaze he now found himself thoroughly worried. That was a pretty tough proposition he had put the boy up against; far too tough perhaps. For the first time a real uncertainty gripped him, left him cold. And now came the girl. He saw that she was quivering and that her face was drawn.

"Oh, Uncle Jack," she panted, "come somewhere where I can talk to you, alone. No—not up in the library! I never want to go into that room again. Here—let's go in the big telephone closet under the stairs." She was already dragging him by the hand.

"Uncle Jack," she began when the door had closed on them, "that man you brought—Mr. MacForth—he's—he's a—I found him alone in the room upstairs with the safe open and with mother's pearls in his hands. He—he was stealing them! He said so himself."

"Great heavens, Pussy," said John A. Hammis, "I can't believe it!"

"It's true," the girl insisted; "it's true! He's a thief! Isn't that horrible?"

"I can't believe it," her uncle repeated.

"But I saw him," said the girl. "I made him put them back—right back in the safe."

"He put them back, did he?" was the man's comment.

"Yes, and that detective came up, and I didn't know what to do. I wanted you. So I made Mr. MacForth, or whatever his name is, get behind the curtains and I told the detective he wasn't there, so he went away again—the detective did. I didn't know what to do. And then I was so mad that I told him to get out of the house."

"Who, Pussy? The detective?"

"No, no; the other one. And here I am, right off. Oh, Nunky, what shall we do?"

"Why, we'll have him arrested immediately," said her uncle soberly; "and then we'll prosecute him and send him to state's prison."

The girl dropped her eyes and began picking at a thread of silk in her lap.

"But he really didn't steal it, Uncle Jack," she finally observed. "He put it back." She hesitated. "Nunky, was he really an aviator?"

"Yes, Pussy, he really was. And he had a wonderful record for bravery and gallantry on the other side. That's why I can't believe he'd do a thing like this. Don't you think, Pussy, that there might be something behind it—some reason or something that he can't explain? Wasn't there anything peculiar about the way he acted? Or something?"

The girl pursed her lips.

"I don't know," she replied at last. "All I know is that I was never so angry or so upset in my life."

Her uncle let a half smile twist his mouth.

"I think we'd better have him arrested just the same, Pussy," he said.

"Do you think so, Uncle Jack?"

"You saw it," the elderly man answered. "The decision is for you to make. I'll do whatever you say."

Her face drooped.

"Please don't make me, Nunky. You know more about those things than I do. I'd hate to be responsible for—for prison and all that. And if he's the kind of man you say he is—oh, it seems so horrible, such a shame!"

Her uncle patted her on the back.

"Forget it now, Pussy," he said kindly. "I'll take care of you, you know that. Call me up at the office in the morning when you feel better. Come on now! Don't forget this is your dance, Pussy."

She rose reluctantly as he opened the door.

"Oh, bother!" she said under her breath. "There's Cyril looking for me now."

For the first time in days her uncle really smiled.

■

WHEN the last guest had gone, when no one was left but Briggs the butler and a small flock of caterer's menials which he shooed before him as if he were either a March wind or a distracted hen, or both, Dorothy Hammis, tired-eyed, kissed her mother good night. Her frock of fair sky blue, lately so crisp, was now as limp and weary as the girl herself. Dorothy looked at her mother momentarily with a touch of purely feminine envy, for the older woman, always skillfully powdered and coifed, a professional by long apprenticeship in the arduous business of pleasing the eye, gave every evidence of being entirely prepared to start the whole evening over again at a minute's notice.

"It went off very well, didn't it?" Mrs. Hammis observed as they ascended the stairs.

"Beautifully, mother," said the girl. "Do you think everybody had a good time?"

"Of course they did. And so many more came than I really expected. So many people congratulated me, and everybody said how happy you are going to be."

"Yes, mother."

"I can't get over Cyril's dancing, Dorothy. He has such a presence. You make the most adorable couple. Everybody spoke about it."

"They naturally would, mother—wouldn't they?"

"Now, Dorothy, please don't begin again!" They had reached the head of the stairs and Mrs. Hammis was turning toward the door of her boudoir. "Do you mind putting these away for me, darling?" she asked, languidly lifting her arms and unclasping the heavy rope of pearls from about her neck. "I'm so tired, and Madeleine is waiting for me."

"Of course, mother."

"Good night, dear. To-night is the beginning of so many good times for you."

"Good night, mother."

The girl took the pearls and went slowly into the library. Exactly what she expected to find she did not know, but she was somewhat confused to discover the room exactly as she had left it. Inside the doorway she paused, her heart thumping. She could almost see him standing there, that tall straight boy in evening dress, his head hanging with mortification, the necklace dangling from his fingers. There was no question about it; he had been humiliated. The memory of his voice came to her, deeply resonant, yet far away as he spoke, and so hopeless. Then came the recollection of her own voice sounding in her own ears, and of the words she had said, every syllable. She flushed; perhaps she had been too scathing. No, she hadn't! He was a thief, and she had only told him the truth. How she despised him! She bit her lip, then tossed her head sharply, as if to shake the memory of it all from her eyes and ears.

The portrait of her great-grandfather swung out on its hinges, as it had swung since she had known it. The knob of the safe twirled, the solid little door opened. Then suddenly she was glad that her mother had given her the pearls to put away, for in the black little cavity before her eyes there gleamed a coiled mass of iridescence, just where the boy had dropped it, unwrapped, out of its customary protective box. Dorothy found the crumpled tissue paper at her feet. She hastily infolded both necklaces, laid them in their familiar resting places, closed the safe, swung the portrait against the wall, and then, suddenly seized by a nameless panic, gathered her skirts about her knees, bolted up the next flight of stairs to her own bedroom and slammed the door.

For a long time she stood, doing nothing, thinking of nothing; then she slowly unfastened her once so brave little frock, climbed out of it daintily, laid it tenderly across the back of a chair, and seated herself at the mirror of her dressing table, its softly shaded twin lamps framing her face in a suffusion of cheerful gold. Here, at last, she could think.

As she loosened her hair Dorothy reached out with her left hand and lifted from its entourage of cut-glass bottles and ivory toilet articles the silver-framed photograph of Cyril Radgleigh, which had been thus intimately gazing at her for the last month with its look of self-satisfaction and confidence. At times she had rather liked that look; it was at least manful, she would urge herself to think. Now she took the picture in both hands, heedlessly letting her hair cascade about her shoulders, and scrutinized it. How long she sat there that way she did not know, because she was not thinking about time. She leaned back, until presently her hands, still holding the photograph, dropped slowly until they nested in the billows of lace and ribbon which formed her lap.

Finally, entirely unconscious of herself, Dorothy sighed.

"He's just the kind," she said aloud, "that some nice girl could make everything out of."

She did not know that she spoke. She particularly did not know that she spoke to the photograph in her two hands. For though she was looking straight into the pictured eyes of Cyril Radgleigh she did not see those eyes. She was looking through them, beyond them. If an angel had come along just then and substituted a sheet of blank paper for the photograph in the silver frame Dorothy Hammis would never have noticed it.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mount Moran, Jackson Lake, Wyoming

PUMPS

INDUSTRIAL · AGRICULTURAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

Our Daily Bread
—*from Goulds Pumps*

A FAMINE in this country is unthinkable. That dread has been removed by nation-wide distribution of foodstuffs, with supplies brought from every part of the world and prepared by quantity production methods in our greatest industry.

Goulds Pumps have had much to do with the development of quantity production, and they are vital to it, since so much food is liquid or involves liquids in its preparation.

Goulds Pumps have pre-eminently the characteristic essential to continuous quantity production—reliability over a long period of years.

This has been proved by the records of Goulds Pumps in every division of the food industry. Goulds Pumps by the thousand pump everything liquid or semi-liquid, from bread dough to cider, from molasses to consommé, moving food ingredients from one process to the next with the utmost cleanliness, regularity and speed.

Goulds engineers have had unusual opportunity to become expert in pumping methods applied to quantity production of food products. Their knowledge is available to anyone interested.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING CO.
SENECA FALLS *(Established 1848)* NEW YORK
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
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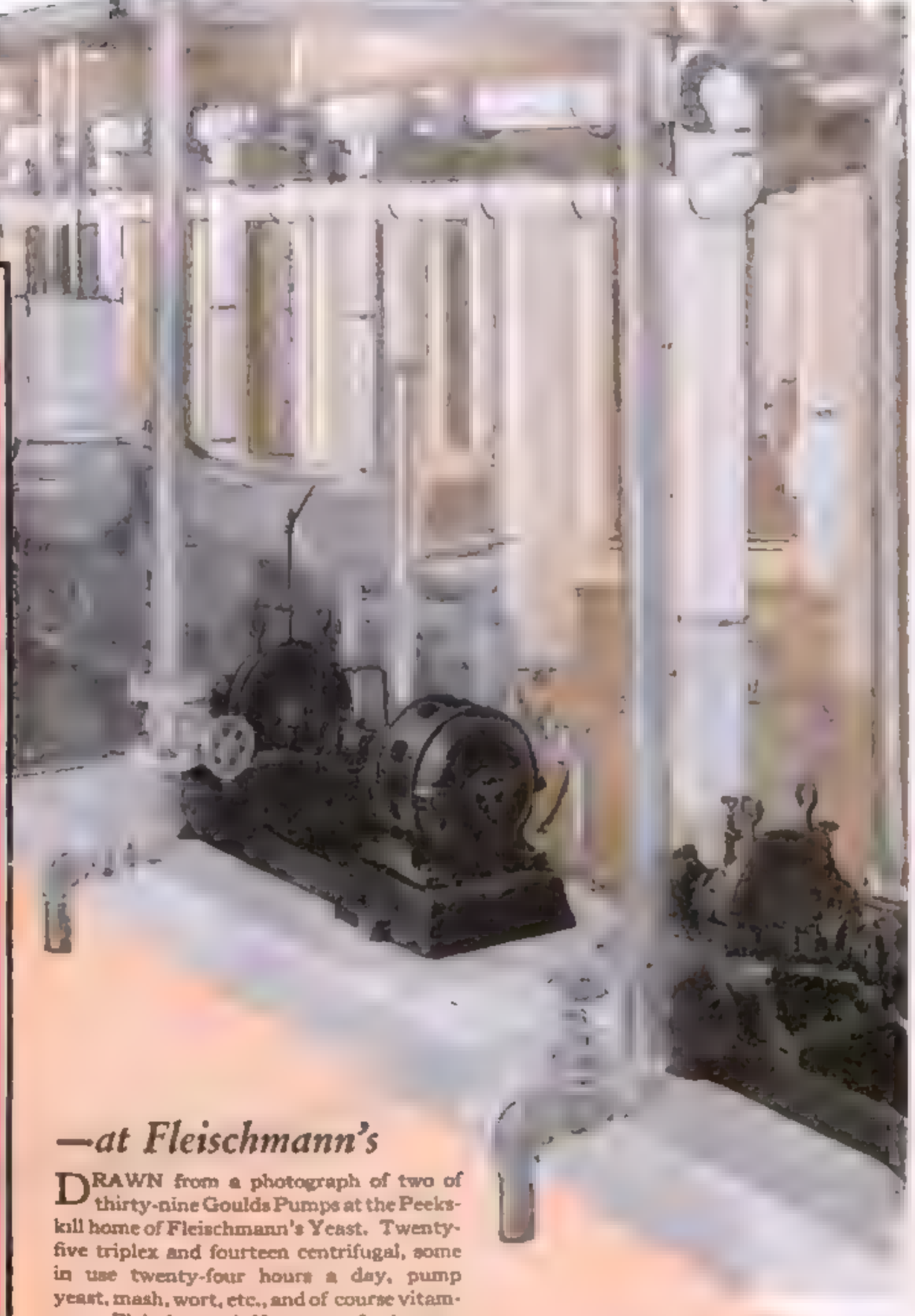

—*at Fleischmann's*

DRAWN from a photograph of two of thirty-nine Goulds Pumps at the Peekskill home of Fleischmann's Yeast. Twenty-five triplex and fourteen centrifugal, some in use twenty-four hours a day, pump yeast, mash, wort, etc., and of course vitamines. Fleischmann's Yeast goes fresh every day to ten million customers. Goulds Pumps have much to do with the continuous quantity production that must necessarily back up such enormous distribution.

GOULDS

MO

Serve it to your family
once and they'll want it
served regularly!

RRIS

Good bacon—makes breakfast a success. Once tried, your family will insist on Morris Supreme.

Supreme Bacon

Like all Morris Supreme foods it is packed under the famous Morris yellow and black label—the mark of quality.

MORRIS & COMPANY

Packers and Provisioners

Paris Garters work for you 16 hours a day

3000 Hours of Solid Comfort

THE PARIS Garter trade mark is an emblem to men everywhere of 3,000 Hours of Solid Comfort. It symbolizes supremacy in garter comfort, value and service.

Invest a moment to ask for PARIS Garters and you can be sure of trim socks and happy legs for months and months. See the PARIS figure on the box before you buy.

More men than ever are wearing PARIS Garters in silk at 50c and up. Have you tried them?

A. STEIN & COMPANY
MAKERS
Children's **HICKORY** Garters
Chicago New York

Single Grip Paris 35c and up

Double Grip Paris 50c and up

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
35c and up

"ARMAGEDEON"

(Continued from Page 13)

them for two or three years to a still harder struggle in this puzzling game of keeping up appearances. Still, he might hesitate. Harvey wasn't really a man of stern decisiveness; he only liked to seem so.

She went upstairs—ran up—and attacked Lydia's mending. Harvey's and Joe's she had finished before dinner. Her own could wait. But on her way she picked up a letter that the postman must have tossed in on the hall table while they were at dinner. It was from the bank, and could only mean that the second of the three notes Harvey had given in part payment for the car would be due in a week or so. In all her calculations she had forgotten that. She put it now on the bureau where he would have to see it when he took off his collar and tie and laid his stick pin down. He always laid the pin on that spot.

Mending, unhappily, left her mind free for thinking; and after putting Joe to bed and kissing him good night she found herself thinking wide and far and fast. Finally she put the basket aside, opened her desk and went straight at the pile of bills. It had been her habit to consider these in a spirit of vague anxiety, but now she was aware of a new detachment. It was even a coldness. She couldn't longer blindly lean on Harvey's judgment. This thing had happened in her mind—to-day—almost with a click.

There were so appallingly many bills. He was a little behind at each of his three clubs in the city, and at the town and country clubs here in Coventry. And there was his college club down in New York; he was posted there; and she didn't see how they could owe so much at the garage, even if part of it was left over from the old car.

Harvey wouldn't come straight back. Most likely he'd stop at Henry Ames'. Henry had a little Scotch left, and he and Harvey were deep in a scheme to get more. Henry thought he knew of some at only a hundred dollars a case. Harvey and she never spoke of this sort of thing in their more private talks, but he liked to joke about it when neighbors were in.

Harvey came in toward eleven. She lay back motionless against the pillows, listening while he put the car up and closed the sliding door of the garage and then came in at the side door and locked it after him. She heard him moving about from window to window. Then at the foot of the stairs he paused to light a match. He always did that. His last cigar of the day carried him just comfortably through his rather deliberate preparations for bed. Every morning she cleaned the ash tray on the bureau. Their bedroom never wholly lost the odor of stale tobacco smoke. It would be hovering in the morning about his clothes and hers, and about the closet curtains, and he always flicked ashes on the rug, which she took up every morning with the sweeper.

He was coming up the stairs. When he entered the room she knew that she was going to speak out; knew it so deeply that she delayed, not in fear, but in the hope that he would speak first. But he didn't. With an appearance of carelessness he even moved aside the letter from the bank as he laid his pin down.

She said then, "You'd better look at that, Harvey."

He turned as if in surprise; then picked up the envelope, turned it over, tore it open and considered the printed slip within. As he moved nearer the light to read it she noted that his color was higher than normal about and just below the temples. This meant that he had had a few drinks. In spirit she was tolerant enough about that, but it wasn't going to make the present situation easier to handle. Still he wouldn't say anything—just replaced the notice in the envelope and tossed it on the bureau.

"Harvey," she said now in a very quiet voice, "what are we going to do about that?"

"It isn't due for two weeks," he replied shortly. "Suppose you just leave it to me."

"But how are you going to pay it?"

It was at this question that he whirled about and confronted her; raised his voice as he did when he ranted about the Bolsheviki or Woodrow Wilson.

"See here! What would you think of a business house that pulled in its horns and admitted failure just because business is bad for everybody—for everybody? I tell you, we're all in the same boat! We've all got to hold our heads up—keep things going! God knows I've tried to make you see the thing with some sense of proportion. It's this inability to keep a broad problem in mind, narrowing everything down to the personal—feminine reasoning ——"

He was fairly at it now. She wished he'd lower his voice. She couldn't see what all these generalities had to do with their problem. Again she found herself listening.

"I don't suppose you're deliberately setting about it to spoil my little holiday, Grace, but I know what's in your mind. You think I shouldn't have bought that rod. Oh, yes, you do! I tell you a man who's in the city there every day fighting to hold his head up has to relax a little now and then or he'll snap."

"Harvey, how are we going to pay that note?"

"Oh, the bank'll renew. I'll talk to Herrick in the morning on my way to the station. He'll be glad enough to get his 6 per cent."

"How do you know he will?"

"Oh, see here now! I can pay it if he gets nasty. I've got a Liberty Bond left. Won't have to take much of a loss on it."

"Oh, Harvey!" she breathed.

He went on undressing, breathing hard and throwing down his shoes angrily. Then he went to the bathroom, and she heard him splashing about. He returned, a rumple-haired figure in pajamas, relighting the stump of his cigar and scowling nervously.

"I suppose," he offered, clearing his throat, "you're still worried about the Kent place too."

"Yes, I am."

"You may as well know exactly what I said to Jim."

He stood with feet braced apart; removed his cigar and held it up and stared at it. He seemed now, to the mother in her, as she closely watched him, like a defiant child. Behind this scowling mask was the boy she had married. Oh, they had had high hopes! Lydia had seemed a miracle in her babyhood and girlhood, and Fred a prayer. If she didn't look out she'd be crying in a minute.

"I'm going to tell you right now. I told him to see Mrs. Kent Sunday, and if she'd agree to do what we want I'd talk seriously with him Monday night; told him to come and talk it over with you and me here. Now that we've got this straight at last, let's see if we can't stop this damn pulling-down atmosphere. All this family needs is fighting spirit—morale." He had picked up that word during the war. "Thing to do is to keep up a front."

In the morning she drove him to the station; waited quietly outside the bank while he talked with Mr. Herrick. Through the wide window she could see them talking; Mr. Herrick at his desk behind the railing, Harvey leaning over; and she saw Mr. Herrick shake his head.

Harvey went on with her to the station without a word, and she knew that their last Liberty Bond was gone.

Back at home, before getting breakfasts for Fred and Lydia, she went up to her room and got out her own private tin box. Within were seven bonds, worth a good deal less than before the war, but still of value. They represented all that her father had been able to leave her. Next she carefully listed up the unpaid bills and footed the column. To pay them all would take more than the full value, at current prices, of two of the seven bonds, and the Kent place could easily devour the remaining five within the first year. She considered this sacrifice; then acting on what seemed a wild impulse went down to the telephone and called up M. J. Dunn.

VI

DINNERTIME on Monday found the whole Whitall family about the table at the same moment for the first time since the beginning evening of Fred's spring vacation. Fred was moody, Lydia demure, Joe silent, Mr. Whitall slightly puzzled and inclined to glance almost suspiciously at one and the other, even as he hungered to tell of his outing. The young people, of course, wouldn't be interested in it. He sensed that—was unhappy about it. On the spot he decided to spend the following evening at that club where certain eager disciples of Walton always lingered to listen and talk.

(Continued on Page 63)

Whitman's
Quality Group

THE SAMPLER—A happy selection from ten other popular packages of Whitman's.

NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED—For many tastes nut meats, carefully hand picked, blended with Whitman's Chocolate are the ideal confections.

PLEASURE ISLAND PACKAGE—A quaint and curious idea expressing the value of the chocolates in the symbol of a pirate's treasure chest.

A FUSSY PACKAGE—Selected chocolates with nut, caramel and other "chewey" centers. Contains no creams.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES—A medley of good things in an artistic metal box.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES—The package, containing a wide assortment, that first made Whitman's famous, back in 1842.

THE LIBRARY PACKAGE—Shaped like a book bound in hand buffed green and gold. The contents please every student of sweets.

These await your pleasure in the nearby selected store which is the Whitman agency and receives its supplies direct from Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St.
Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South

Whitman's Super Extra Chocolates

Whitman's

Whitman's Sampler Chocolates & Confections

Whitman's NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED AND NUT COMBINATIONS

The Franklin Standard of Demonstration
50 to 500 Miles—or More

It is not necessary to accept either our statements or the word-of-mouth confirmation of a Franklin owner. Let the car itself tell the story—the unvarnished story of performance now twenty years old.

We have laid out this demonstration plan to show anyone who wants to know—that motoring can be comfortable, free from trouble, and economical. Call upon any one of our 500 dealers any time. It will pay you to know this car.

FRANKLIN

The Differences Back of the Outstanding Performance of Today's Franklin

Case-Hardened Crankshaft
Outlasts any other three shafts. The only car with this big endurance feature. Seven main bearings (instead of the usual three) reduce vibration.

Direct Air Cooling—No Water
More efficient, weighs less, has 177 fewer parts. Does away with radiator troubles, cuts routine care, allows chassis flexibility, reduces carbon.

Laminated Wood Frame
More costly to build, but lighter, stronger and more shock-absorbing than steel. Increases comfort, permits wheels to conform to road without straining body.

Four-Point Body Suspension
Here again is flexibility, to a degree imposable with body rigidly bolted to frame the entire length. Prevents squeaks and strains.

Two-Point Spring Suspension
See what this does to rigidity, the enemy of comfort, safety and long life. No noisy shackle bolts.

No Torque Tubes or Strut Rods
Another contribution to flexibility. Allows springs to absorb jar of starting, stopping and road jolts. Also eliminates unnecessary weight and noise.

Full-Elliptic Springs
Give almost twice the usual spring movement. Deaden road shocks. More costly than semi-elliptic or other kinds, but important for comfort. Absorb the forces that cause skidding.

Light Unsprung Weight
Less weight below springs than any other car. Reduces reaction of road roughness against tires, body and passengers.

Scientific Light Weight
Quality materials of great strength properly used to equalize stress. Lessens load, distributes it evenly. Lengthens tire life, gives comfort, easy handling and economy.

Generous Use of Aluminum
In body, engine base and oil pan, rear axle housing, etc. Saves 440 lbs. in enclosed types, 350 in open. Costs 800% more than materials it replaces. A big factor in Franklin light weight and quality.

Tubular Front Axle
Made of drawn steel tubing. More expensive to produce, but is stronger, lighter and free from hidden flaws.

Non-Stalling Engine
A cowl switch does it. No pushing of pedals—no meshing of gears. A powerful safety factor.

Carburetor Adjustable From Dash
Carburetor adjustment possible with car in motion, meeting varying conditions. Prevents gasoline waste, insures maximum power.

Cold Weather Starting Devices
Strong starter, improved electric vaporizer, closed circuit ignition system—hotter spark. Makes starting instant, easy and dependable, regardless of temperature.

Patented Long-Type Aluminum Pistons
Combine advantages of cast iron and of ordinary aluminum types. Silent, longer-wearing, allow higher engine compression, quick acceleration. Reduce carbon.

Elimination of Grease Cups
Wick oiling eliminates all but three, which are easily reached. Lightens routine care, guards against damage due to neglect.

Pressure Oiling to Bearings
Makes oiling positive, constant and equal—not a matter of chance. Saves many repair bills.

New Use of Drop Forgings
In load-carrying parts. Increases endurance, saves repair bills. The first car to embody this advance in construction.

Safer Braking System
Service and emergency brake areas separated, insuring cool brakes. Service brake on transmission acts through differential equally on both wheels. Multiplies breaking force, prevents skidding.

Automatic Spark Control
Relieves the driver of guessing. Insures correct timing at all speeds. Saves engine—saves gasoline.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
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50% slower yearly depreciation
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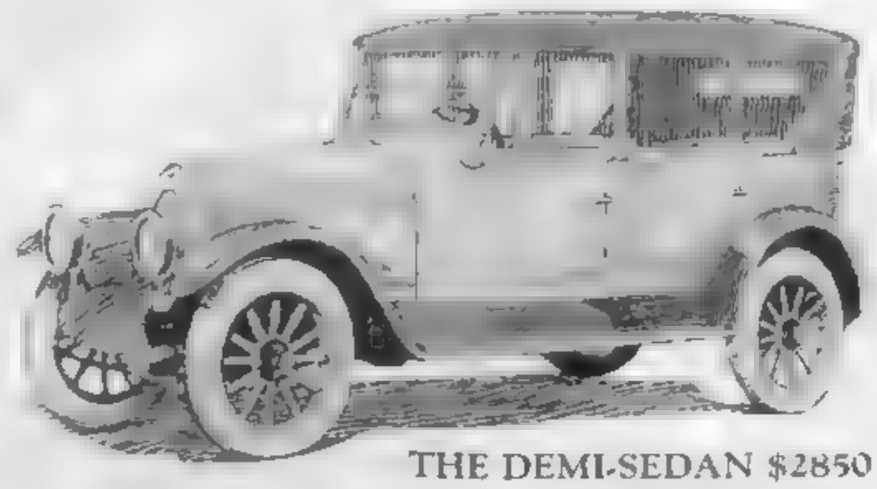

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(Continued from Page 60)

He was, it was immediately to transpire, a little out of tune with the family, or the family was out of tune with him. It was this thought that moved him to try to correct a rasping manner as he remarked; "I must say, it's an unexpected pleasure to have you all home. What's the matter?"

"I don't know that we're exactly here for pleasure," replied Lydia, with a nervous quickness like her father's.

Fred merely looked gloomily up, then dropped his gaze again. He was twisting his fork round and round.

"Oh, for heaven's sake leave that fork alone!" cried Lydia. "You make me nervous."

"If you can't contribute any more than this to the family atmosphere, Lydia," said her father sternly, "why are you here at all?"

"Ask mamma," was the girl's instant reply. "She ordered me to stay."

"Oh," mused the head of the house in the same stern voice, but more puzzled and uncomfortable, "she ordered you!"

Mrs. Whitall was bringing in the roast, and heard this. She felt her husband's troubled eyes upon her, but without a word placed the roast before him and took her seat at the other end of the table. She was not sorry to have the difficult beginning of the situation brought about quickly. Indeed, the head of the house was already addressing her, with his fork stuck into the roast and the first slice cut nearly through. He was of the sort who talk while carving and let the food cool.

"May I ask"—you'd have thought it was town meeting—"may I ask what all this mystery means?"

She opened her napkin and spread it across her lap, smoothed the tablecloth before her, and for just a moment looked thoughtfully again at those slightly reddened but capable hands; then briskly lifted her eyes.

"It means," she replied, "that I've bought the cottage next to the Dunn farm. In about three weeks I shall be opening a tea house there. Think I'll call it the Cottage Tea House."

Then she waited.

"Am I to understand this"—Mr. Whitall speaking, the roast cooling—"as meaning that you propose to live there?"

Mrs. Whitall: "Yes. Oh, I shall sleep here for a while longer—all I can. I shall be pretty busy."

Lydia: "That dirty little brown place?"

Mrs. Whitall: "I'm going to have it painted white."

Fred: "And how are we to live?"

Mrs. Whitall: "I don't know."

Mr. Whitall, laying down the carving knife and leaving the fork standing high out of the roast: "You don't know?"

Lydia: "You may as well give us some meat, papa. Man cannot live by argument alone."

Mr. Whitall, resuming his task: "And may I ask—in making this purchase, if you really have made it—what you used for money?"

Mrs. Whitall: "My own bonds."

Lydia: "Is anybody going to live there with you?"

Mrs. Whitall: "Yes. Joe."

Mr. Whitall, in a sudden fury, to Joe: "Then you knew about this? Your mother has chosen you as her confidant?"

Joe, with quivering lip, but stoutly: "I'm going with mamma."

Mr. Whitall, bitingly: "Oh, you are!"

Fred, muttering: "The Œdipus complex."

Mr. Whitall: "What's that, young man? I won't have any nonsense here! Not from any of you! We may as well understand first as last that I'm the head of this house!"

Fred, muttering again: "The inferiority complex."

Lydia giggled here.

Mr. Whitall: "What's that?"

Fred: "Nothing, sir, but my private thoughts."

Mr. Whitall: "Then keep them to yourself."

Lydia, both elbows on the table, pretty chin resting on clasped hands: "Now really—if I can get a word in—this is all rather perplexing. I've always been given to understand that one of the principal reasons for this family's existence was as a protection to me. Girls do have to be protected, don't they? And now if mamma walks out on us, what's to become of me?"

Mr. Whitall, roaring: "There! There's your own daughter speaking! What have you to say to that?"

Lydia: "Meantime, papa—really—a little meat."

Mrs. Whitall: "I've considered that."

Mr. Whitall: "Oh, you have?"

Mrs. Whitall: "Yes. As it stands now, we haven't the slightest control over Lydia. She is of no use whatever at home, and she does as she pleases outside. How are we to know who she's riding with evenings, or dancing and smoking and drinking with?"

Lydia, hotly: "You might ask me, you know."

Mrs. Whitall: "Lydia, dear, I have thought of you. As that cottage stands now there are two small bedrooms. You can have one of them if ——"

Lydia: "Oh, I can have one small bedroom in the Dunn cottage! That's so kind of you!"

Mrs. Whitall, continuing: "If you're willing to take hold and pay your way. I've got to have some help there. If you'll work as any girl I hire would have to work, and do it cheerfully, I'll pay you what the work is worth in the market."

Lydia: "Oh, you will? You will? How awfully sweet of you!"

Mr. Whitall, banging the table: "I tell you this is all damn nonsense! I'm head of ——"

At this point the doorbell rang. Lydia, pursing her lips, hurried out there, but returned with a disappointed expression, saying, "It's Jim Barber with a big envelope."

Mr. Whitall sprang to his feet with such nervous abruptness that a spoon clattered to the floor; then stood glaring at his wife:

"You see the predicament you've got me into, Grace. I trust you are enjoying it!"

Mrs. Whitall: "I'm not enjoying it at all, Harvey, and I didn't get you into it."

Mr. Whitall: "You did!"

Mrs. Whitall: "Not at all. I've been trying my hardest to keep you out of it."

Mr. Whitall: "What am I to say to Jim?"

Mrs. Whitall: "I don't know. I only know that I'm not going into the Kent place."

Mr. Whitall: "But, good God ——"

Fred: "Oh, really, people, if we've got to go through with this painful experience, at least let's hold onto what small tradition of decent restraint we may have in the family."

Mr. Whitall strode out into the hall.

Fred: "Primogeniture may have gone out pretty much in this disorderly world, but at least I may as well take up the responsibility of carving."

He began doing so. A moment later they heard the screen door slam, and then Jim Barber's heavy feet on the front steps. But Mr. Whitall didn't return to the dining room; instead he went upstairs, and from certain curious stamping and dragging sounds appeared to be moving things around up there.

Fred, over his food, broke a silence: "I've hesitated to ask, mamma, where you figure me in on this interesting situation."

Mrs. Whitall: "I'm rather puzzled about you, Fred."

Fred: "Oh, indeed?"

Mrs. Whitall: "The builder tells me it would be easy to add a one-story wing to the cottage. If you care to pitch in and help build it you'll have a place to sleep before we give up this house."

Fred: "Carpenter work?"

Mrs. Whitall: "You've had six years of manual training. Why not use it?"

Fred: "Really ——"

Lydia, in the doorway: "I'll leave you to settle it as you like. You may be a carpenter, Fred; but I'm certainly not a kitchen mechanic. If I'm thrown out of home I can always take to visiting around for a while. Perhaps then somebody'll come along to take care of me. I should worry." And she went out.

Fred, after a second helping of beef, which he ate with an air of gloomy grandeur, wandered out too. Finally Mr. Whitall descended the front stairs and went out. Later, upstairs, his wife found that he had moved his things into the spare room.

She said then to Joe, who had snuggled into his father's bed, "I may have started something constructive, or I may have just spilled the beans."

"It looks like Armageddeon to me," said Joe.

VII

IT SEEMED odd, even to herself, that she could smile at this. An hour later she couldn't smile. Though even then, lying very still and gazing with staring eyes

(Continued on Page 66)

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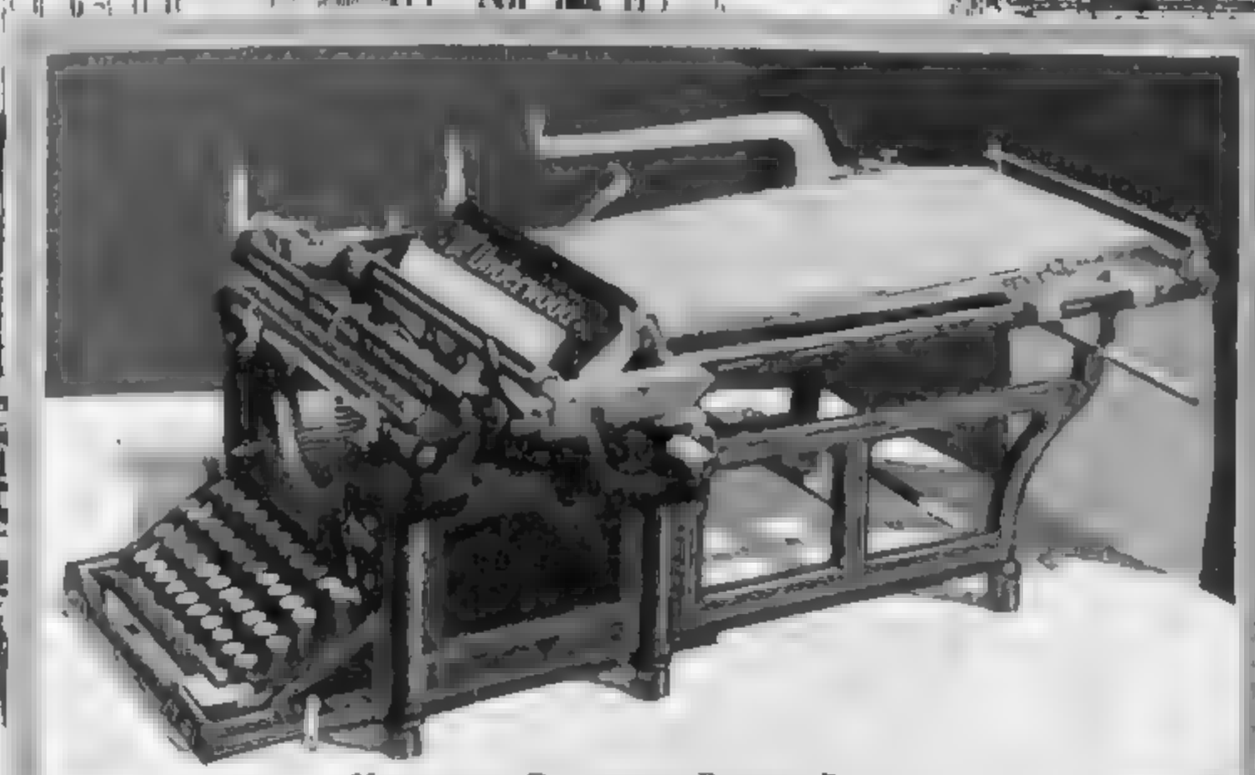

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(Continued from Page 63)

out through the window screen into a world of moonlit foliage, it was hard to believe that the family could really fall to pieces at a touch. She even had coldly clear moments of thinking that so fragile an institution deserved to fall. She listened for a time to Joe's amusing little snore from the other bed. This summer would be a good time to have his nose looked at. She had heard vaguely that slight difficulties in breathing could stunt a child's growth. She'd take it up with Harvey at breakfast. It would cost a lot, of course. One more item!

Harvey came in toward midnight and went straight to the spare room. She struggled with an impulse to call to him, but he didn't even approach her door. She heard him moving about. Once he came to the linen closet in the hall. Nothing of his was in there but his suitcase. The significance of that was a little slow in reaching her.

Fred came in shortly after midnight, and went out to the pantry. She knew every sound. While he was out there Lydia's key turned in the lock. They'd had to give her that key! It was early, for her. She went out to the pantry, too, and then the two of them talked in the dining room. Steadily their voices ran along in a faint blur of sound. They would be talking their mother over!

What was the matter with all these young people, anyway? They seemed creatures of a new and unhappy world. Fred prided himself on his brain; did really well at college; but the novelists and poets he admired were, to a man and woman, foreign, queer-sounding—Russian and Irish and Jewish and Swedish. Nothing American appealed to him, unless it was written by a man with a foreign name, and everything British he loathed. He was something of a Socialist, something of a Sinn Feiner, something of a Bolshevik. He seemed, like the books he read—she always tried to read them—and like these queerly foreign-feeling American weeklies he subscribed for, to despise his own blood, and particularly to patronize all the merely human institutions of that remote day before the war. He was impatient for some new sort of thing in civilizations. You couldn't get him to explain what it was to be, but he was impatient for it.

Her excited brain turned to the topic of Lydia and her kind. A few days back, at a country-club luncheon, she had heard one of the matrons there speak of Imogen Gurney as being hard as nails. Now Imogen and Lydia were inseparable. In dress and manners they were one. Then Lydia must be hard as nails too; must appear so to casual observers. This was a realization.

And then all at once her thoughts closed in about Harvey. What, really, did she know of his life? She stared out at the elms with something near horror in her heart. She told herself that he would surely come to her in the morning. At least they could make the effort to find each other in this unhappy darkness of the spirit. They'd have to. How else could they go on at all?

But he went out early to the garage with his suitcase and drove away. Joe watched him from the window, and turned to her with a white face.

Lydia, after an unhappy attempt to get her own breakfast—for her mother had gone resolutely at the tea-house business—packed up and arranged to move over to Imogen Gurney's. She had an idea that it would be good discipline for her parents, since she was, after all, reduced to visiting around, to begin the process right here in town.

Fred decided to sleep in the house until he could extract enough money from the pater to turn to something interesting; perhaps run down to New York and play about Greenwich Village, for Boston wasn't comfortably radical—wasn't even amusing.

As for the pater, it soon became known that he was making himself comfortable at the Center Club.

VIII

TIME, August. Joe, his hair slicked down with a wet brush, wearing his best suit, gazed in some awe at the immense vaulted dining room of the Center Club. The moose head over the huge fireplace was interesting. He considered the thrill of hunting big game. He had read Colonel Roosevelt on the subject, and Stewart Edward White, and some books by Englishmen in the public library. He decided now to do it when he was twenty-one. But lions and tigers and elephants would be better than moose—over in Central Africa. For one thing, they had spoor there, and other romantic accessories. Once Mr. Henry Ames had laughed when he asked if they found spoor in Maine. The great arches overhead seemed to be of stone. He wondered how they ever built them, leaning way over like that. And the problem of climbing down to the chandeliers to make repairs staggered the imagination. Surely the lights burned out once in a while. They'd have to do something.

"Would you like some more ice cream?"

Papa, across the table, was leaning forward, with a curious politeness, even removing his cigar. And Joe felt himself grinning and replying in a hushed affirmative. He couldn't speak up. The place felt too much like church. And there weren't any young people; only older men, all smoking, all very important. Two of them came and talked with papa. They had reddish faces, and kept their cigars in their mouths. One of them could move his from side to side of his mouth without touching it with his fingers. They seemed to like papa. He joked with them. Funny, he never joked that way at home.

When the men had gone Harvey leaned forward again and cleared his throat. He said: "Did your—did your mother send me any word?"

"No," replied Joe, gulping down his last spoonful of ice cream. "No, she didn't say anything, except to be sure and get the 3:40 train home."

His father puffed for a little time with nervous rapidity; then abruptly: "Come on," he said, "if you've had all you want to eat. I'll show you around the club. It's quite a place."

It was, indeed. There were rows of shower baths in white marble, and a long swimming pool in white and green tile, nearly full of clear water that was a pale green. There was a great library with huge stuffed easy-chairs and with alcoves full of books. He wished he might hunt around in them and take a book to one of those chairs and curl up for the afternoon. And there was a billiard room with lights shaded in cups and smoothly green surfaces and shining balls of ivory and men in their shirt sleeves and a lot of other men who sat comfortably in high chairs along the walls. He hadn't imagined there could be so many nice-looking men who had nothing to do but sit in those chairs at half past two in the afternoon. One of them was Mr. Henry Ames. He came over and joked a little; rather foolishly, Joe thought. Papa led him to a corner. He climbed into a chair there. The balls moved in an amusing way about the tables, sometimes curving and shooting unexpectedly backward.

At one of these surprises Joe said explosively, under his breath, "Swish!"

His father cleared his throat again and asked, "What was that? Wha'd you say?"

"Nothing," replied Joe.

"Er"—papa seemed not quite to know what he wanted to say—"how are things going out there?"

"Where?"

Joe was watching a white ball that curved softly around a red one and nestled against the other white one. Some of the comfortable men in the chairs clapped their hands. Joe clapped, too, and his father mumbled, "I wouldn't do that, son." And then added, "At the tea house."

"Oh, fine!"

"Fine, eh?"

"Sure! Mom's fixed it up awfully pretty, and you've no idea how many people come. One day there was a hundred an' sixteen. We're making money every week. Of course there's nothing in amatory farming."

"Amateur?"

"Yes. But next year mom's going to put in two acres of strawberries. The Italian that lives next to Mr. Dunn's on the other side—you know, dad."

"Yes, I know."

Mr. Whitall was glancing covertly about. Joe's voice was gathering strength as his enthusiasm rose, and Henry Ames and another acquaintance were drawing near.

"Well—why, he's going to do the work on shares and give mom half the berries. You see, there's an enormous demand for suncooked strawberry jam. We haven't got the car yet."

"The car?"

Mr. Whitall was fidgeting in his chair. Those two men were approaching.

"No, not yet. It's going to be one of those little yellow trucks that you can put

(Continued on Page 68)

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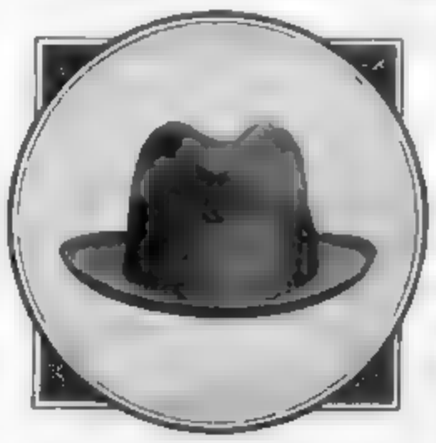

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STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

(Continued from Page 66)

seats in if you want to. Mom got herself a bicycle, an' we ride down to the Center together mornings. We've got big wire baskets on the handles to carry things in."

He paused while his father lighted a fresh cigar, then rushed along with his narrative, face aglow, arms moving stiffly in emphatic gestures as he talked. Henry Ames and the other man stood near, smiling. Mr. Whitall didn't know that he was frowning.

"An' every night about half past eight mom and Anny and I finish cleaning up—Anny Haloka. She comes over on the trolley every day from Finntown. We go upstairs, mom and me, and she reads me to sleep an' then she goes to sleep. You see, by night we're all in. Mom works like a nigger. I advise her to get another Finn, but she won't do it until she's got all the bills paid. You see ——"

That speech was never finished. Mr. Whitall, sternly determined to look as if nothing had happened, said abruptly, "If we don't look out we'll miss the 3:40," and led his son swiftly out of the room and down the massive stairway.

He took the boy then—characteristically in a taxicab—to a shop and urged him to select toy soldiers up to a total cost of nearly twelve dollars. There were redcoats marching, standing at attention and kneeling; a battery of machine guns, a mule battery with a miniature mountain gun that could be assembled and shot with a spring, a detachment of cavalry and an ambulance with very spirited horses. Joe said he could get the big parcel home all right on his wheel.

On his way to the office Harvey Whitall stopped at the garage where his car was stored and sold it for five hundred dollars less than its secondhand value, but for cash. Then from a booth in the garage—for he didn't want this conversation overheard at the office—he called for Coventry, Information, and asked the number of the Cottage Tea House—Mrs. Whitall personally.

It seemed a queer thing to ask—to have to ask; more disturbing than he could have foreseen. Indeed, his nerves were acting strangely. There was a tension about his eyes and temples and at the back of his head. He was gripping the telephone receiver more tightly than he need—caught himself at that—and he seemed to be holding his shoulders up about his ears. Each time he consciously relaxed they tended to draw up again. He had had one or two so-called nervous breakdowns during his thirties, but of recent years he had seemed to grow stronger; had been fond of pointing out that the men who best endured the strain of big business and war and government—the men at the top—were mature, even elderly. Look at Foch and Von Hindenburg and Clemenceau and T. N. Vail and Edison! It hadn't occurred to him that his nerves might be unequal to this little family upset.

IX

HE HEARD his own voice saying "Is that you, Grace?" It seemed to him reassuringly calm. That was the note, of course—calmness. No telling what she might say, what he was getting into—women with their complicated emotional reactions—just keep steady—make her feel his quiet masculine strength.

"I"—his throat was rather unmanageable—"I put Joe on the 3:40 all right."

The silence that came next was long, and began to grow difficult. It was up to him, of course. He'd done the calling. He wouldn't flinch that.

So he plunged at it.

"I just wanted to say, Grace, I—the fact is I sold the car to-day. Didn't get all I might have, but thought I might as well clean it right up. There's a check for two thousand. I'm making it right over to you. Be out in the morning mail. Ought to clean up all the old things and leave some margin."

There, it was said! Rather well said, it seemed to him; with a touch of stiffness, naturally; she mustn't think he was weakening.

But then he thought she was taking it pretty coolly, for she merely replied: "Oh, Harvey, that's splendid! I can't tell you what a load it takes off! I'll sleep like Joe to-night."

Then, next, after another silence, she said this: "I'm glad you called up, anyway. Harvey, you and I've got to have a talk."

Pretty damn matter of fact, he'd call it. Again he had to make a business of relaxing.

She went on: "You've been giving money to Lydia and Fred, Harvey. We're rather up against it there, I'm afraid. Money will only aggravate it. If you and I can just agree on an attitude ——"

"Well"—he found himself saying in somewhat vague protest.

"If I had a minute's time I'd run into your office, but as it is ——"

"I don't know as I'd ——"

He curbed an impulse to sputter.

"I don't want to put you to too much trouble, Harvey; but I really believe a sensible little talk will ——"

"I would hardly care to go to your tea house."

That was rather good, he felt; a little sharp perhaps, but hardly too much so to balance that confused sputtering tendency.

"Well, look here! There's the other house. It's ours until October. If you could run out on the eight-o'clock train this evening I could hop on my bike and ride in there. You could catch the 9:40 back."

He considered this with knit brows. After all, it was her proposal, not his. For his part of it, the check was no advance; it was simply magnanimity.

"Very well," he said, "I'll come out on the eight o'clock."

"And, Harvey, I want you to promise me that you won't do a thing for Lydia or Fred until we've had our talk."

He hesitated. But even if she did seem to be dictating a bit, the agreement would have but a few hours to run. Might as well be gracious about it, so in a manner of proper reserve he assented.

He returned to the office then; stopping, however, at a drug store for a bottle of a tonic that he knew contained strychnine. A tonic was, of course, an admission. But his nerves were simply on edge. You could hardly blame him for that. Many a big man had caved in during this frightful business depression, and with family troubles added—well, really ——

His secretary looked up from her desk in the outer office as he entered, and glanced warningly toward the door marked Mr. Whitall—Private.

He paused, drew a deep breath; then with a pained expression went in there. Slouching in the armchair at the end of the desk, wearing a sullen expression, rouged and penciled and carmined rather more heavily than formerly, was Lydia.

He looked down at her, all quivering nerves, tossed his hat into a corner and cried angrily, "Well, what is it now? What do you want?"

"You know perfectly well what I want."

"Money!"

"Of course! I've got to have it!"

"Well, you don't get it—not to-day!"

It was nearly seven o'clock when he found himself back at the club; too late for his comfortable forty minutes of the evening paper; too late really for anything but a hasty dinner and a hurried trip to the station. He was tempted to call Grace again and put the meeting over a day. He might, right now, lack the poise to handle properly this mean little family crisis. He loathed being hurried. Now, for instance, a well-cooked, leisurely meal, followed by a hundred points of billiards, would bring him around just about right. But he ordered the table d'hôte and carried the paper to the table with him, while a deep sense of injury spread softly, almost comfortingly, through his being.

Two men—Annersley, of Providence, and young Bill Hurley—came in and smilingly approached his table. Their eyes glowed mistily, their cheeks were rosy, which meant that Bill had dug generously into his treasure chest for cocktails. This increased his sense of injury.

"Look here!" murmured Annersley, grinning like a fool. "Bill's got a box for The Wonder Girl to-night at the National. Harry Smith wants to come along, and we're willing to talk terms with you."

"What do you mean—terms?" growled Whitall.

"There's a rumor that you know this lovely little thing—what's her name?"

"Helen Hand," put in Bill.

"Why, yes; yes, I know her. That is, I've met her down in New York—oh, just at parties and such. What about it?"

"Well"—Annersley—"to confess in full, here before you stand two summer widowers. Already there have been cocktails. Shortly there will be Scotch. Then our little stag box party, of which—of which you may become one on condition that you get Helen Hand to bring some other girls from the show for a gentlemanly I mean a ladylike little supper at the Drake Tavern. What say you?"

"How do I know she hasn't an engagement already?"

"Couldn't you find out?"

"She's probably stopping at the Anjou. I suppose I could call up." Mr. Whitall leaned back, grasped the edge of the table tightly with both hands and considered. Then, abruptly, he said, "No—no!"

That note of sacrifice was strong in him. He was almost morbid about it.

X

IN A CORNER of the tea room—the scene now is the most expensive hotel in the city—a corner embowered with palms in tubs, Fred sat waiting, smoking cigarettes, listening with a vague inattention to the noisy music and watching the young couples that toddled and walked rhythmically by in close embrace. His color was not good. He scowled a good deal, and tapped endlessly on the little round table, and crossed and uncrossed his legs, and bit his under lip, and pinched the pointed fronds of the palms. His scowl deepened slightly when he saw Lydia.

"Well," he asked sharply as she flopped into the chair on the other side of the little table, "what happened? Wha'd he say?"

"We're up against it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Absotively! He's got his back up. Won't do a thing."

"You don't mean—really ——"

"I do mean! And now the question is, what am I to do?"

"How about me? What am I to do?"

"Oh, you're a man. It wouldn't hurt you to stoop to commerce—even to carpenter work. But look at the fix I'm in! This frock is my last rag. Actually, if I was asked to a party to-night I'd have to refuse. I'm down to that! I wish you'd stop that drumming."

She opened her vanity case and painstakingly applied powder puff and lip stick; then rattled on: "And that isn't all. There's trouble at the Gurneys'. A fellow Imogen's crazy over has begun to cast a roving eye on me. Day before yesterday we had it out. I've got to leave to-morrow."

"Leave? Where are you going then?"

Her slim shoulders rose.

"That's just what I'd like to know. I wired Aunt Lizzie at Springfield. She wired back that she's starting for California and couldn't have me. So I wired again ——"

"You didn't!"

"I did! Can't you get it into your head that I actually have no place to sleep after to-night! Well, she wouldn't take me; said her income had shrunk so she couldn't afford it."

"There are other places to visit, aren't there?"

"Not so many where you can toss in your trunk without two days' warning. I couldn't think of but two or three."

"Try those."

"I have. I've wired everywhere. Fred, there's something the matter. Either they're all telling the truth, or none of 'em want me around."

He saw now—lifted for a moment out of his own egotism—that her lips were quivering and her eyes lowered. Probably, under the paint, she was pale.

"I even—I even called up mother."

"You did?"

She nodded.

"Darn it, I had to! I tell you I'm up against it! I asked her for just a little to tide me over—a hundred—even fifty. She wouldn't give a cent. I asked her if she'd be willing to have me go to work in a department store, and she said certainly."

The girl was nearly crying now. Fred shifted his position uneasily. It seemed to him that two of the waiters were edging nearer.

"How about you?" He couldn't understand it. All at once she was furious. In a minute, if she didn't look out she'd be raising her voice. "How'd you like to sit by while your sister drags your name around a department store? Amusing, eh? Oh, you make me tired, with your highbrow swank and your ——"

"You shut up!" he muttered.

"I won't shut up! Have you offered a hand to your own sister? You have not! You owe me thirty dollars now that I got

(Continued on Page 71)

Westinghouse

SAFETY SWITCHES FOR HOME AND FACTORY

Safe!

Somewhere in every electrified home is a fuse box—the safety valve of the electrical system. Put there to prevent wires and devices from drawing more current than they should; a protection, and an economy for the user. But also, on occasion, an irritation and a cause of sometimes serious delay, when a fuse has "blown" in the fulfilment of its duty, and left the house without light or power. To send for an electrician to replace the old fuses means additional delay, but this is the only wise course for the householder whose home is equipped with the ordinary unprotected switch and fuses.

But the Westinghouse Safety Switch, shown above, *makes changing fuses simple and safe for anyone!* When you open the box, to get at the fuse, you shut off the current, and it can't be thrown on except by closing the box again. This switch provides safety that is 100% safe, not only against carelessness and accident, *but against ignorance.* Most electric light and power companies encourage the use of this switch, and practically every electrical dealer carries it, and is glad to demonstrate and install it.

For it's safe!

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere

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Creosoted Lumber, Timbers Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling Wood Blocks

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Sash and Doors

Standardized Woodwork

Gum and Oak Lumber

Oak Flooring

You can have a home like this. Consult your retail lumberman. Ask him to show you Long-Bell Plan No. 2062. If he hasn't it, write us. There are 60 other homes in Long-Bell service.

LONG-BELL

Trade Marked

LUMBER

When you think of LONG-BELL Lumber, think of more than good Lumber—Think of what that lumber will build—

A Home to Call Your Own!

LONG-BELL service includes something more than the manufacture of good lumber. It includes a home plan service that is distributed to retail lumber dealers to make it easy and convenient for house renters to find out what it costs to build a home of their own.

Go to your retail lumberman. Ask him to show you LONG-BELL home plans. Choose a plan that will fit your needs and then ask the lumberman to give you an estimate of the cost of that home complete. You will be surprised at the economy, as well as the beauty and convenience, of LONG-BELL homes.

Any retail lumberman, who has Long-Bell plan service, can give you an estimate of the cost of a home like this. Ask for Long-Bell Plan No. 1293. There are 60 others.

Build with Lumber, the least expensive material you can buy today. To be assured of obtaining lumber of uniform high quality ask for lumber bearing the LONG-BELL brand.

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R A LONG BUILDING KANSAS CITY MO

(Continued from Page 68)

from dad for you. I suppose you can't even pay it back."

"You know I can't. I can just about pay for this tea. No dinner to-night, and to-morrow night I have to pay for my room at the Y. M. C. A."

"You could have slept at the old house. There it is."

"At least I crawled out of this damn family miasma."

"But you went to New York. Couldn't you get hold of anything there?"

"I published a little verse."

"That free stuff?"

"Yes, that free stuff."

"Look here! Why don't you write something people would enjoy reading? You're gifted enough."

"Turn bourgeois, you mean? Popular magazine stories? Thank God, I've got at least an artistic conscience!"

"Oh, say!" She hadn't heard him.

"What?" Her sudden wild look alarmed him.

"It's just occurred to me. Dad acted funny to-day—different. I wonder ——"

"What?"

"Listen, Fred! What if he and mamma should draw together in this business?"

"Then we're lost."

"He was actually firm. I couldn't budge him. Now dad isn't firm. Something's happened!"

Fred lit a cigarette, then fumbled in his pocket and produced a two-dollar bill.

"There," he said, "you pay for the tea. You'll probably want to stick around here and dance with these precious friends of yours. If you kid 'em pretty enough maybe somebody'll buy you a dinner. I've got about half a dollar left." And he rose. He had gone white. He was even muttering something that sounded like "I can't talk any more. This damn thing's on my nerves. Guess I'll ——"

Alarmed, she even swallowed his brotherly little insult.

"Wait a minute!" she cried. "Don't leave me like this! Where're you—what're you ——"

"How can I tell what I'm going to do or where I'm going?" His voice was rising into a whine. "When your own father won't give you a cent, won't tell you what he expects, whether to go on with this education thing —— I'm just at the end, that's all!"

The word appealed to him. He repeated it.

"The end! Might as well make it the end, eh?"

Those waiters were edging nearer. The curious, sudden fear came to him that he might hit one of them. It wouldn't do. He walked abruptly away.

XI

HARVEY let himself into the house. He was wishing they'd put the hour of meeting a little later. It was eighteen minutes to nine, daylight-saving time, and not half dark. Neighbors must have seen him coming in. There'd be a little nice friendly gossip.

Grace wasn't here. The house looked natural, but full of ghosts, and dusty as the dickens. Thing would be to take up the points of discussion in order; deal with them calmly, one by one. He moved in by the parlor window, stood behind the curtains.

By Jove, here was Grace riding into the drive, looking like a girl in her jaunty short skirt! Bareheaded too! She stood her wheel against a tree and came briskly to the steps. She was thinner. Hard work and bike riding had worn her down. Yes, like a girl! Positively snappy!

His pulse was pounding at his temples. He was trembling. All nonsense! Showed the strength of habit, that was all. She was coming up the steps. It would be all right if only he could keep these damn tears from coming—or nearly all right. And if he hadn't been such a selfish fool! Why, this little woman ——

She said: "There isn't much time, Harvey. Suppose we sit right down and talk it over. I figure we've got until 9:30 here. There's no sense in you and me beating about the bush. Of course, I did hope you'd see this thing my way. We were living on a false basis, keeping up appearances—bluff—and it was wrecking us. But you didn't see it my way. So I suppose we can let all that drop."

The principal difficulty now was that he couldn't talk at all, and he couldn't sit down. He had forgotten that she could be so attractive. The old primitive fire was ablaze in his spirit. The tears were close again. He could only hover clumsily near and nearer her, physically nearer, as she sat upright, talking rather faster than normal, with a sparkle in her eyes that he saw or felt even here in the gathering dusk.

"It's only fair to say"—the throat that he was clearing was surely his own, as the voice at last was his—"that you've never really told me what your plan was."

There now, he felt at last, was something near dignity. He was taking a position now.

"Oh, Harvey, it's simple enough! You can earn a good many thousand a year, even in the bad times. I can earn two to five thousand in my tea house. It's astonishing, really! What I want to do is to live simply, save something every year, but drop that awful bluff that we're rich when we're not and never will be. It's time people of our age began to look ahead."

Here—after he had drawn near enough to lay a shaking hand on her round, firm little shoulder—his knees gave way. He sank down on the sofa and buried his face in his hands, heard himself saying, "Why not come out with it? I'm a failure. I've wrecked the thing. I've ——"

She came right over and sat beside him, taking his hand and stroking his arm.

"The thing that's hit me so hard is that I've failed, Harvey. I mean with Lydia and Fred. I've let them get away from us just when I should have fought to hold them; just when everybody that believes in the family ought to be out fighting for a family. Do you know what these children of ours are? They're anarchists."

He was groaning, down there in his hands, and she had to raise her voice somewhat. She was stroking his head now, as if he were a hurt child.

"Right there's the one point where you can stand with me, whatever direction our lives may take in other ways. I want to find out if those two have any character at all. Oh, we're going to find out, and soon! Something's going to hit us that'll hurt. I want to get it over with. It's my guess that if you'll just stand firmly with me we'll find within about one more week that Lydia'll be working in my place in an apron and cap and Fred'll be out there with a hammer and saw. The new wing is done now, but there's a garage to be built. . . . I'm talking fast so you can catch the nine ——"

He lifted his head, stared wildly at her, then with a groan that was at once exquisite heartache and poignant happiness crushed her in his arms.

She cried, "Harvey, you take my breath away!"

He did not catch the 9:40.

XII

AT TWILIGHT on the following evening a young man carrying two suitcases toiled along the state road from Coventry toward Dunn's Corner. The air was sultry after a hot August day, and the suitcases were heavy. At length he put them down by the roadside and sat on one, gazing with a downcast expression at a pretty white cottage opposite that stood on a green terrace under two splendid old elms. Within a white pergola were tables, at three of which sat families of a familiar tourist type. A slim little maid in white and black uniform waited on them. Three automobiles stood at the roadside.

The young man pushed back his straw hat and mopped his forehead. He felt the need of composing his spirit. He hadn't reckoned on the presence of guests so late in the day. He would have preferred finding the place quiet.

It seemed as if those tourists would never go. But in time they did. One after another the automobiles drew out and, thank heaven, the soothing obscurity of the summer night was settling down on tourist and wanderer and pretty maid in black and white!

He rose, drew a deep breath that was at heart a sigh, picked up the suitcases, and doggedly marched across the highway and up the pleasant terrace to the front door. The pretty maid came out with an empty tray. He stopped; she stopped. She peered; he stared.

He cried weakly, "Lydia!"

She cried cautiously, "You!"

"What does this mean?" asked Fred.

"It means, old thing," said Lydia, "that mom wins. On every count. We're licked, and we can't do a thing but make the best of it. Just wait! You'll see!"

(Continued on Page 73)

Biflex Spring Bumper

THE "careful driver" who won't provide his car with adequate bumper protection automatically places himself in the class of reckless motorists.

His recklessness is not at the wheel or accelerator but consists in poor judgment equally blameworthy in case of accident.

Hundreds of instances are on record, demonstrating that Biflex prevents serious accidents. Its broad, resilient double bars; its oil-tempered steel of *measured* strength; and its strong, rigidly attached brackets have saved lives and dollars by protecting against terrific smashes.

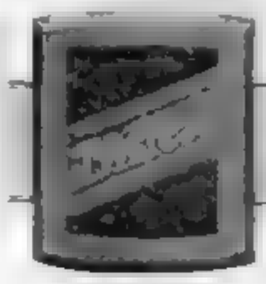
That is the kind of bumper protection thoughtful motorists demand. The wide Biflex buffing area blocks bumpers of all heights. It *always* protects; and it always protects *adequately* because the strength of each Biflex is proportionate to the weight of each car.

This original and scientific construction of the Biflex marks an epoch in the designing and building of automobile bumpers. Its nation-wide success is founded primarily on the greater protection it offers. Yet its graceful design is an important feature. Its beauty alone is considered by many a sufficient reason for purchasing a Biflex.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

BIFLEX PRODUCTS CO., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are Guaranteed Against Breakage for One Year



TRADE MARK

ONLY THIS MARK GUARANTEES

"Protection with Distinction"

LOOK FOR IT ON THE BUMPERS YOU BUY

Lexington Leads Because It Lasts!

Establishing A Definite Standard of Value

A FAMOUS man once remarked that he was not as interested in *what* men said to him as *why* they said it Motive is the significant thing behind a man's actions.

To-day the buyer of a motor car must look both *behind* and *beyond* the beauty of the new model—

Behind, because a car cannot be better than its *factory!*

Beyond, because its beauty, comfort, and economy are meaningless unless *extended* over a long period of time!

That the public could have a fine-looking, fine-performing car, built to *endure*, sold at a moderate price, and maintained *economically*, a great group of allied factories have been concentrated to that end.

The new Series 'U' Lexington establishes a *definite standard of value* because it is the fruition of more than ten years' work.

There can be no other quality car like it, because the "factory-community" system which produces the Lexington is like that of no other car in the world. *This vast system affords advantages and effects economies enjoyed by no other method of automobile making.*

To the claim that this car will *out-perform* is added the greater claim that it will *out-live!* To its unusual beauty and comfort is added the fact that it is the *most complete* car ever put on the market by a manufacturer.

No car built has a *better* motor under its hood. It is the famous Ansted Engine, designed and built in one of our own allied factories.

See your Lexington Dealer, or write us for all the facts about this car which you can buy with *many years of service* in view.

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX

(Continued from Page 71)

He moved aside, dropped into a chair, dazed, trying in a helpless confusion of mind to think it out. Lydia went on briskly clearing the tables. Just like her, the little devil! She was smart enough when she chose to be.

Two lights glowed and wheeled, and a rattling station taxicab pulled up. A thin man got out, paid the driver, and, like himself, though more eagerly, came with two suitcases up the terrace.

The door beside him burst open and Joe dashed out, with a cry of "It's dad!" and insisted on taking both suitcases. His mother followed, smiling in her rather distressingly matter-of-fact way as she switched on an outside light. To her older son, who rose awkwardly, she merely called "Hello, Fred!"

Harvey Whitall dropped into a chair, mopped his forehead and then remarked, with a dignified inclination of the head toward the shamefaced young man:

"I'm glad to see that we're all here—all together again—the family. Understand, now, that we've put our hand to the plow. We're through with bluff, with keeping up appearances. The family is the unit—socially, economically—in American life. And this particular family is going to devote itself to the business of making good."

"And I think," remarked his wife, less heavily, "that you'll find it's fun."

"I second the emotion!" cried Joe soberly as he staggered indoors with his father's luggage.

Fred's eyes met Lydia's for one illuminating moment. Then, meekly, he gathered up his own luggage and followed.

CAN AMERICANS COMPETE IN FOREIGN MARKETS?

(Continued from Page 23)

But certainly as this country goes more and more into foreign trade it must exercise greater care than formerly in "intrusting the export business to foreign representatives whose racial and social ties are with our competitors rather than with ourselves"—to quote Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. It is often said that foreigners buy the best and cheapest goods regardless of what country they come from or who sells them. Such a statement is only partially true of any people. Granting that men seek profits wherever found, it hardly seems likely that in the long run foreigners will work for this country as whole-heartedly as Americans. Surely our main dependence should not be upon them.

Commerce is a matter of mutual relationship no less than of price and profit. A man connected with one of the big concerns which went into international trade and finance when the war started, and which lost a mere five or ten millions, while relating his experiences recently, mentioned the fact that years ago, long before he ever thought of entering the foreign field, he had asked old man X, one of the most successful traders in certain portions of South America, why he did no business at all in one of the largest of those countries. "I don't want to get anywhere that I haven't an inside track with the government," was the answer.

Of course it is not the purpose of the writer to imply that a large foreign trade can be done only by means of political pull. Such a statement would be both ignorant and foolish. But it would be dishonest as well as ignorant and foolish to deny that language, race, nationality, religion, politics and many other personal elements are a help in trade, and that of such aids this country has probably had less in the overseas field than its great rivals.

Distributing Machinery

Nor is there any getting away from the fact that this country has been slow, speaking generally and relatively, in building up and extending what might be called the foreign-distributing end of our industrial system. "We have created an enormous machinery for production," says President Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, "while our machinery for salesmanship and distribution to the foreign consumer requires further development to compete with countries which have been at war but can now increase competition with us in manufacturing for the world's trade."

Now it is quite true that for several generations we have had numbers of successful firms engaged in export and import business, and for more than a generation there have been many manufacturing concerns that have developed to a remarkable degree their "machinery for salesmanship and distribution to the foreign consumer." Indeed, the corporation of which James A. Farrell himself is president is one of the largest, and many others of the more conspicuous—such as the Standard Oil, International Harvester, Singer Sewing Machine, National Cash Register, Eastman Kodak, Armour & Co. and Swift & Co—occur at once to anyone having the least familiarity with business affairs.

A whole article could be written about the achievements of these and scores of other leading concerns in nearly every standard manufacturing industry, and the simple fact that the export of manufactured goods nearly doubled between 1905 and 1913 shows that American export industry was far from asleep.

Numerous firms, large and small, have been interested in overseas trade for many years and have sold direct as well as through commission houses. It is said that forty years ago a small tool manufacturer personally took orders in Sheffield, and his concern has had repeat orders ever since. Whether this incident is true or not, it is well known that numerous tool makers have sold goods abroad for twenty or thirty years, and that in many other lines—such as petroleum products, packing-house products, agricultural implements, tractors, electrical machinery and equipment, steel products, automobiles, railway equipment, cars and locomotives, textiles, shoes, typewriters, cash registers, sewing machines, cameras, razors, watches, fountain pens, office equipment, films, road making and other lines of machinery—the American manufacturer has worked steadily for years, and with a large measure of success, to penetrate the world.

Achievements in Overseas Fields

Time was when it was almost impossible to sell American shoes in Europe, but the manufacturer at last overcame that condition. There is hardly anything he has not done, even to the shipment of locomotives to foreign ports, there taking them apart, packing the parts in burlap and placing them on muleback, to be carried over the steepest of mountain trails, reassembled on the top of a high plateau and run without a hitch. The American manufacturer has even gone in for foreign investment on a large scale, as witness the packers in South America and the United Fruit Company in Central America, this concern offering one of the world's leading examples of foreign trade based on investment abroad, exports, imports and shipping.

Nor will such concerns give up their foreign trade. Typical of many of them is the statement made to the writer by one of the largest makers of sheet metal: "Our company has been exporting building material and office equipment made of sheet metal for more than two decades and has no thought of abandoning this branch of our sales activity."

Doctor Klein in describing the recent addition to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of a large number of so-called commodity divisions to furnish the different industries with specialized information regarding foreign-trade opportunities and methods, said that to-day there are more than four thousand factories in the United States producing industrial machinery, and that 17 per cent, or nearly $400,000,000 of the $2,200,000,000 product, is exported. This equals one thousand dollars per employe a year, and obviously this business is not to be given up or even reduced without a struggle.

But after stretching to the limit the list of concerns that have consistently and persistently pushed foreign trade, it is probably fair to say that they constitute only the backbone, or it might be more correct to say the skeleton of what America's overseas trade must become. If it had not been

Congress—
the American people

YOUR President is speaking! You could hear a pin drop. Everybody is attention. Up in the gallery are seated hundreds of spectators—the public—listening to his address.

Where is there a patriotic American who does not yearn to look upon such a spectacle; who would not be thrilled at the prospect of seeing this and the almost numberless other attractions of the greatest capital city on earth?

The following paragraph taken from a letter written by a woman who visited Washington, is typical of the sentiments of those who come here and see the wonders of the National Capital: "*I have never taken a trip which provided so many experiences that were really worth while and which left so many pleasant and profitable recollections to enrich my memory.*"

Many are the moistened eyes that gaze upon the mute reminders of by-gone days in halls and rooms that Washington and Lincoln trod. Many are the startled eyes that behold for the first time the magnificence and magnitude of Washington's many public buildings. Few are the eyes that ever see all that these buildings hold, for one could spend weeks doing nothing else but looking, looking, looking—and still not see everything.

Whether your journey takes you west or brings you east, a convenient means of seeing the Capital City is provided by the liberal stop-over privileges of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which passes through Washington, between **New York, Chicago & St. Louis.**

A comprehensive and profusely illustrated "Guide to Washington" has just been issued by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It is both interesting as a piece of literature as well as instructive and helpful in seeing Washington, and well worth preserving. A copy of it will be mailed to you gratis on receipt of the coupon below.

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Without obligation on my part, please mail me a copy of the 32-page "Guide to Washington" issued by your Company

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Competition in Economy

One fundamental problem stands foremost for business—a realignment of price levels where buying power of incomes will permit a return to normal consumption.

The first step toward restoring balance between purchasing and productive capacities must be elimination of the wastage which has been one cause of present conditions.

That can mean but one thing—a return to rigid, scientific economy in every branch of industrial and distributive processes.

Economy in labor costs is practical only by giving labor a larger return, not in dollars, but in actual merchandise which dollars will buy. In that way only can consumption increase and production return to normal.

For a long period business primarily studied and practiced the science of expansion. For some time to come the chief emphasis must be placed on the science of economical production and distribution.

During a period of declining prices, profits are the reward of successful competition in economy.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York places sound economies foremost as a measure of credit safety.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Sixty Million Dollars

for a relatively few industrial companies and for the bounteous supplies of our natural resources, for the coal, lumber, cotton, wheat and copper, this country would not have been on the map at all as an international trading nation.

Certainly any such trade as we have is not due to the great bulk of our manufacturers. The literal truth is that they are still in their infancy as exporters. Nor is there any use babying them by telling them that such business is easy to secure. Those who have succeeded have not found it so.

Indeed, it has been said, with what measure of relative accuracy or jocularity the writer does not know, that when in 1913 Secretary of Commerce Redfield congratulated the country on the fact that it had at last reached a point where it could export more than $2,000,000 of manufactured goods a day, most of these goods were made by less than a score of concerns, the greater number of which were being prosecuted by the Government as trusts.

With notable exceptions the American manufacturer has never had enough continued interest in foreign markets. He has looked upon exports as an incident and a side show to the main tent.

"He was satisfied with domestic trade during good years, and only gave attention to export when he had become overstocked and his factories were running on half time," says Chester L. Dane, president of the American Woolen Products Company. "Then, looking around for a way of getting rid of his oversupply, he shipped his merchandise to a foreign country and gave orders to sell it. Sometimes he was successful for a while, but most times not, and gave up the attempt."

Now the truth is that the sale of goods in foreign markets, except in time of war when competition is stopped, is no pastime or frolic, but a matter of painful, excruciating detail and personal service. But service is hard to give when your customer is thousands of miles away. Then, too, it is difficult to find as many safe customers in another continent as at home, if you are looking for safety. All business is based on confidence, and it is hard to know how confident one should be when dealing with men who live on the other side of the earth.

"For fifteen years I was the largest buyer in this country for export," the writer was told by a well-known figure in the financial world who had formerly been a member of a great export house, "but finally I became tired of having a man from halfway around the equator come in and say that the lard was rancid or the steam fixtures didn't fit."

Learning Before Selling

Of course all business is difficult, but it is probably a safe statement that the manufacturer who merely casts his bread upon the waters, who just shoots his goods out in the hope of making money, is more likely to get stuck in overseas than in domestic markets. There are fundamental principles of success the world round, which if learned in one market must apply elsewhere, and it is said that the development of international trade differs only in nonessentials from domestic. But, on the other hand, business methods differ in various countries, and are rooted in long-established habits.

Especially is it true that selling goods in foreign markets is not merely a question of dumping, disposing and getting rid of them. It is hard for the maker to distinguish between selling the goods and doing the business, to realize how narrow and close is the merchandising aspect of exporting. In other words, to export successfully one must not merely know how to produce commodities and ship them across the ocean, he must deal in accounts as well. That is, there must be personal contact and relationship, and the element of service.

An export authority was recently consulted by a producer who wished to sell abroad and whose only idea of going about it was to get a list of all the possible purchasers of his particular product in the world and circularize them. "I advised against any such wholesale bombardment," said the expert. "The thing to do is to make a careful fundamental survey of a few possible markets. This man should do as a concrete-machinery maker did. He employed an export manager and agreed not to expect a dollar's business for a year. Meanwhile the export manager was to be engaged in making a complete study of countries where enough roads and waterworks were being built to warrant an excursion into those markets."

There are plenty of old stories about the underwear maker who tried to sell lightweight goods in July in a land which because of its position on the globe has its coldest weather in that month, or the convention of elevator manufacturers who listened gravely to a talk on the limitless possibilities of selling elevators in a country where the earthquakes are so frequent that only two-story buildings are ever built.

Then there is the more amusing tale of the American salesman in a remote country who was told by a local merchant that an unconquered tribe of Indians had happened upon an old-fashioned derby hat, the bowler type worn by Weber and Fields, and would buy thousands of them, even if they wore not another rag. The American hat-making firm upon being appealed to replied that the order could not be filled because the hat had gone out of style, whereas a German firm when approached replied that it would fill the order if it had to remodel its entire factory.

These may be false legends as well as ancient ones. Nor is there any reason to doubt that many of the threadbare and superficial stories of how Americans refuse to sell what the buyers want, of our incivility, careless packing, refusal to extend credits, and commercial cussedness generally, are to no little degree the exaggerated and untrue propaganda of competitor nations. There are two sides to the question of giving people what they want. Obviously either extreme is wrong—to ram goods that people don't want down their unwilling throats or to follow slavishly every ignorant suggestion and prejudice of every possible customer.

National Impatience

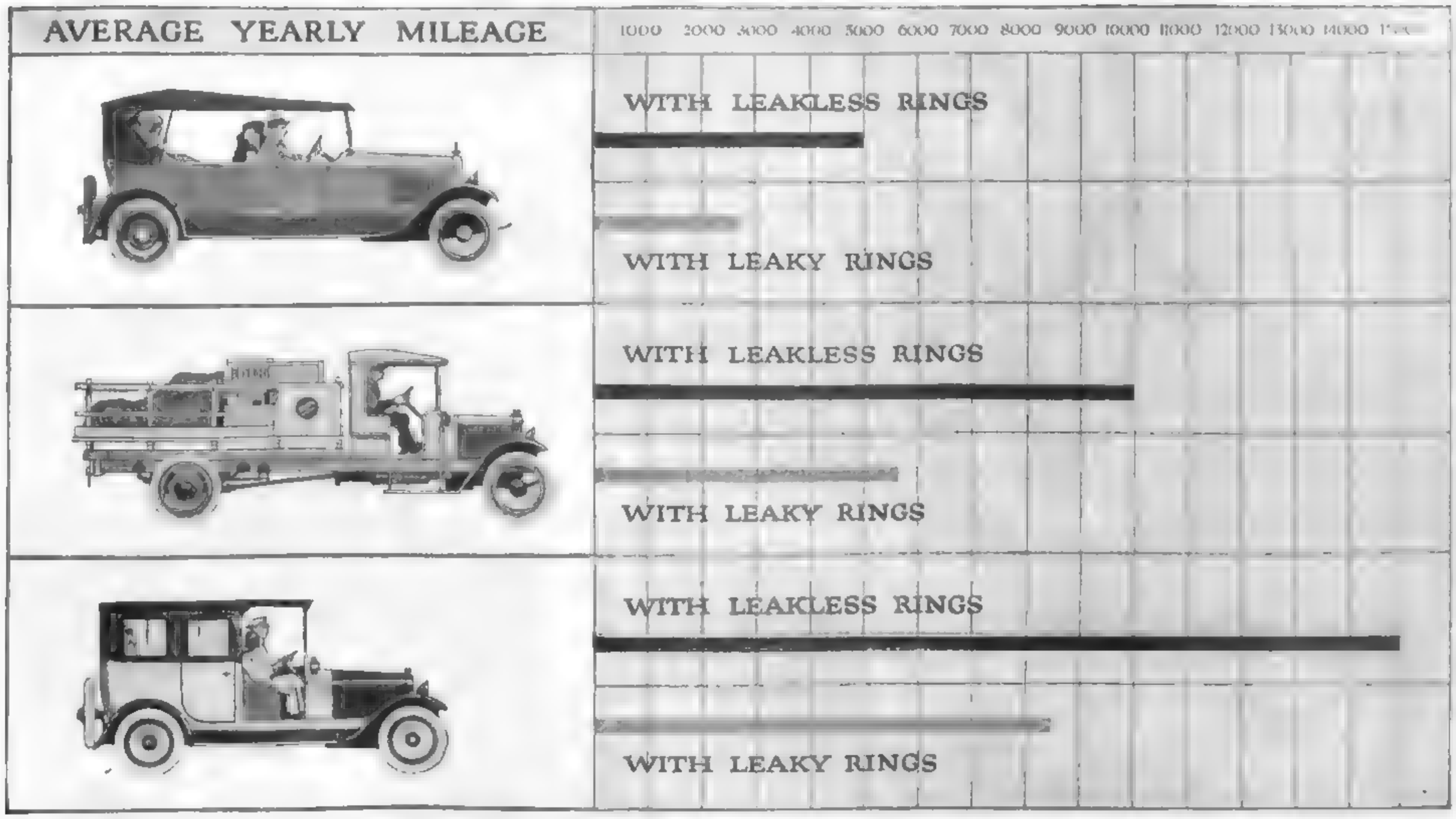
It goes without saying that markets must be studied and national standards and prejudices consulted. But there is also such a thing as leadership in the development of markets as well as blind and slavish following of tradition. Many American goods and business methods are obviously so superior to those of other countries that makers are warranted in trying to educate the foreign buyer to them. The foreigner may be less inclined to change than the American, but perhaps to a certain extent the American manufacturer can educate him to change for his own as well as our benefit.

In the same way it will not do to make too much of the supposed unpopularity of Americans in other countries. This is one of those subjects where general statements are too broad to be of any value. One might as well say that the English are unpopular here. Of course they are with certain sections of the population, but with other large elements the feeling is quite the reverse. There are people in each country in South America who seem to be laboring under the impression that the United States is planning to gobble them up. But there are other residents of these countries who spend their time and money trying to show their countrymen what a fine people we are. The South American's point of view on this subject depends considerably on what newspaper he reads, just the way the attitude of the average citizen here toward England depends on the particular brand of yellowness or moderation which his favorite newspaper chooses to employ.

Indeed, it may be suspected that the fundamental defect of the American manufacturer in his handling of export trade is neither his own cussedness nor the general unpopularity of Americans abroad, so much as it is a failure or unwillingness to realize that exporting is a long-time game that is spoiled by shifting policies. The producer who rushes into foreign markets when times are good, and calls in every salesman, stops his service, discourages his dealer representatives and completely loses his own interest as soon as the wind changes, will never build up world trade for his country. Guillermo A. Sherwell, a member of the Inter-American High Commission and a long-time resident of Mexico, described a class of American business men that is far too numerous, in these picturesque words before a recent convention of the National Foreign Trade Council:

"We are impatient; we want immediate results; we cannot wait. We are like the child who wants to cross the street, who simply must cross even though he will be

(Continued on Page 77)


AVERAGE YEARLY MILEAGE
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WITH LEAKLESS RINGS
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WITH LEAKLESS RINGS
WITH LEAKY RINGS

Where does all the gasoline go?

Is all your power used to propel the car—or is part of it absolutely wasted by leaky piston rings?—

FOURTEEN miles to a gallon with leakless rings and eight miles with leaky rings, in identically the same engine, is shown by engineers' tests. The passenger car traveling 5000 miles a year with leakless rings could go only 2850 miles on the same gasoline with rings that leak. The 10,000 mile truck could do only 5700 miles, and the hard-driven taxicab, averaging 15,000 miles, is cut down to 8570.

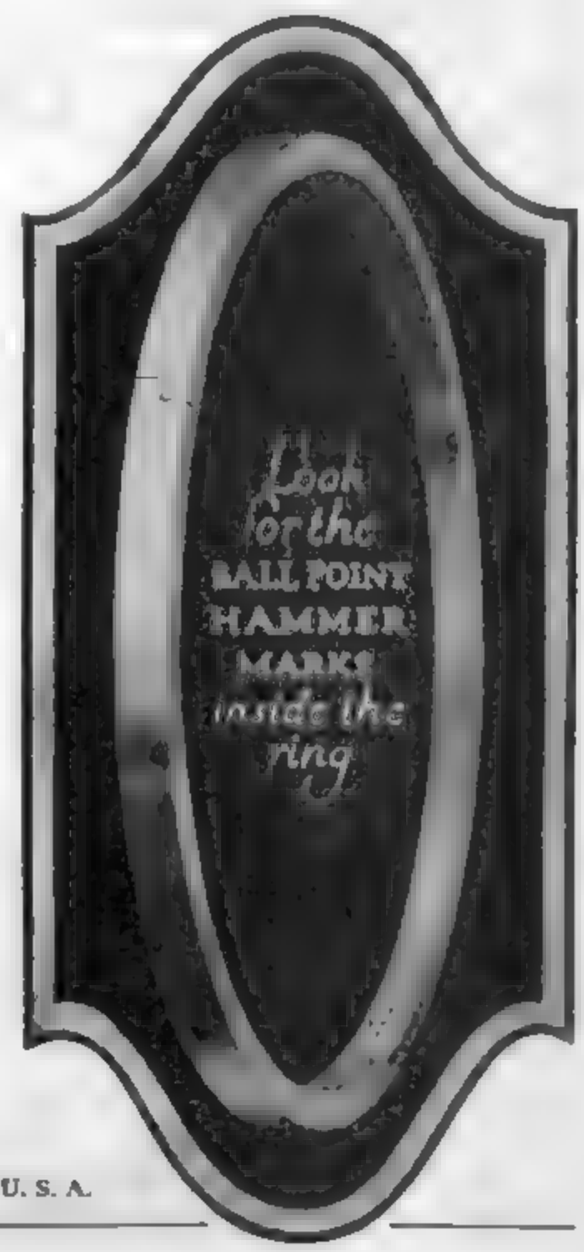
When you figure it out, nearly *half your gas is lost* through the results of *leaky* piston rings—out the exhaust and down into the oil.

You know about your low mileage; you see the smoke from the exhaust; but do you know what the mixture of gasoline and oil is doing to the bearings in your car? Part of your gasoline is going up in smoke and part of it is ruining your bearings—if your piston rings leak.

American Hammered Piston Rings are leakless

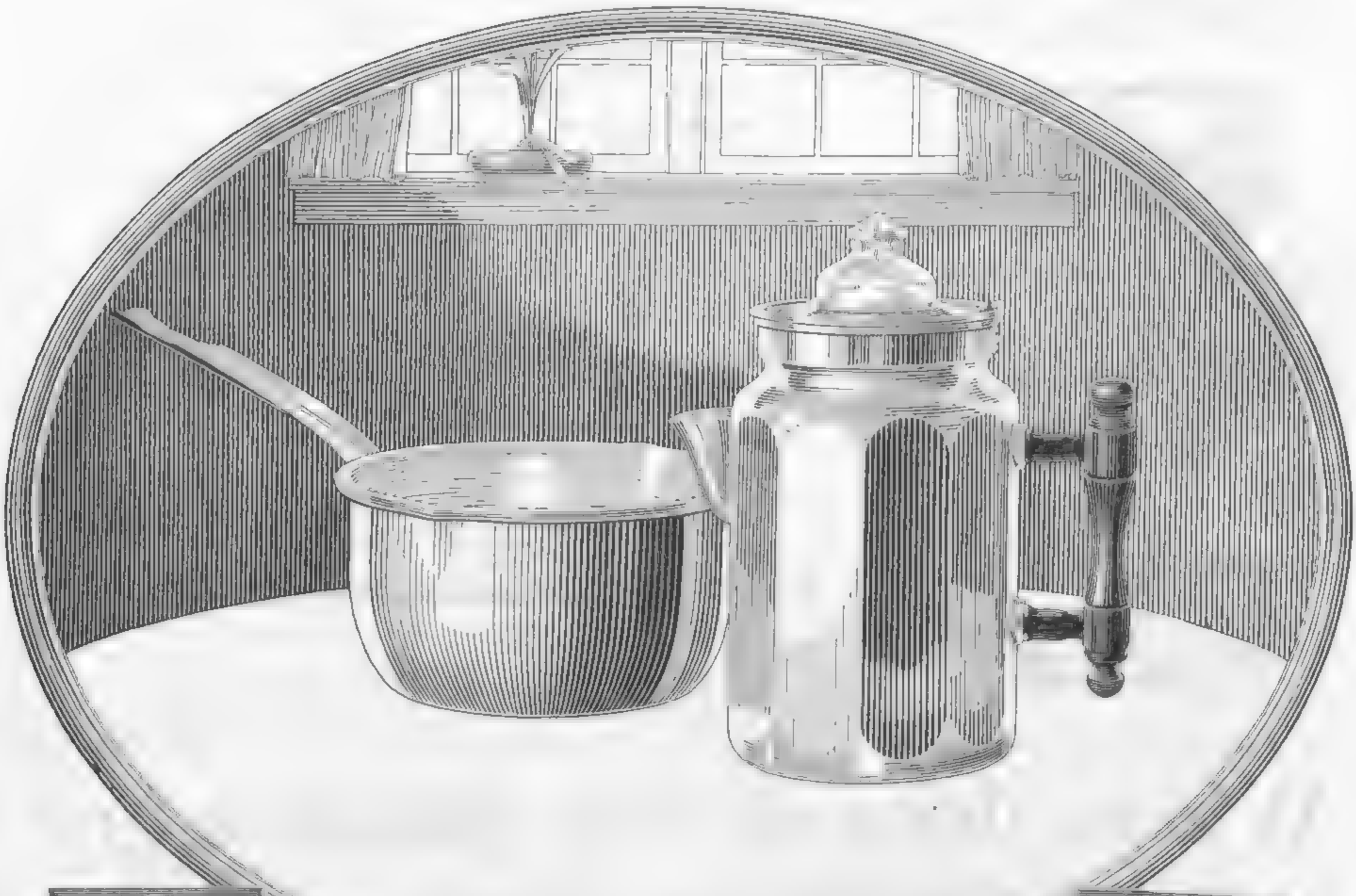
Your overhaul bill is practically the same no matter what piston rings you put back in the motor. Put in the best and be done with it once and for all.

Install the leakless rings with the ball point hammer marks—American Hammered—and know where your gasoline goes.



American Hammered Piston Rings

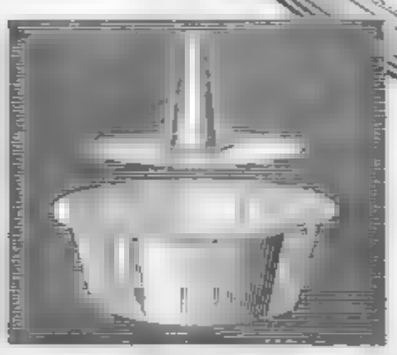
AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. *Export Department*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.



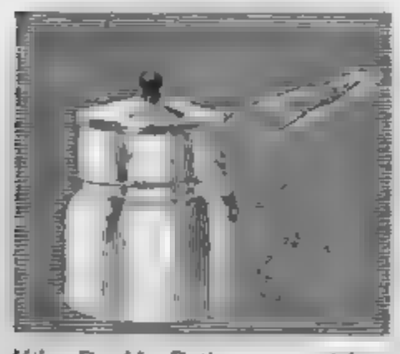
Sauce Pans
30c to $1.15

Percolators
$1.50 to $3.00

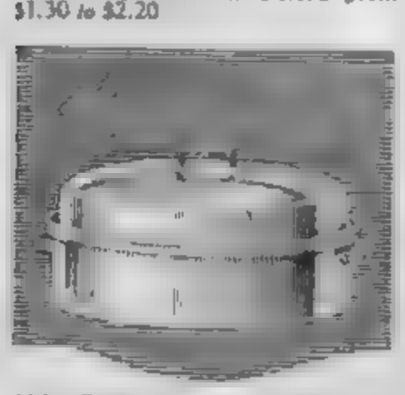
A·G·M CO.
VIKO
ALUMINUM



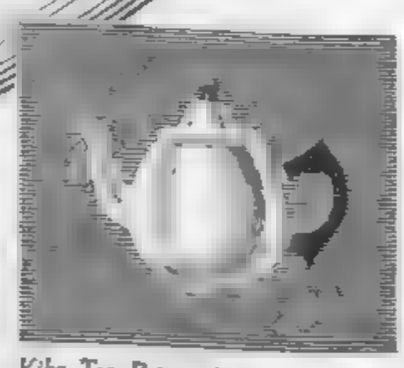
Viko Tubed Cake Pans—even-heating, bake uniformly. Priced, 70c to $1.15



Viko Double Boilers—easy-lifting handles; four sizes. Priced from $1.30 to $2.20



Viko Roasters—various styles, self-basting. Priced from $2.35 to $5.50



Viko Tea Pots—plain and Colonial styles. Welded spouts. Priced from $1.60 to $2.70

Viko Convex Kettles—sizes from two to twelve quarts. Priced from 85c to $2.60

Viko Tea Kettles—four sizes, 3½ to 8 quarts. Priced from $1.85 to $3.55

Durable, Beautiful, Priced Low

Women know that, in kitchen utensils as in other articles of constant use in the home, true economy depends not always on purchase price, but, more often, on length of service delivered. VIKO, The Popular Aluminum, demonstrates its economy both by its moderate price and its years of wear.

Viko cooking utensils combine qualities usually found only in ware made to be sold at a higher price. Viko utensils are sturdily constructed from thick sheet aluminum, 99% pure. They are finely designed, beautifully finished and give unusual wear. They are sanitary—do not rust, absorb heat quickly and retain it longer.

You will find it good economy to seek the store in your locality which sells Viko Aluminum Ware. There is a Viko utensil for every kitchen need and each one bears the guarantee of the world's largest manufacturer of aluminum goods. Viko booklet gladly sent on request.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

Dealers—Ask your Jobber

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 74)

crushed by a car. Our boys want to run and to play; our university students want credits this year rather than knowledge when they leave the university; our bankers want money to-day rather than the business of the future; and our buyers and sellers want large profits right away rather than a sound, permanent market."

There is no panacea or patent mechanism for doing an export business. Primarily, success here as elsewhere is a question of ability rather than outward form. There are millions of ramifications in the making of sales in the markets of the world. It makes little difference how a concern is organized or what form its organization takes, provided there be not good business judgment, experience and prudence. Almost every possible form of organization applicable to the export trade has been developed to a high stage of service and safety. All kinds and descriptions of people and organizations have gotten into trouble in recent years, and all kinds have gotten off with a minimum of trouble.

There are numerous organizational forms or avenues through which export trade may flow, and dispute has long ranged round the question of how extensively the maker should build up his own direct facilities and avoid the employment of commission houses or middlemen. This may take the form of traveling representatives or agents, or of actual permanent branches on foreign soil. Many of the largest and most successful exporting manufacturers have developed their own foreign branches on a large scale, and in numerous cases this is the ideal for the manufacturer to work toward, especially if his resources are large or if he is in a position to coöperate with other producers.

Certainly, if the tendency toward industrial consolidation increases, our export trade will be fortified as more of the great industrial units plant, as it were, their own colonies, their own bits of the U. S. A., in foreign soil. For that will help them create part of the same conditions under which the English exporter works, who finds organizations and colonies of his own nationality wherever he goes. But the small manufacturer can hardly start exporting through his own foreign branches, and even the greatest of our corporations with hundreds of such branches do not have them everywhere or confine their sales to them alone. Nor do even the largest concerns always start in this way.

The Force of Habit

One thing only is certain—export business cannot be done at long range. In proportion as the exporter is without adequate and experienced representation or agents in the overseas markets he is just so much limited in his choice of business. He can build up his own organization or he can use those of merchants. He cannot shoot his goods out. Someone who knows the markets and has his interest at heart must be on the ground for him.

Nor need it be supposed that mere money or size will make for success in foreign trade. During the war boom several concerns with enormous resources went into the business, only to lose so heavily that in one instance it took the combined resources of New York's strongest banking interests to prevent a failure that would have been disastrous to the entire business and financial structure.

The reason for this lack of success is shown by an apparently unrelated incident. An experienced exporter went to New Zealand a number of years ago representing the old and well-known firm of Bowring & Co. "But," said the merchants whom he interviewed, "we have done business so long with Mr. Peabody, and we know him. Your concern is no doubt all right, but we don't want to change."

"Oh, but Mr. Peabody has been dead for twenty-five years," said the American.

"Yes, we know that, but we prefer to do business with his firm."

Which illustrates incidentally one of the advantages of export orders. Many foreign peoples stick to a connection once formed. They do not change either their source of supply or the class of goods so often or so readily as Americans do.

Now the trouble with many of the big aggregations of capital which rushed into foreign trade during the war was their idea that business could be had by sheer force of money, organization and so-called efficiency. They thought these could take the place of customers, personnel and old-established relationships. As a result many smaller and more obscure but also wiser and more experienced firms are still doing business at the same old stand, while the wartime monsters have gone into the scrap heap.

Even the most experienced of foreign-trading houses have fallen down hard on occasions when they have attempted to enter new markets. A concern might sell successfully for years to the East or West Coast of South America and yet make a dismal failure of the same job in Asia or Africa. The young fellows who during the boom years of the war called upon old-timers and said they would like to get into the export trade because they were tired of the drudgery of domestic business, failed to realize that they were jumping from the frying pan into the fire of grind, minutiæ and eternal merchandising vigilance.

There are those who believe that export trade will with difficulty recover from the supposedly irreparable blow it received in the latter part of 1920 and the early part of 1921. Everyone knows that just about the time that producers in this country had caught up on all their back orders and were able to deliver the goods which had been purchased in the great boom year of 1919, prices began to slump and buyers were placed in a position either of accepting goods at tremendous losses or of canceling and repudiating contracts.

When the War Bubble Burst

This process, although world-wide in its scope, seems to have attracted more attention, perhaps, as regards Latin-America than elsewhere. Latin-American merchants overbought of North American manufacturers, and the United States overbought Latin-American products. Everywhere goods were ordered on inflated, artificial and abnormal prosperity demands. The South American merchant ordered three times as much as he expected to get, and when a year or two later the price of his own raw materials had fallen the American manufacturer suddenly remembered the South American merchant, dug up the forgotten orders in his old files, and tried to deliver at high prices goods which the purchaser had never really even in his most prosperous days expected to receive.

At least that is the way it seemed to the Latin-American. He felt that he had been taken advantage of, that the United States contained too many robbers. And when, of course, he failed—in many cases, at least—to pay up, the producer in this country felt that Latin-America also contained many robbers, and decided to do business hereafter for cash only. Thus two great obstacles to a free resumption of trade seem to have been built up—one the resentment of sellers against buyers, and the other the resentment of buyers against sellers.

All general statements regarding the breakdown of commercial morale in various parts of the world are subject to exceptions. Not all exporters treated their foreign customers badly, nor did all such customers ask for more extension than was reasonable. But it is sheer blindness to blink the fact that human nature will stand just so much, and that a flock of repudiations is to be expected in any period of violently falling prices. Nor is there much doubt that it is easier to strain the moral law when your debtor or creditor is several thousand miles away than when he lives in the next state. If the American manufacturer thinks it is as easy to determine credits when trading round the world as at home he is merely kidding himself, or being kidded.

It is futile for anyone to guess how long or how much American foreign trade will be checked by the terrible events of 1920 and 1921, but as a people we forget our losses rather quickly. Those who have lost may be unwilling or unable for a time to resume business, but at least the débris has been cleared away. Besides, no matter how severe the losses have been, neither the profits of 1919 nor the deficits of 1921 are a true test of what normal trade, freed from the artificially stimulating and depressing effects of war, may be expected to produce.

In a sense everyone, or almost everyone, went crazy after the war, American exporters and foreign importers alike. After all, the American manufacturer lived in a fantastic world for about five years. Profits appeared to be beyond belief, but obstacles and difficulties were just as extravagant.

PATTON'S Auto Gloss ENAMEL

Spare Time Does It

GIVES your car renewed beauty and protection.

Perhaps it needs just a finishing coat to bring back its gleam and lustre—and protect the body of the factory finish. Do it now, don't let weather and wear go further.

If your car requires complete re-finishing, or a change of color, a good brush and the remarkable, easy-flowing quality of Patton's Auto Gloss Enamel—in sixteen popular colors—are first aids to a beautiful finish which withstands heat, weather, and the impact of highway dust and grit.

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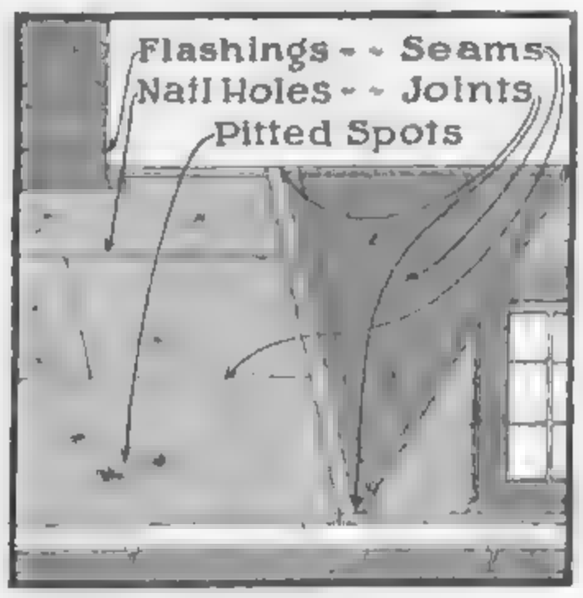
Proof PRODUCTS
INDUSTRY OF THE

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

SONNEBORN PRODUCTS

The Weak Points Of Ordinary Roofs



Stormtight
Makes Roofs Leakproof

There is no longer any need of repainting or repairing your roof at frequent intervals.

This Spring—use the modern method—apply Stormtight and forget your roof for many years.

Unlike paint, Stormtight expands and contracts with heat and cold, and cannct crack or peel, run or melt.

Stormtight
FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

is not a mere coating. It is a substantial, one-piece, leakproof covering which is brushed or troweled over your old roof.

It makes your roof better than new because it has no seams, nail holes or other weak points where leaks always start.

Even though your roof is already leaking, do not pull it off and replace it. Cover it with Stormtight and save a large part of the replacement expense. The cost is surprisingly low and anyone can apply it on residences, outhouses, garages, factories, etc.

Buy of your dealer. If he does not yet carry Stormtight write us. Dealers—write for our proposition.

Write for free booklet "Leakproof Roofs" and testimonials covering years of use.

L. Sonneborn Sons, *Inc.*

NEW YORK Chicago Dallas St Louis Omaha Boston Los Angeles Phila. Balt. Detroit San Francisco

For 20 years manufacturers of Technical Products for the preservation of buildings from foundation to roof.

SONNEBORN

There were coal shortages, car shortages, labor shortages and strikes. The manufacturer had to order his raw materials far ahead at fabulous prices. To quote the practical words of the sales manager of one concern:

"It all comes down to the fact that our factories and all of us were so busy handling our business that we didn't have time to go at the thing the way a professor might have gone at it."

It is an old, old story, but briefly it must be repeated here. Behind the shortage of cars, fuel and labor a great supply of goods was built up, and when the dam broke it went with a rush and smashed things pretty generally, not only in Buenos Aires but in Boston, Philadelphia or any other place one may care to pick out. It wasn't designed mistreatment of the Argentinian or the man in Boston; it was part of the penalty of the world's economic jag.

Of course this country will not come back into the easy export trade we had during the war; not, at least, unless there is another similar war. Nor will it come back to the people who plunged in on a rising market, without experience and possessing no machinery, to continue business on a falling market. Everyone took a try at selling goods abroad during the boom years, not only the well-meaning inexperienced amateurs but the fly-by-nights and the black sheep. It is amazing how many very recently naturalized persons, whose origin had been somewhere in Central or Eastern Europe, jumped into the export business five or six years ago, and how invariably they formed corporations in which names such as "The United States" were conspicuous.

None of the ordinary details of foreign trade had to be complied with in those years. Provided the goods and the shipping space could be had, everything went. Business was conducted in a loose manner, and so-called contracts proved not to be contracts at all. Bills of lading were carelessly made out. Then when the fever had passed, all the previously overlooked details and derelictions were recalled and availed of in the cancellation of contracts. For a time incompetence and inexperience fared as well as any other qualities. Those who took long chances appeared to win.

Commercial Readjustment

But now the manufacturer and exporter are up against the cold, hard rules which govern trade. The paradise of incompetence and inexperience has gone like a mist. Like competing nations we have to get back to conservative, old-fashioned and rational trading methods. It cannot be repeated too often that we can no longer sell anything to anybody or everything to everybody, not only because of the regrettable slump of a year ago but for the more fundamental reason that such markets are gone for good.

I made the point in a previous article that the United States is trying to sell to a very poor world, and cannot expect overmuch until there is more recovery. But a recovered world means only a chance to trade, not its assurance. A restored Russia means a larger market, but it also means that industrial countries that are near at hand will buy more raw materials from Russia and less from us. If foreigners are poor they cannot buy largely of our manufactured products; but, on the other hand, their gradual financial recovery does not mean easy victory for us either, because it will make for far freer purchases from one another.

Then, too, in foreign trade American firms are at a disadvantage with competitors because of higher expense. New York is one of the most costly ports in the world. It is said that warehouse charges are sometimes from 6 to 10 per cent a year of the value of merchandise—that is, it costs as much to store goods as it does to finance them.

In Hamburg a competent shipping clerk can be had for one thousand marks a month against a salary here of twenty-five dollars a week. Expert stenographers in New York receive as much as managers in Hamburg. Or if the comparison be drawn with the Japanese it may be said that a Japanese firm can send a competent man into China to take charge of a selling campaign there for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

But the other side of the shield is that competing countries have their troubles too; even more of them. Germany is in danger of financial collapse and England is bewildered and disturbed. Formerly British foreign trade took care of itself almost automatically. It was a ball-bearing, self-functioning machine. The Hindus bought goods from England as a matter of course. For fifty years England had goodwill almost for the asking. But now much of this has to be won all over again. The British are being put in the position of having to study their trade markets from the ground up.

America with its power of mass production and inventive genius is in a better position in many respects to create labor-saving devices to meet the newer needs of the people of the world than any competitor. It has long been said that American tools are less clumsy than those of European make. They not only express our inventive spirit and initiative but are less encumbered by traditions of the past and are made in a common-sense way for present-day people and present-day needs.

European commerce is pushed very largely on low prices and easy terms. The whole structure of its industry tends less to develop distinctive brands and aggressive sales organizations on the part of manufacturers. The foreign maker is usually satisfied to produce the goods and let a professional merchant do the selling rather than project his own sales and advertising departments to all parts of the world. The American does not compete so much in the way of price cutting as he does by giving an attractive brand, by various forms of service, by putting into distinctive, ultra-modern and highly useful forms the inventive spirit of the age.

Trade With the Far East

It must not be supposed for a moment that the British and Germans do not understand the art of salesmanship or how to manufacture almost any kind of goods. But it is a question whether the American type of manufactured article in many lines is not better fitted to the needs of South America, South Africa and Australia at least than those of the old European countries. Our typical automobiles were made for the rough roads in the great agricultural area of the Mississippi Valley, whereas the typical European car was made for the boulevards of Paris. The small American car is suited to the needs of South America, South Africa and Australia, just as it is to our own needs.

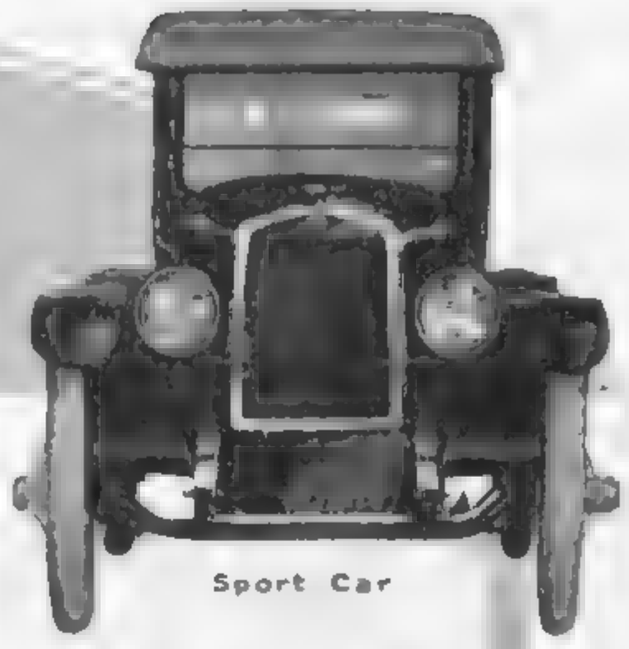
Europe may produce a small car of simple design, easy to repair and capable of withstanding the hardest usage imposed by rough roads and lack of mechanical knowledge, but certainly we have a great start in that sort of mass production. In this whole field of machinery, electrical equipment, agricultural implements and all the newer labor-saving devices, it is a fairly safe statement that the spirit of America is more nearly akin to the needs and desires of the newly settled continents than that of old Europe.

Although it is futile to use vague and high-sounding expressions like "unlimited possibilities," yet there is little doubt that the future will see an enormous expansion of American trade with the Far East also. It is true that the native of China and India has but small buying power with his income of a few cents a day, and that labor is both plentiful and cheap. But in course of time he should produce far more if given tools to work with.

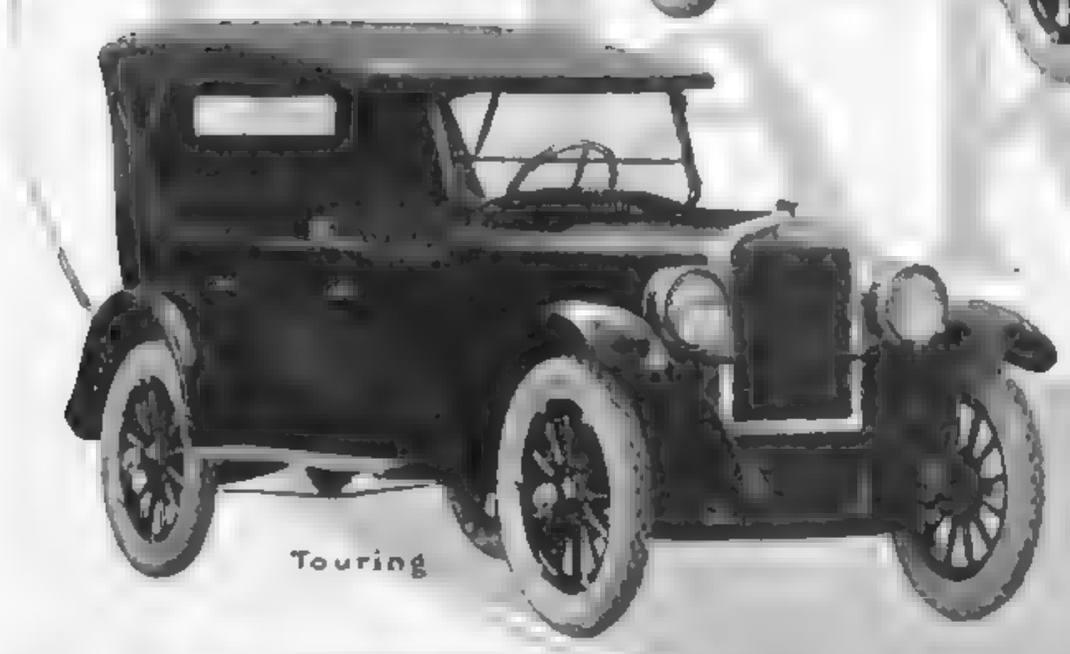
The tremendous increase in our trade with the Philippines is an example of what in time may be expected in other portions of the East. This trade has developed along with the introduction of the machinery of modern life, and there is no inherent reason why ultimately other parts of the Eastern world should not go through similar changes.

If China could have railroads and a sufficient degree of political security and order, the opportunities of developing trade there might exceed anything the world has ever known. But political security is a long, slow road. Probably the war can be paid for and liquidated only through the development of the resources of such portions of the world as China, India, Siberia, South America, Australia and South Africa. The Napoleonic Wars and our own Civil War were paid for by the development of this continent. It may take a long time before the United States and the countries of Western Europe have the spare capital to invest or, as regards certain parts of the world, enough confidence in their political security. But is there any other way out?

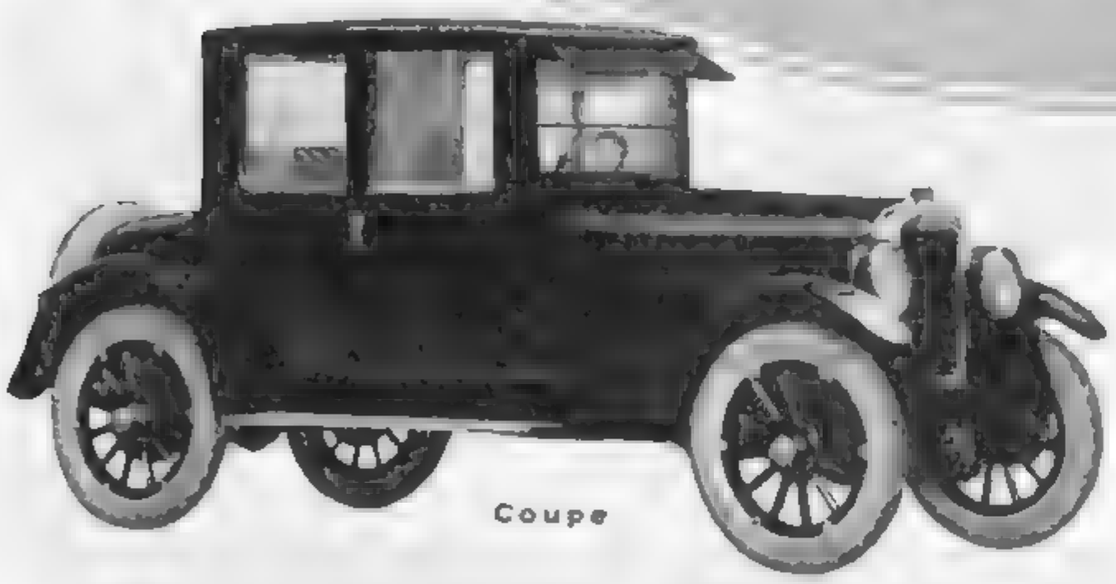
Roadster



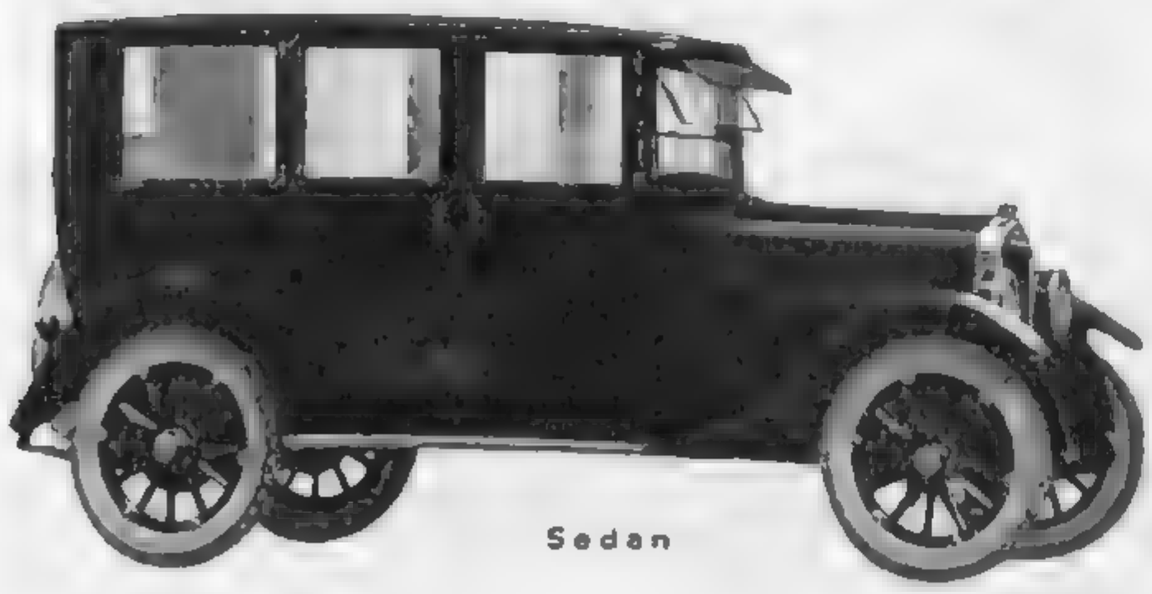
Sport Car



Touring



Coupe



Sedan

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But the thrill of a 6-44 is not limited to the wonderful performance of its extraordinary six-cylinder overhead valve motor.

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Touring	*1145*
Sport Car	*1265*
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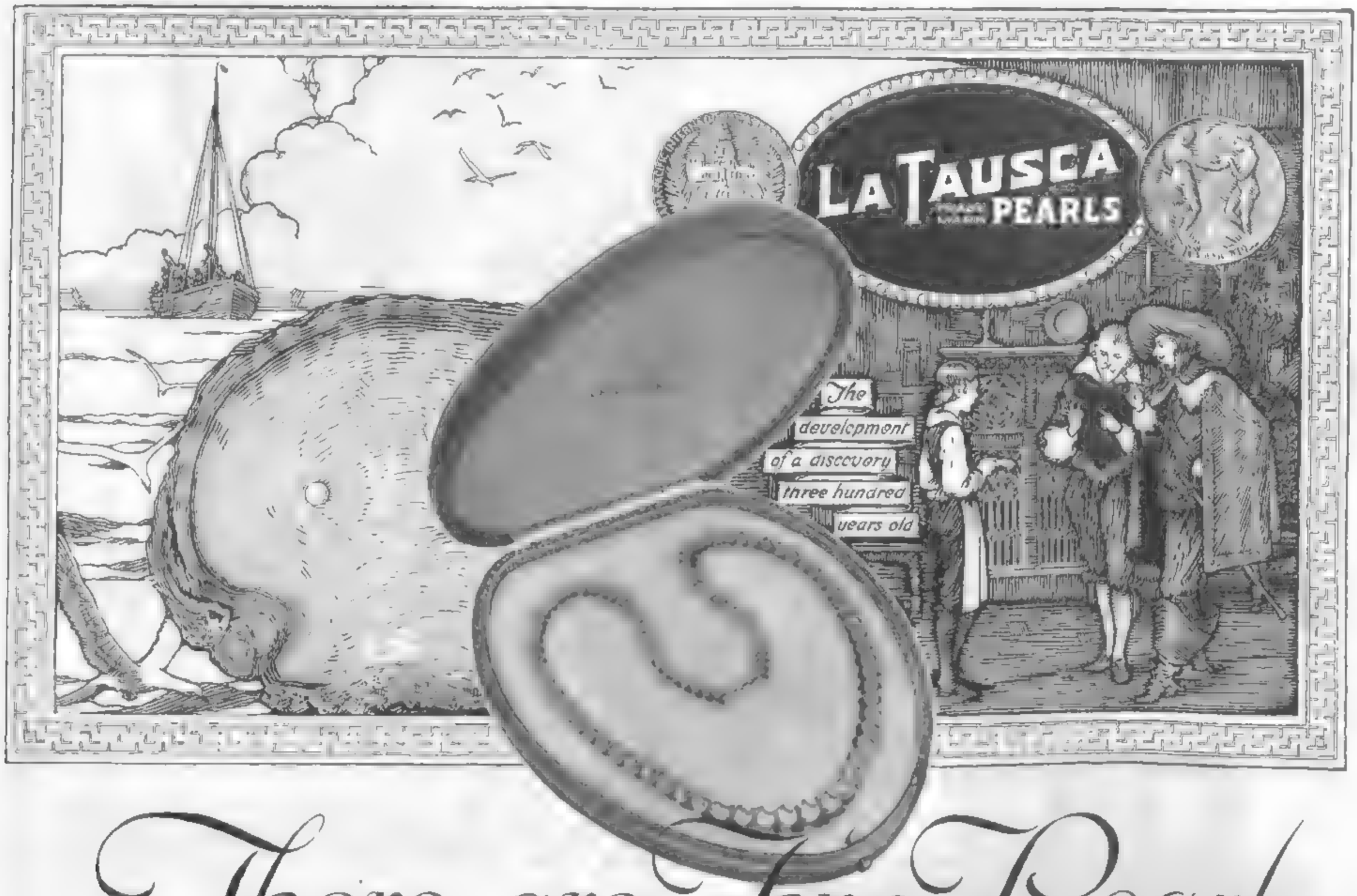
Oakland 6-44

Oakland



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THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 15)

The theater all over the country at that time was suffering from the competition of roller skating, which was then a craze. The rinks throughout the country made as much of a bid for persons who would otherwise have gone to the theater as the motion pictures now make. Though as actors we disapproved of this fad, we were not superior to it, and many an hour in the afternoons was used up by visits to the rink. Mr. Smythe was generally busy during these times with his books or his other business duties. Sullivan inferred from this that Smythe was afraid of the roller skates, and he thought it would be fine fun to lure him to a rink and then laugh at his mishaps when he had been equipped with a pair of skates. Smythe evaded these attempts for a time, but finally consented.

I must confess that all of us had more or less indirectly assisted Sullivan in his plan. We were all present on the afternoon in mind; we stood about while Sullivan carefully strapped the skates onto Smythe. We restrained our laughter as Sullivan and David with difficulty helped him from his seat to a prominent place on the smooth floor of the rink and then left him alone and unsupported. To the surprise of all, however, Smythe's first move was to go into what is called the spread-eagle, a difficult figure, with the heels together and the toes pointing in opposite directions. From this he passed on to cutting a few figure eights, and finished with a pirouette on his toes that would have done credit to any professional. We had all coaxed an expert with medals into this intended exhibition of a tyro!

Little Della Fox was a pupil of Nellie Page, who was our leading woman. The Fox and Page families were neighbors and friends, and Della was placed in the care of Miss Page during her tour with us. One of the conditions of her being permitted to go with us was that she was to carry her schoolbooks, and her studies were not to be abandoned. The rôle of pedagogue was mine. As we weren't paying salaries with any regularity, and as her money went home anyway, the usual theater fine for a breach of discipline meant nothing, but to fine her one extra lesson was effective.

What is a Veal?

Outside her studies she had a child's curiosity in all questions raised by the features of our shifting environment. This was generally satisfied by some member of the company, but not in the spirit of seriousness that should guide an education. There was a disposition, especially on the part of the men, to tease rather than to inform. For example, meeting the word frequently on the bills of fare, Della wanted to know, "What is a veal?" Everybody tried to describe it to her in terms of elimination; it wasn't as large as a cow; didn't have wings like a chicken, and so on; and all so seriously that Della went through the season, hurrying now and then to the car window, but always too late to see a veal that we had just passed. In the beautiful little city of Madison, Wisconsin, business was bad because there was a meeting of the alumni that competed. Della wanted to know what an alumni was. Smythe was trying to tell her in the usual way, eliminating colors, wings, and the like. Della, hoping to make better progress by combining ideas, asked if it was anything like a veal. Smythe told her it was very much like a veal, only it didn't know so much.

It was not always possible to get first-class trains. On more than one trip we had to be content for a short jump with the company huddled in with the trainmen in their caboose. One awkward booking forced us into that kind of travel overnight. We reached our hotel early in the morning. Della walked to the hotel desk.

The clerk, noticing her disheveled appearance, said, "What's the matter, kid?"

Della answered, "I've been in a calaboose all night."

She looked it.

I think I should tell of our advance man, Frank Hamilton, because in some other important business ventures and episodes growing out of them Hamilton and I were intimately associated. He was not quite thirty years old, but looked a bit older. You could safely call him colonel or judge in any group without risking doubt of your seriousness. For a short time he had been an actor; for a shorter time an unsuccessful star. He had the most unbounded confidence in himself and his capacity to carry out anything that he undertook; but as soon as Hamilton filled in all the outlines of any sudden conception and was able fairly to communicate the figure to one or two other minds, he was ready to abandon it for some newer and more inviting dream. Sometimes where there was a gap in the route the duty to get a date for us fell to him. His optimism concerning the business we would do at any place he selected and thought about was sufficient for him to feel guaranteed in the required railroad journey, however long. My only venture as the owner of a newspaper was following one of Hamilton's will-o'-the-wisps. The only time I felt I was sharing the lease of a theater was when we went arm in arm after another prospect.

Getting home from this try-out trip of ours as we did late in June, with the intention of beginning a regular season toward the end of August, left us players with not much more than six weeks' vacation, which we employed leisurely improving the material we had as to text and in getting new songs, and the like. The trip had been vastly interesting and educational, but there was salary owing to the company and unpaid paper bills at the local printers', the Springer Lithograph Company. Whatever our trip had proved besides, it had certainly shown that we were not a paying enterprise in a spring season over small time in the Middle West.

An Offer Declined

Those were sad vacation days, divided as were our hopes and our actual prospects. Mr. Dickson bravely argued that we had done all that we had any reason to expect in the way of business. We had a perfected entertainment and a scrapbook of notices that many a New York manager would have given thousands of dollars rightly to own. Furthermore, the offers for return dates in the regular season were most reassuring. One menace lay in the fact that nearly every member of the company had received some flattering offer from other managers who had seen our work in Minneapolis, Milwaukee or Chicago.

My first meeting with A. L. Erlanger, for so many years the head of the syndicate that later controlled the business of the American theaters, and still in that position, was at the end of this summer. Mr. Erlanger, then a young man, probably younger than I was, as he is now younger than I am, was managing the first financial venture of magnitude on his own account. This was a play called Dagmar, of which the star was Louise Balfe. I had been in to see it on Tuesday night of its early week at Pope's, and was in the lobby of the theater during an intermission, when Dickson called me and introduced us. The young manager said that he would like me to replace his leading man, an actor by the name of William Harris, not related to either of those prominent managers of New York, the late William Harris or the present William Harris, his son, and that he would pay me seventy-five dollars a week, a large salary for a road leading man at that time. I declined the offer and went on my errand to the near-by café. He met me again during the following intermission and raised the offer to one hundred dollars, which I also declined.

During the last year of the World War, 1918, I was at Mr. Erlanger's dinner table in New York with a number of men who were discussing some war aid in which the theaters were interested. To my astonishment he referred to that first meeting at Pope's thirty-four years before. He asked me if I remembered my reasons for refusing to go with the company, and told, to the amusement of the company, that I had said, "I won't go, because I think you have a bad play which should be in the storehouse." And the Napoleon of managers laughed heartily at this freshness.

"But Thomas was right," he added, "and I should have saved money by taking his advice at the time."

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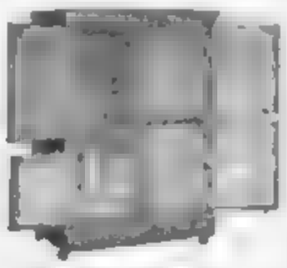

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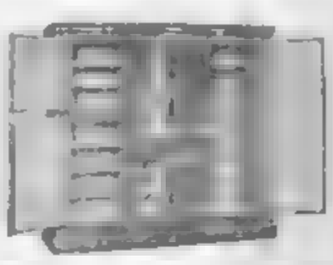

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I then told him of a reënforcement that had been given to my estimate of the play. Before I had gone into the theater on that Tuesday night I had met our Dickson Sketch Club comedian, Billy Sullivan, whose anguish at having to play a straight part I have related. The week before Mr. Erlanger's engagement in the theater the attraction had been one Ada Richmond, a rather indifferent type of burlesque woman in as bad a performance as could be imagined.

I said to Sullivan, "How is the Dagmar piece?"

With a seriousness that intensified the unconscious humor of his remark, he answered, "Why, Gus, it's a case of Ada Richmond with a whole cast of Doctor Bankses!"

My refusal to go with Dagmar at a hundred dollars showed me how truly at heart I preferred our little home company. My own wavering was over, and the other boys fell into line for a big try at a real tour. As I looked over Dickson's route sheets for the coming season, fairly filled as they were for the early months, and for later ones marked out with indicated points of importance between which we should maneuver the tissue of connecting engagements, I had a great eagerness, inspired by the prospect of such a season in a little commonwealth company wherein were no stars, where the proprietors were comrades and where baby girl and impecunious owner and accomplished manager got each the democratic salary of forty dollars a week, with no guaranty and infrequent realization. You can't go far wrong on forty dollars a week; but if you are willing to waive its collection and transmute the debt into railroad tickets with an intermittently encouraging patronage you can cover a lot of ground.

Starting on this regular season, we naturally re-covered the territory of our try-out. The people remembered us and we did not do badly. One of those filling-in jumps referred to as sometimes made by our advance man carried us from Stillwater, Minnesota, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, broken only by a stop at St. Cloud, about seventy-five miles north of St. Paul. The round trip was all based on Hamilton's hopes of Winnipeg, inspired by some glowing description by a local manager. Stillwater is a beautiful little town on the St. Croix River, almost due east of Minneapolis. We were playing there Friday night, and made St. Cloud for Saturday, and then had Sunday to get into Winnipeg and prepare for the week. To do this we were to make a very early start from Stillwater and change cars at St. Paul. We left a night call with the hotel proprietor and went to bed. I waked in the morning about fifteen minutes before train time, ran along the hall where we were quartered, roused the company and without breakfast made a dash for the station, but too late. The next train would get us into St. Cloud at about the time we should ring up for the play, with no margin for getting the scenery to the theater or making ourselves up for the characters. The hotel proprietor thought that we might drive across country in time to get the train scheduled to take us out of St. Paul. But after consulting with the livery-stable man this was found to be impracticable. The scenery and baggage had gone on the train.

Beating the Train

On a quick decision it was agreed that Sullivan and I should try the cross-country drive. The stable keeper sent us a double surrey, with two ordinary-looking horses and a boy of fourteen to drive. We started. The boy handled his team with the knowledge and composure of a veteran. Sullivan and I complained of the slow pace we were taking. The boy figured that the drive could be made in time to give us a margin of ten minutes on the train, somewhat over two hours as I remember; that to rush the horses would be to tire them out and not make the connection. We thought that more speed could be safely tried; but the lad insisted that he was in charge of the expedition and that he would conduct it to suit himself.

At last on a little lift in the rise of the landscape the boy, pointing to a distant cloud of smoke, collection of chimneys and roofs, said, "That is St. Paul."

The horses had increased their speed little if any, but were now moving with great regularity, and under the guidance of this little tow-headed North American we went up to the proper station in St. Paul fifteen minutes ahead of the time. We were able to get sandwiches and some coffee at a stand in the terminal and make our train, on which we had the satisfaction of seeing the car with our scenery and baggage already hooked. This put Sullivan and me into the town of St. Cloud early in the afternoon. We had the scenes set and the baggage distributed for the company that arrived at eight. We also had time to get out some handbills and explain to the little community, who had seen no company arrive upon the morning train, the situation as it stood, and promise them the plays as advertised in the evening.

When we got into Winnipeg we were astonished to find that it was winter. It was late autumn in the States. But in this city of Manitoba the ground was covered with snow. All vehicles had been taken from their wheels and were upon runners; the roads were already packed. The hotel at which we stopped was already fitted with storm sashes outside the working windows, closed in for the winter siege.

Despite the optimism of Hamilton and the genial hopes of the local manager, we didn't open to much business. There is always an excuse in a little town for bad business; the local manager has alibis. They begin about a quarter of eight, when the house is not promising, by his assertion that the people come late; and finish by his suddenly remembering that there is a church sociable or gathering of equal importance, or some local political excitement that explains the lack of patronage. The saddest excuse that you can get is that the people are saving their money for the attraction that is to follow.

The Rights of Englishmen

In Winnipeg a local malefactor had broken jail a day or two before our arrival and made his escape. He had been recaptured and brought back. The lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, resenting this criminal's failure to respect the iron bars, had caused him to be flogged; and the free Englishmen of that fine little city were discussing this punishment. They had finally come to the conclusion that a man in jail was justified in dismissing any moral restraint that bars were supposed to imply. His right to escape was by implication just as inalienable as his measure of beer by the London quarter guaranteed by Article 35 of Magna Charta. The debate of this flogging order had slowly mounted into indignation, and finally into something very like rebellion.

As we were ringing up on our first performance the lieutenant-governor was in the midst of a banquet at the Windsor Hotel. The after-dinner speeches were interrupted by a crowd of Englishmen that was rapidly gathering outside the doors, looking for his excellency. The hotel proprietor had been forced to lock his doors, guard his windows, and finally the lieutenant-governor, after an hour or two of this menace, was covertly conducted out the back way, in disguise, and spirited off in a sleigh in order to save his skin. When we came home from the theater the police had to help us to get through the mob, and we had to be identified before we could be admitted to the hotel. The women were frightened; all of us men were impressed. But one thing about which we agreed was that that was the largest audience out there we had seen for some weeks. Somehow this suggestion caught in the tinder of my political recollections and preparations. When we reached the second story I went out on a little iron balcony, while Will Smythe and Edgar Smith stood behind me in the doorway.

It was impossible for the people below to distinguish this figure silhouetted against the lighted but curtained windows. To them it seemed to be some messenger from the fugitive official they were hunting. With the foolhardiness of twenty-seven I addressed them as fellow citizens, lifted my hands for silence, which came quickly, then leaned on the rail and spoke to them as I fancied Blaine or Logan would have addressed them.

The night was cold and clear; the houses opposite made a fine background; it was as good a place for a political address as a man could ask for. I began with a paragraph or two about the rights of Englishmen, the guaranties of their great unwritten constitution, the elaboration of that in tradition and practices; spoke of the

(Continued on Page 84)

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(Continued from Page 82)

reason for their coming to the hotel doors; told them that among the rights of every Englishman were those of self-expression and the pursuit of happiness; and then mentioned the Dickson Sketch Club playing at the opera house, where the most pleasure for the least money ——

Bang! A shower of snowballs caught me and my friends standing behind and broke a number of windows. I was dragged inside and some man, speaking more directly to the facts from the door below, finally got them to believe that the lieutenant-governor had escaped.

The next day the agitation in the community kept up. The people didn't know the man who had been whipped; they didn't care anything about that. Their rights had been invaded by an appointed official. The thing that impressed me in their behavior was the way they went about their self-assertion. Instead of being perfectly satisfied with getting something on the editorial page in the public forum signed by a Lover of Liberty, they had moved promptly to direct action. I am not even at this date prepared to advocate their methods where there is a judicial machine capable to redress, but there is fine value in tradition and in its authority with an unmixed stock.

Despite this advertising, our business on the second night was no better. The local manager thought our entertainment was not so hilarious as his patrons expected. He advised a change of bill. We were ready with His Last Legs, and in order to present a full evening of new offering we decided to try Muldoon's Picnic, which we had been discussing for some time. Sullivan was thoroughly familiar with the play from watching two or three engagements in which Barry and Fay did it for a week each time. David also had watched it from the orchestra, and little Della had played the child for Barry and Fay when they were in St. Louis. I had some familiarity with it from having got in occasionally from the box office.

The plan was to put this on Thursday night. In the old days, twenty years before the time of which I am writing, it was not unusual to pitchfork pieces into a production in that hurried way, and experienced variety people even as late as 1900 would get together and put on an afterpiece with very few rehearsals and relying more upon tradition than upon script. It was necessary, however, for us to have a prompt copy, or we thought it was. Edgar Smith and I sat down to tables with pens and paper, while Sullivan, David and Della dictated to us the play as they remembered it. Smythe, the third of our scriveners' department, set to work copying parts for the women. Della required no part. She was herself an authority. Smith and I preferred to copy our own, because that was an excellent method of study. David and Sullivan knew the play.

A Four-Legged Star

A principal member of any Muldoon's Picnic company is the donkey. We found one on a farm, guaranteed his full value to his owner, and hired him for the last half of the week. Our auditorium was reached by a winding staircase, making an ascent of some thirty feet. The donkey refused to follow or drive up this, so we carried him to the parquet and down the side aisle and up five steps more to the stage. We played Muldoon's Picnic on Thursday evening. All the work I have indicated—writing the play, writing some parts, holding the rehearsals implied, getting the donkey, getting our own costumes—was accomplished in thirty-six hours, during which we had also given one performance of our original bill. Muldoon's Picnic, with Bernard's farce, His Last Legs, drew enough money for us to get our railroad fares back to the States and resume our tour in Northern Wisconsin. Sullivan's agony at having to play Doctor Banks the first half of the evening was assuaged and almost compensated by his chance to do Muldoon, which was really a star part.

There is a comic episode connected with another presentation of Muldoon's Picnic by this company. It occurred in New Orleans. We weren't in the best theater. The only piece of local scenery that would serve as the required picnic ground was a back drop representing the Lakes of Killarney. This was very old and wrinkled and was suspended from the gridiron. To take out the wrinkles the carpenters pulled the canvas taut and nailed its lower batten, or wooden rail, to the stage. David as Mulcahy had to mount the donkey at the usual moment in the second act. The New Orleans donkey was not only sulky but reactionary. He backed up against the Lakes of Killarney, and—cheered rather than deterred by this opposition—backed through the rotten canvas and disappeared in the waters. Nothing during the week had pleased our audience so much as that vanishing act, and nothing that could be said condemnatory of theaters in general and donkeys in particular was omitted by David, whose voice from behind the Killarney Lakes was fortunately muffled by the canvas of a reunited Ireland and drowned by the screams of the house in front.

One day soon after our return to the States I found our boys in the smoking car roaring with delight over a little comedy in Harper's Magazine. I joined them and listened to the smart dialogue of The Elevator by William Dean Howells. That was my first knowledge of him as a dramatist. The effects that he achieved in that little play, The Elevator, and in the others that followed soon after were very educational suggestions to a young writer as to what could be done in the theater with restraint joined to precision.

There was a tidy little opera house in Fort Wayne, Indiana, fixed in my memory by the clatter of tinware that began in front of the curtain some time before the overture and grew to a deafening charivari in a few minutes. This noise was a result of the gallery rule in that house that every boy had to carry with him to his seat a tin spittoon from a stock piled at the doorway where he entered.

The Laugh of the Night

The effect is associated in my mind with election night. It was from the stage of that little opera house that we announced the returns of the presidential election in 1884, as was then the custom in the theaters, and of course still is. These returns were read during intermissions, but as the excitement mounted the interest in them more than equaled that in the play, until as each fresh telegram came an actor stepped down in character and read its contents to the audience—such and such a vote for Blaine, or this or that state indicated for Cleveland.

At one point in the burlesque that closed our show Ned Smith appeared as a spinster of the Directoire period, poke bonnet and curls. In this costume, toward 10:30 in the evening, he got the laugh of the night by reading this telegram:

"Us girls seem to have got left at the post.—Belva."

This revives the fact which many, even those rather well informed politically, never fixed in their minds—that in that year a woman, Belva A. Lockwood, ran for the presidency of the United States as the candidate of a regular accredited political organization, the Equal Rights Party.

We had a half day in the city of Washington in the early winter of 1885; not playing there, but changing cars on a jump from Pennsylvania to a Southern town. It was my first return to the city of magnificent distances since my term as page boy fifteen years before. Pennsylvania Avenue looked impressively broad but depressingly shabby, with its little four-story houses, five-story hotels and dingy shops, all even smaller than I had remembered. But the fine old Capitol stood at the head of the avenue, inspiring in its grandeur and symmetry, its form and color and satisfying balance. Neither House of Congress was in session. I roamed the corridors and rotundas, renewing youthful impressions, and on the ramble drifted into the Supreme Court room. I found that I had insufficiently estimated the impression of the General Butler rebuke for my boyish caricatures of him, as I felt a nervous tingling up the spine at sight of the old warrior seated at the table, his chin resting on his hands and his eyes closed, while the solicitor-general or some representative from his office addressed the court. As near as one could gather, sitting with the three or four spectators listening to the uninteresting case, the issue was a claim against the United States for certain cotton owned by a loyal citizen and destroyed as a tactical necessity by some Northern general during the war. The solicitor for the Government, indulging in forensic elaboration and effects, tired his listeners in the

lobby, who were evidently waiting for Benjamin F. Butler to speak. When the solicitor finished Butler slowly opened his eyes, turned his head with an inquiring jerk, lifted his chin as he directed his gaze to the members of the court, rose with deliberation, and said:

"If it please the court, I have but one point to submit: If the court overrules me I have nothing further to offer; if the court sustains me I have won my case."

And then he submitted his point, a very brief one, too technical to make an impression on my mind; but the thing that did strike me was the old gentleman's running true to form—brief, direct, condensed, significant.

When I was first drawing, my father, who taught me to sharpen a lead pencil with a penknife—and, by the way, that is an art I should like to describe if space permitted—inculcated the habit of filling in odd moments, even those of some preoccupation if one's hand were free, by making short parallel strokes upon any convenient piece of paper, and then later by equal and similar strokes crossing them at angles. Each new layer of pencil marks deepened with definite degree the effect of shadow that the earlier marks produced. As we left Pennsylvania and later left Washington and then moved south upon our route the increase of the percentage of colored population had very much the effect of a cosmic draftsman recrossing his crayon marks on his continental cartoon.

As we got deeper into the black belt I was puzzled to understand the authority that our comedian Sullivan had over the boys whom he engaged to help him handle baggage and do other work behind the scenes. Even when the work was done, one often saw him in control of three or four full-grown negroes who were dancing in violent contest, all the while watching him in terror.

He was playing upon their superstitions in this way: No full-blooded African south of the Ohio River is free from the fear of a rabbit's foot. To wave one across his face with malign intent is to put over him a black spell that only a strong voodoo practitioner or the possessor of the rabbit's foot himself can remove. In the theater rouge is applied to an actor's face by a hare's foot, upon the ball of which the long soft fur is like a short camel's-hair brush impossibly broad. There was such a hare's foot in Sullivan's make-up box. Having discovered the darky's susceptibility, he carried this thing in his pocket as an object of authority and a magic wand; but ignorant of the negro psychology beyond this first experimental stage, Sullivan was in the habit of going away with the company and leaving those poor fellows under their depressing illusion.

The White Spell

Nothing that I could say to the black boys when I found this out altered their obsession. But I was able to devise a white spell that they believed curative and magically potent.

As far as they knew the power was entirely in the cabalistic words with which I accompanied the gesture of rubbing them slightly under each eye with a white silk handkerchief. But as the spell worked and the tears ran involuntarily from their eyes, they never doubted its efficacy, and I never told them that I had concealed in the silk handkerchief the white button of a menthol pencil. Perhaps I should be ashamed to confess it, but in the interest of efficiency, as well as occasional entertainment, Sullivan and I finally came into a working agreement by which he covered our local assistants with the black spell during the time of their required services and I released them by the white spell before we went away.

In 1885 every local community in the South had its military organization of whites, trained to the utmost efficiency of militia. We met the members of one such company in the jointly incorporated community of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Salem was an old Moravian settlement of simple dwellings, flanked by its cemetery, in which this religious sect, consistently with its belief that death was a democracy in which all were equal, permits above the graves of its dead only the little uniform cubes of stone. Winston, in contrast, is the new town, with everything therein apparently erected since the Civil War, and a graveyard in which the most ostentatious are welcome.

Our engagement was for one night. The house was very thin, but, as the favorable notices say, most appreciative. When the curtain fell two or three young gentlemen came behind, introduced themselves, expressed their approval of the plays and apologized for their townspeople who had not patronized the entertainment; and then, with a refreshing ignorance of theatrical arrangements, suggested that we stay another night. It obviously never occurred to them that theatrical arrangements were made in advance and that we could not prolong a visit anywhere simply because our hosts were agreeable.

The sequel, however, almost bore out their innocent assumption. The Winston militia, the local name of which I forget, overrode our excuses and explanations with a disarming hospitality that one doesn't meet north of that latitude. We were to play the next night in the town of Salisbury. We couldn't ask the manager there to release us. We would be under pecuniary obligation and liability. All of this these young men quickly accepted, assimilated and transmuted into energy. With our consent, they got hold of the Salisbury manager; they arranged, in what manner I do not know—they hadn't had time to send our next morning's notices—for his consent to our cutting out his town, and they gave us, as they had promised, a fine house and a jolly audience on the second night. They also gave us a supper and a dance in their armory.

No Della, No Show

The spirit of entertainment spread through the little town. The hotel keeper, with a couple of two-horse rigs, showed us the surrounding country. When, in the glow of this give and take and quite family intimacy, Mr. Smythe felt called upon to speak some farewell words of thanks before the curtain, his enthusiasm outran his information and he spoke in most glowing terms of their wonderful little hotel. A roar of mocking laughter answered him; even local pride knew this hotel to be rotten; and the next morning the hotel proprietor, who—also knowing his own hotel—could not be convinced that Smythe's compliments had been sincere, forced an apology from him by threats of personal violence. We left, unanimously admitting that the hotel was bad, but that we thought the home folk didn't know it.

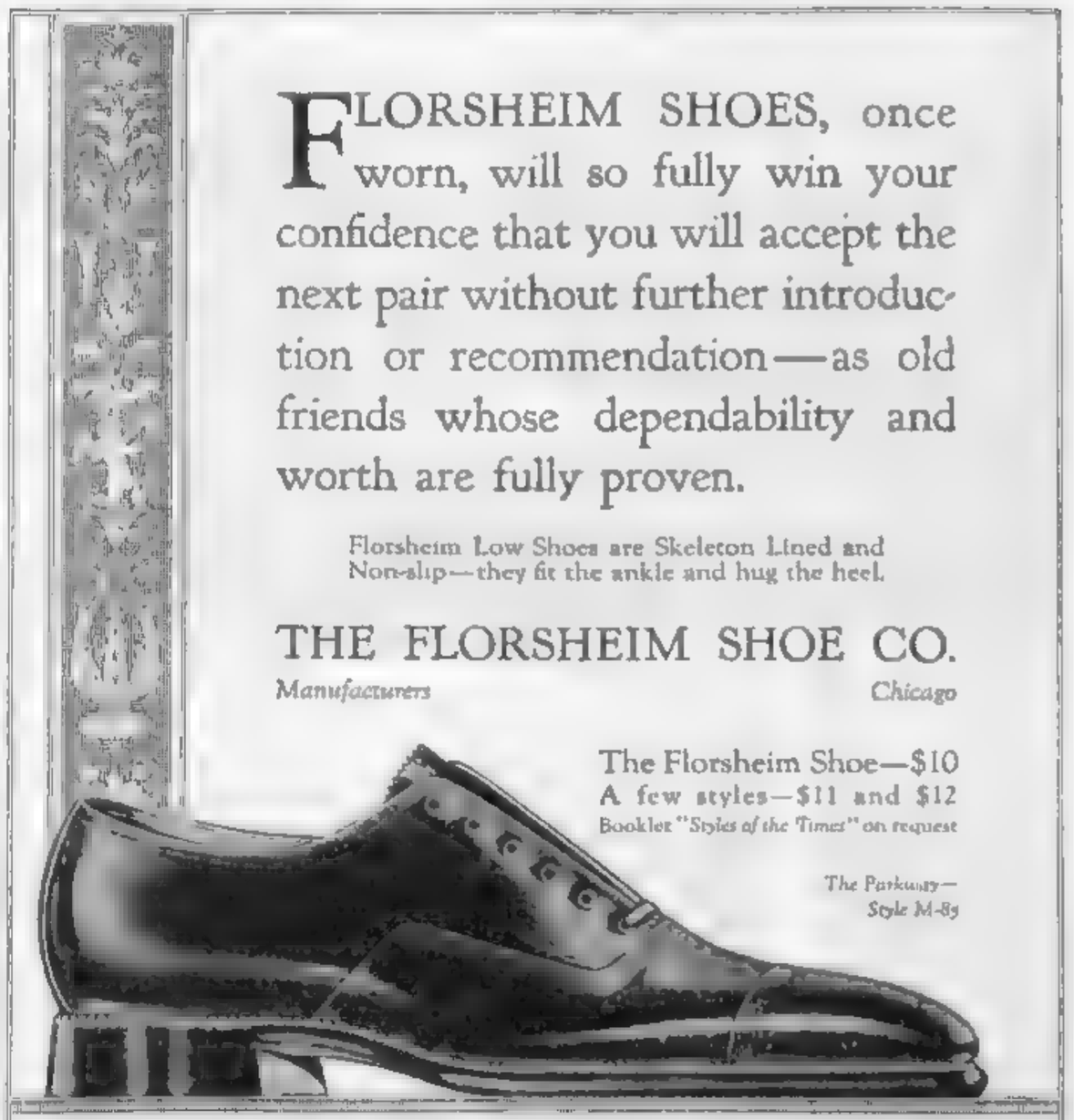
My traveling bag with its contents was a standing joke in our company. It weighed about fifteen pounds. One side of it was filled with a tightly rolled steamer rug and a pair of five-pound iron dumb-bells. The other side held the usual toilet articles for a night away from one's trunk. Although we had plenty of exercise on the stage in our rough dances, I was fearful at that time of losing the strength I had acquired in the railroad yard. In my anxiety to avoid that I packed this pair of dumb-bells, weighing together ten pounds, and I conscientiously used them every day in the bedroom. The steamer rug, which somebody had given me, I continued to carry because of its value now and then as protection to little Della. There used to be a blacksmith in St. Louis who sold somebody's horseshoes. His attractive advertisement read:

"No frog, no hoof; no hoof, no horse."

That could have been paraphrased in our organization by writing:

"No Della, no Editha's Burglar; no Editha's Burglar, no show."

Except to those acquainted with the country at that time, it will be a surprise to learn that the most penetrating cold was sometimes in the Middle South. The people there had not yet recovered from the impoverishment of the Civil War. Many hotels were poorly heated. Railroad cars were often cold. Some junctions at which we had to wait had only a frame house, with no fire in the stove. At such times we rolled Della up in the steamer rug. There was one hotel to which we returned from the cold theater in what the local people called a norther, which corresponds to a Western blizzard. At the late hour nobody in authority could be found about the hotel. The two or three half-frozen negro servants we were able to arouse brought us a small armful of wet wood. The women members of our company were really suffering. Miss Page had a singer's sensitiveness to atmospheric and temperature changes. We had come to a pass where it meant not only a temporary incapacity of these more delicate ones, Miss Page and Della, but it might



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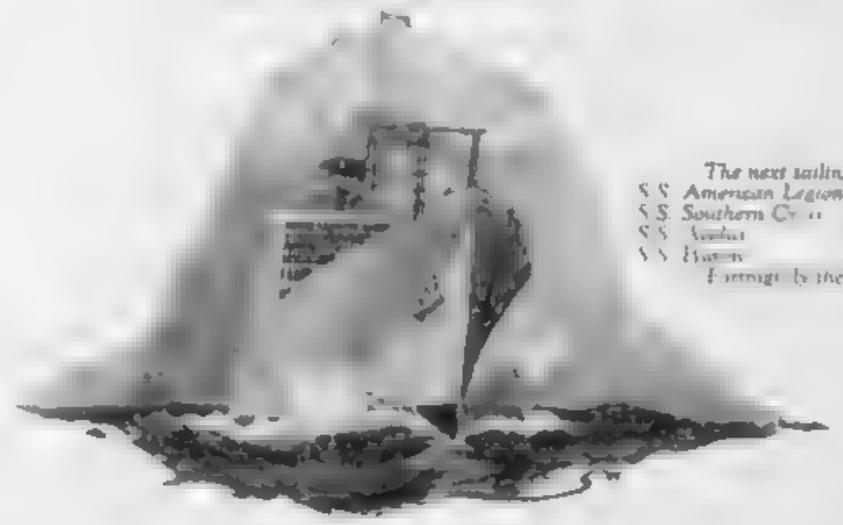

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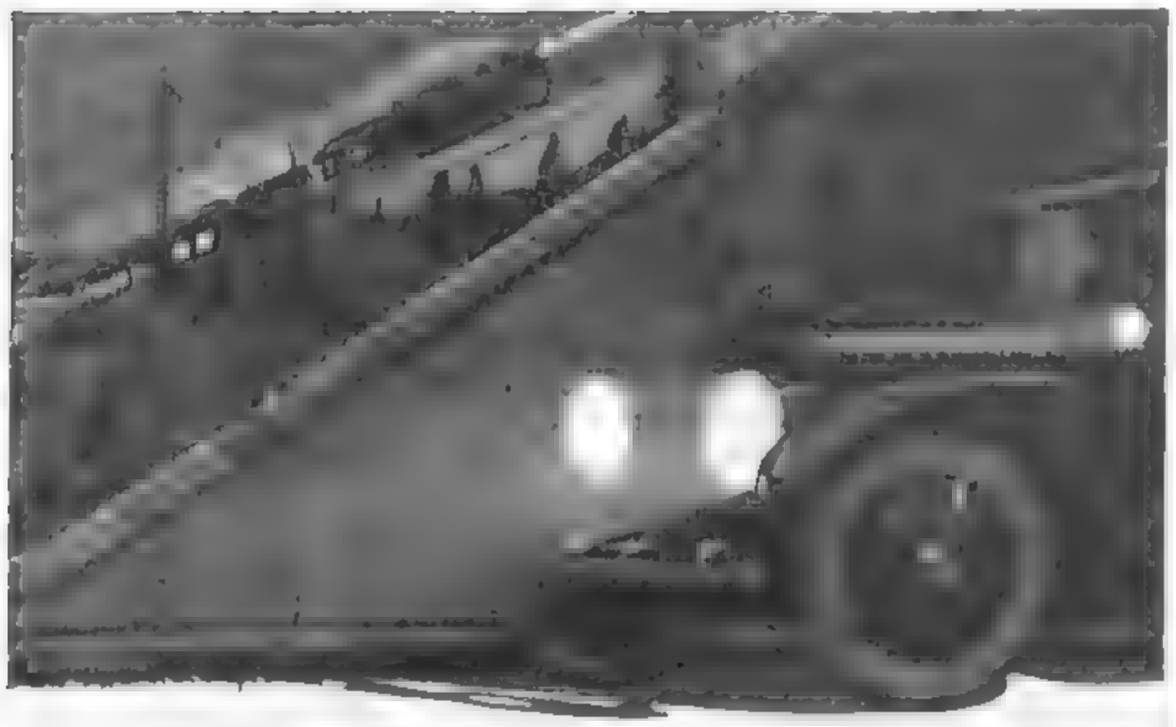

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be a question of serious illness; and a company stranded a thousand miles from home.

Assigned to rooms according to the apparent importance of our members, Edgar Smith had been given a room with an open fireplace. Miss Page and Della, wearing their street wraps, got into the bed in that room; Edgar and I sat up fully dressed and wearing our caps and overcoats. But the blasts of this norther came through the badly joined windows until the water on the washstand was freezing. The hard wet wood fetched up by the shivering darky wouldn't ignite. Heroic measures were necessary. We men took the pine sides and backs from the drawers of the washstand and the bureau and the shelves of the wardrobe, broke them up with a dumb-bell and kept the fire going. We left the hotel before dawn, according to railroad requirements, after having some thin coffee and corn muffins given us in the chill dining room. We told the man who came on duty about our necessity to use the cheap furniture as fuel. We had probably caused a damage of ten or fifteen dollars. Whether from indifference or from belief in the justification of our emergency measures, the hotel proprietor never communicated with us about the matter.

We had a wonderful week in the city of Charleston. The owner of the theater where we played was the fine old actor, John E. Owens, whom I have already mentioned, celebrated for his Solon Shingle, Caleb Plummer and Doctor Pangloss. He came in to see our performance on the first night, and every night after that came in to see only our Burglar sketch; but after the play each night when we got home to the hotel we found Mr. Owens waiting for us at a table reserved by the chimney corner in the bar. About the middle of the week Mrs. Owens, who was an austere lady—I have the impression that she had been a player too—sent for us. Although she was somewhere near the age of her husband, who was then sixty-two, her hair was jet black and combed in a heavy fold on each side, completely hiding her ears after the manner later popularized by Cleo de Merode. This *grande dame* asked for Mr. Smith, for some reason considering him the chief offender, and while Smythe and I stood by she told us we should be ashamed of ourselves to keep an old gentleman like Mr. Owens up at the bar to the small hours every morning.

She was right. But what eager youngsters in their middle twenties would have lost the opportunity to sit with this convivial veteran as he filled the hours with an uninterrupted series of anecdotes and recollections of the theatrical experiences so attractive to their fancies?

Toward the end of the week, in one of these sessions, he asked me, "Are you the Thomas that the St. Louis papers said played old man Rogers better than I did?"

I told him that I was, but that I had had no part in the controversy.

He answered: "Neither had I, and I haven't spoken of it since. But now that I've watched you play the Burglar this week, I think the St. Louis papers were probably right."

The hour was late, there had been some alcohol, but the tears sprang to my eyes as they would come now to the eyes of Rollo Peters if John Singer Sargent were to say to him, "I think the portrait you painted is better than the one I did."

Pleasant Days in New Orleans

On our way from Atlanta, which still bitterly remembered Sherman, we passed through Talladega to the busy little city of Birmingham. A story that Mr. Owens had told us of a night in Talladega, the beauty of the town as we saw it, and especially the sight of a razed gateway to one old estate, impressed me. I laid there the scenes of the first play that I wrote some six years later for Mr. A. M. Palmer. Also, I named the play Talladega, but Mr. Palmer thought that too exclusive for the theme, and we agreed upon the title Alabama.

New Orleans! Every member of the company had been looking forward to the visit for different reasons. To walk around the old town after we had been there a day or two and located its points of interest was like hearing my father talk about it as he had talked when he came back to St. Louis bringing the bananas and mocking birds in 1865. The same quaint personages; the same French market with its early coffee; the excellent restaurants; the wide-open gambling houses; the walled gardens; the graves built above the ground because excavations of a foot or two developed water; the beautiful women; the men in broad hats and linen suits; the descendants of the proud old aristocracy—all were there.

Our little company put up at Victor's on Bourbon Street. We ate on the westerly side of the street, where Victor officiated in his own restaurant and brought us the stuff hot from the grill; we lived in a Madame Delphine garden on the easterly side, in rooms each letting to a common gallery reached by a stairway; each room furnished with a window hitted with Venetian blinds and a swinging door of fixed slats like the summer doors of an old-time Missouri barroom. The darkies brought us our black coffee in the morning; for *le petit déjeuner* at table across the street the coffee was served from a pot with a straight ebony handle projecting on one side and an equal spout from a right-angle face.

Two blocks away on Royal Street one when passing could locate the gambling rooms by the rattle of the keno balls in their wooden roller. I liked keno. It took only ten minutes to wait through a turn, and even in an afternoon of scattered attendance one stood a chance of winning some four or five dollars by an investment of ten cents.

Marse Henry

In our New Orleans week we were all of us so short of funds that to risk even ten cents seemed dissipation. But partly for the reviving passion, partly for the sake of local color, partly wishing to try everything once, I went from the theater one night into the crowded keno room on Royal Street with thirty cents as my limit, picked what looked like a good card, and on the second roll won eighteen dollars. This was too much of a windfall to be risked at a game of chance, so I cashed in and carried my winnings back to the company. We stocked up on a number of needed articles that eighteen dollars could provide.

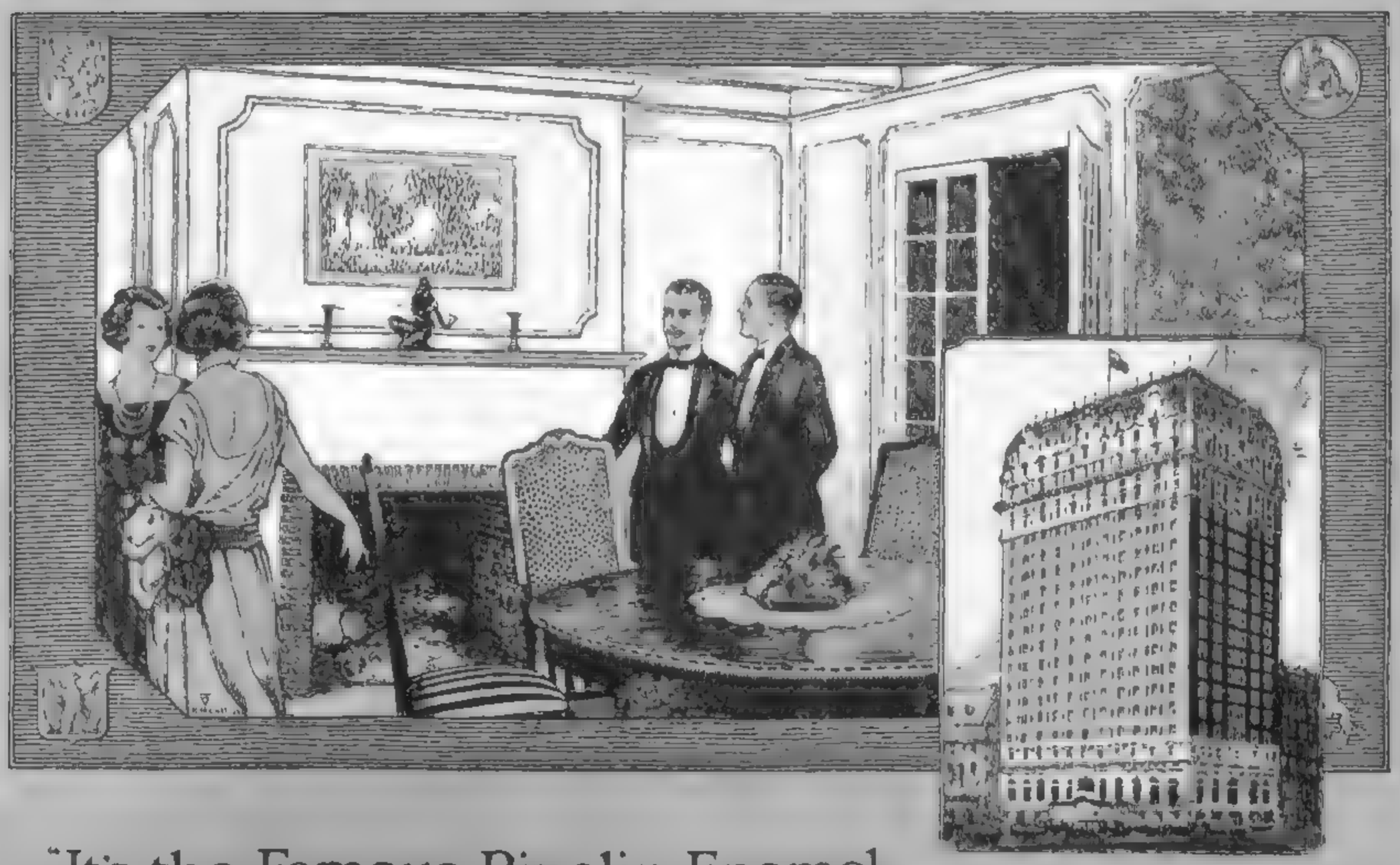
During this engagement in New Orleans, Charles Frohman, then an advance agent ahead of some Madison Square company, came in to see the performance, and later arranged for the production of Editha's Burglar by Eddie Sothern in New York at the old Lyceum Theater on Fourth Avenue. This chance for the one-act play in New York and something Mr. Frohman said made me begin to think of its value as a full evening's entertainment if elaborated. My leisure time during the rest of the season was devoted to that work, and before we closed I had written a four-act drama which was subsequently called The Burglar.

Among the towns on our way home was Louisville, where I had a week again with John Macauley, whose acquaintance I had made so favorably while with the Norton company. We had many pleasant hours together and John was complimentarily anxious to have me meet Col. Henry Watterson, the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. We called at the editorial room one afternoon together and were told that Colonel Watterson was at the Pendennis Club. We followed there. As we entered the large living room on the ground floor a handsome, black-haired, soldierly person, apparently in his middle thirties, was seated at the piano, his shirt collar unbuttoned and thrown open as by a hero of romance. He wore a seersucker coat, the sleeves of which were pushed well up from his turned-back shirt cuffs, and he was absorbed in playing a medley of operatic arias, Foster folk songs and improvisations.

Macauley stopped me in the doorway. The conditions were not unknown to him. It was Watterson's frequent practice at that epoch to repair to that room and that piano and play himself out of some overshadowing perplexity. After Macauley had led me outside of the clubhouse he explained this and his unwillingness to intrude upon the mood and its expression. It was not until four years later that I met my good friend Marse Henry. But that room in the Pendennis and that ability to improvise were to witness and to mark for me a very memorable moment some years later.

We reached St. Louis deeper than ever in debt, to players and printer. Smythe went East to be a manager; Ed Smith went to New York, where as a writer he was to win reputation and comfort; Della became a star, David a Broadway hit; I was stranded in a St. Louis summer.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of ten articles by Mr. Thomas.



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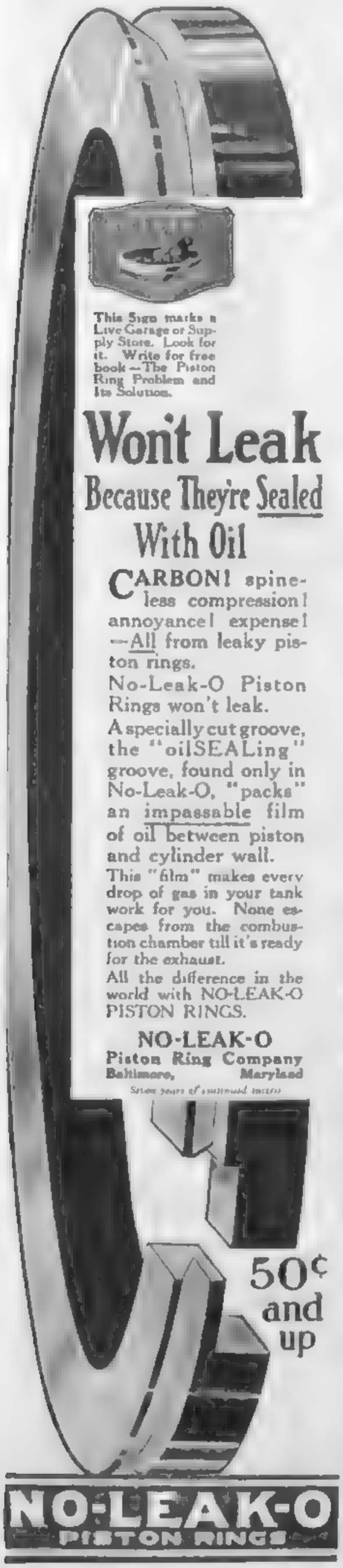

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AMERICA AN EXPERIMENT IN TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 4)

East were exhorted to send missionaries. I lived far out upon the prairies in Iowa. Sheridan would have said the same thing of Iowa that he uttered about Texas.

I have lately revisited my old birthplace. The country is almost as fully developed as England. In no other state is so large a percentage of the land under cultivation. In no other state have so many of the people such a large proportion of the ultra-modern things as motor cars and telephones and all the rest of the list. It has been made over in my lifetime and even in my memory from a field for missionary effort for the remote and isolated, to a state more advanced than Massachusetts or Pennsylvania or New York if one considers averages. And the reason lies in the fact that there is scarcely a spot in the state—probably there is no such spot—more than fifteen miles from a railway. I know of no place as far as ten miles. And but for these railways Iowa would have been primitive, pastoral, retrogressive. Iowa and Texas in these respects epitomize the nation. For as the interior developed, the older states came to depend on railway communication with the new until the whole continent has become integrated about the railways as Rome was integrated about the Mediterranean Sea. As a nation we are railway created, railway developed and railway preserved.

On July 4, 1828, there were two rival celebrations at tidewater, in Maryland and in the District of Columbia. At Baltimore, Charles Carroll of Carrollton "laid the corner stone" of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. There were imposing ceremonies and much eloquence. As an epoch was here begun in the making of a nation, President John Quincy Adams at Washington, or rather at the head of navigation in the Potomac, at Georgetown, was celebrating by breaking ground for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—another tie between the East and West. Things took place which might have been accepted as prophetic of the future of the two systems; for everything went off smoothly at the railway function, but when the knee-breeched and ruffled President attempted to lift the first shovelful he struck a root and spilled it. The second effort also resulted in a spill. Then old John Quincy took off his coat, spat on his hands and really broke ground.

Railroad vs. Canal

After that it was always in the canal projects that business struck the root and spilled. These two projects went to the mat at once on the matter of right of way. Both schemes got through so far as the way was concerned, but the canal had to stop at Cumberland, where it still halts, while the railway went on and on, over hill and dale, through mountains, across rivers, up valleys where no canal could go, to hundreds of little inland villages where no canal could solicit freight or could deliver it on any waybill. Finally the canal company went into the hands of the railway people.

Ten miles from where this is written one may see the result of these forces nearly a hundred years after. On the right bank of the Potomac is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Cross the river and there is found a shallow ditch on which in summer one may occasionally see a little coal barge hauled by horses at a slow walk. A hundred yards farther and the traveler crosses another railway, the Western Maryland. Climb a little hill, and he finds himself on a beautiful paved highway alive with roaring motor cars—the old National Pike. The business spilled from the canal to the railways, as the earth spilled from the President's shovel. The canal and railways at once took the traffic from the pike. And now even though motor traffic must always be enormously dearer mile for mile than railway transport, the railways are complaining because the motor car is taking the trade from them just as they took it from the waterways—because, for one reason, the motor car is even more resourceful in getting the load first and delivering it last than the railway. It is the more flexible, the more adaptable system succeeding against the more rigid one, even though it be mile for mile more expensive. It is, in a small and definitely limited way, the old story of the advantage of the railway over the waterway.

The canal could take the consignment from New York to Syracuse, but the railway could take it to Auburn, and got it at its own rate both in and out bound so far as the thousands and thousands of inland Auburns were concerned. Now the railway can get the freight to Auburn—wherever Auburn may be—but the motor car can go into the factory at Syracuse, take on the freight at actual point of origin in John Smith's place of business, and can unload in the actual place of destination in Thompson's shed in any Auburn within that distance where the lower freight on the railways fails to make up for draying to and from the depot, and the increased speed of the truck. The railways ought not to object very strenuously. They have it coming, and have had since they did up the waterways; for it is a fact that the first few thousand miles of inland waterways spilled ingloriously from the nation's shovel.

Cheap Lake Transport

When the railways began their march across the mountains and into the interior our great urge in the development of waterways lessened, and finally almost died out. We had done a great deal with our canals and our rivers and lakes in a losing struggle against business and national disintegration through lack of communication. Probably our greatest national mistake has been our failure to develop our waterway system alongside of and in correlation with our railway system. Once on board any decent water craft, the cheapest way of moving freight is to float it. No railway can possibly compete with a boat when once the freight is on board and stowed. Normally it is cheaper to carry a ton of coal from Cleveland to Duluth by water than to have it shoveled into the cellar after it is dumped on the sidewalk. In his time, Mr. James J. Hill, who was a specialist in both water and rail transport, stated that with 2700-ton steamers he was moving as much freight on the Lakes for one dollar as the best-equipped railway in America could move the same distance for twenty-six dollars, and that with 6000-ton boats he could carry a ton of freight by water for less than one-fiftieth of what a railway must charge for the same work. It is not at all unusual for freight to move on the Great Lakes 1000 miles for a dollar a ton. The ships plying between the Pacific and the Atlantic waters have not found that the charge of a dollar a ton for passing through the Panama Canal has been the slightest handicap in competing with the transcontinental railways. The reason lies in the fact that it is so enormously cheaper to float freight than to carry it on the best of railways.

But cheapness is not the whole story. Mr. Hill also said that no vessel of 1000-tons burden can compete with a box car. He was mistaken in this, provided that the 1000-ton boat could be placed on an equality with the box car. Just the simple carriage is much cheaper on such a boat. But there are other factors which place the boat under enormous disadvantages.

The waterway is strictly limited to its natural location. The railway climbs hills and penetrates riverless regions. Each railway maintains a traffic department, not only in the local station agent in the small town but wherever traffic originates or passes from line to line. Where the waterway is even only a few miles from any given locality it is helpless against the railway, which has its depot just down the street. The cost of taking a package of freight down the sloping levee at such a place as Cincinnati, for instance, stowing it away under the overhanging deck of an old-fashioned Ohio River steamer, and carrying it up that same sort of levee at Louisville, is greater than hauling it between the same two cities by rail. The railway has caretakers for the freight, and housing facilities, and agents on hand to care for it, and handling machinery for loading and unloading. Penetrating as it does every inland region, looking carefully after its own interests, soliciting business, and under conditions as they were for half a century

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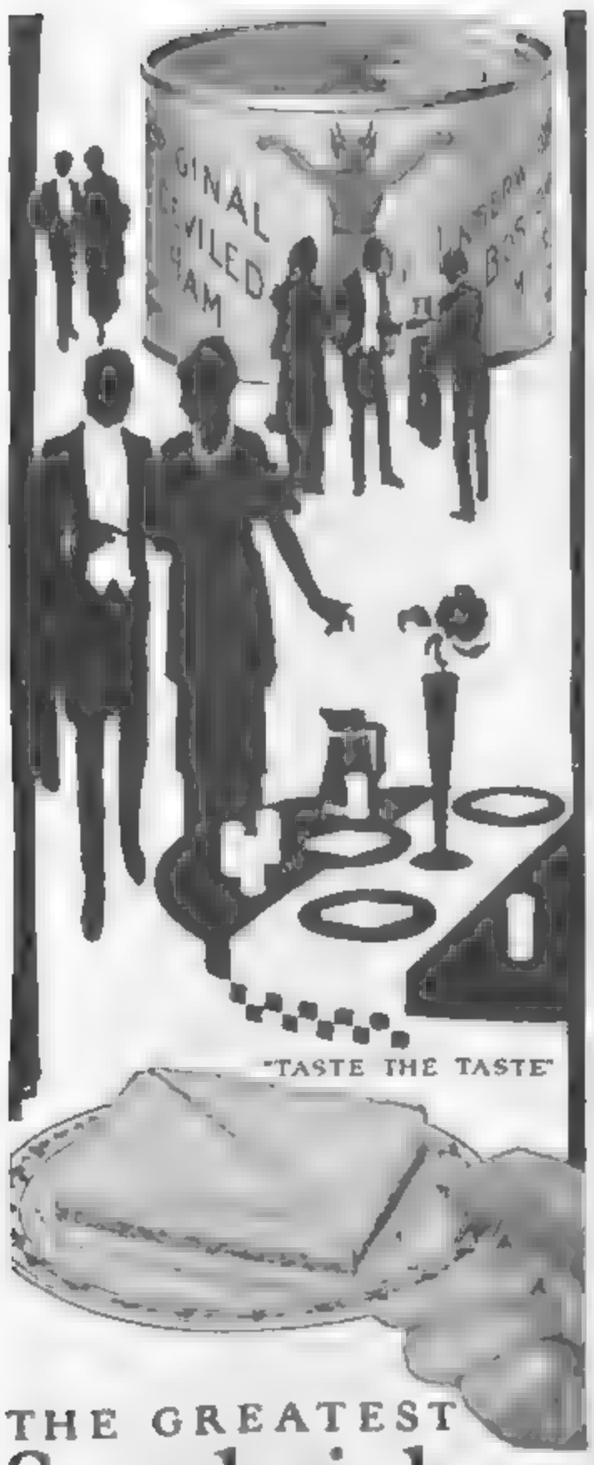

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IN THE WORLD

FAMOUS for her dainty sandwiches! And how simply she earned the distinction. Underwood Deviled Ham spread like butter on thin crustless slices of fresh white bread. That's the secret.

Serve these delicious sandwiches at the next bridge club you entertain—for the after theatre supper, the afternoon tea, the buffet luncheon.

Justly called "*the greatest sandwich in the world*" because made from salted, sugared, hickory-smoked hams, boiled en casserole, then chopped fine and mixed with the wonderful Underwood Deviled Dressing.

Prepare now for the unexpected guest or the carefully planned luncheon. Order a can or two of Underwood Deviled Ham from your grocer. If he cannot supply you send 25c in stamps for trial can—enough to make a dozen sandwiches.

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after the competition began, handling freight with much greater speed than was possible on waterways, the railways had water transport under their thumbs from the first, even as to most slow-moving freight. As to passenger traffic, we are much more likely to move forward to the airways than backward to waterways. The waterway is passive, the railway active. The waterways never had a chance.

If the engineering mind had been more potent in planning our transportation, rather than the financial mind, we might have gained greatly by the development of railways and waterways as connecting and complementary lines of transport. But the relations between the two systems were competitive rather than coöperative, inevitably so under the circumstances. In discussing the proposed deeper waterway through the St. Lawrence from the Great Lakes to the sea, Congressman A. P. Nelson, of Wisconsin, quotes Mr. Julius H. Barnes, formerly Director of the United States Grain Corporation, to the effect that each normal year from July to March every railway east of the Mississippi must use in moving the crops 10 to 20 per cent more cars than it owns, and that lines west of the Mississippi can never lay hands on more than 80 to 90 per cent of their cars. Some roads, he states, have had 40 per cent of their cars taken from them in this movement. This is one of the reasons why such railway men as Mr. Budd, of the Great Northern, and Mr. Pennington, of the Soo Line, speak in favor of this project. They see in it a prospect of relief from their annually recurring car shortage. The engineering mind would probably have provided for railway articulation with such trunk-line waterways if it had had the task of laying out a railway system for the United States—had it been gifted with omniscience, including the power of foreseeing the future development of the nation.

Makers of America

But important as the waterways are, and still more important as they should be from this time forward, general waterway transportation cannot do railway work. It never could have done so. America would not have been the America we know if it had not been for the invention of the railway. It was George Stephenson over in England, rather than the men who forced King John to sign Magna Charta, and it was Matthias Baldwin and Cornelius Vanderbilt and their fellows in America, who made us what we are. The railway came to us in the nick of time, and bound together the zones of a nation already showing signs of being destroyed by the very prodigiousness of its growth. European nations made it an adjunct to their already rather fully developed life. To us it was life itself. We wagered our very existence on it. We built with reference to it. We bet our life on the fact that an agency not one-tenth so economical as the water transport, which the human race for thousands of years had depended upon as the basis of every complex communal life, not only could support a life more complex than had ever been known before, spread out over continental distances and practically unhelped by waterways, that it could carry the coal of a coal-burning age and the metals of a steel age, but also that it could bear the burden, increasing in something like a geometrical ratio, of all the tonnage that multiplying population could create in the heart of a continent in a new era when human wants would grow by what they fed upon. We bet our national life on that, and we built our nation in the confident expectation that we should win. It was the nerviest gamble of all history! It will take a long time to tell whether or not we have won it. He who is sure that we have won is overoptimistic.

This is our great American wager. Once having made it we cannot hedge or change its basis. We might have built up our life on waterways, but having chosen the railway we must abide by the decision, for our people have gone with the railways into the farthest depths of the interior, where their fate is inextricably bound up with them.

Our most fertile soil is far in the depths of the continent. So is the bulk of our agricultural population. So is much of our coal. So are our forests. So are our greatest water powers, our phosphates, our iron mines, our great irrigation blocks, our livestock ranges, and a wonderful array of commercial cities and towns.

People are always hopeful when they are betting—hopeful and enthusiastic. That day when Charles Carroll of Carrollton laid the corner stone of the B. & O. in Baltimore was only one of numerous instances of that optimism which prevailed in the Golden Age of American railroading, when we were laying our future so blithely on the board in backing the iron horse.

There was another gala day, in Dubuque, just twenty-eight years after, on July 4, 1856, when the rails reached the Mississippi at Dubuque. Patriotism and railroading were the same thing in those days. Business men came to the Dubuque celebration from as far east as Cleveland. There was a big delegation from Chicago, which felt the thrill of the West in her nerves as the rails went into the prairies. There was a free fight between the river boatmen and the railway laborers. And out across the prairie states ahead of the rails went long lines of covered wagons, driven by men and women who were betting not only their own future but that of their children's children on the new form of land carriage. It was a nervy bet!

In those days the railroad man was easily the head of the procession. The president or the general manager of a railway was a king. We who lived on the farms and in the little straggling villages and who hauled our wheat half across a state to market and brought back loads of lumber and supplies were not very captious as to freight rates when the little old puffing engines came hooting along on the unballasted track. The engineers and conductors were big men. A division superintendent was a sort of prince. The station agent dominated the little towns. Even the section foreman was looked up to as one whose steps took hold on empire. The most wonderful music in the world on cold winter mornings was the long-drawn hoot of the engine as it penetrated the frosty stillness for miles and miles and told us that we were in the world again.

Nothing like that can last. Power is always abused, and power over the lives and livings of men is always the cause of friction. There was a limit to what steam and rails could do; and also to the breadth, wisdom and integrity of those in control of them. The Golden Age slowly drew to a close as the financiers on the one hand and the people on the other felt the combined influences which divided them into opposing camps. A sense of discomfort and pressure developed as the people began to feel their dependence on the railways. Civilization had always before depended for transport on ways that were not under human or at least under individual control. If freights were high by sea it was because of pirates or distance or war or the scarcity of ships. If it cost more to send wheat from the highlands of Persia to the Mediterranean ports than the grain was worth it was because of the natural limitations of the camel—and silks, shawls, carpets and precious jewels were sent, which were so valuable that they could stand the freight.

Opposing Camps

But a vast interior basin, built up on the shipment of grain and livestock outward, and the sending in of lumber, fencing, coal, low-grade merchandise, and the like, to a people in the stage of development in which the living is extracted from the soil, felt the weight of transport. On the other hand the railways, greedily holding to every item of tonnage as they did, began to feel the weight of their burden.

These differences began to be felt in various ways, but soon came to be active in the field of government and party politics. Charges and countercharges filled the air. On the one hand the railways' friends depicted the benefits of the roads to the community, and insisted that their managements must be left free to earn returns on the capital invested in them. These friends were accused of being hired advocates or citizens whose acts were determined by secret rebates, special favors, passes, and the like. The railroads felt as if they might well be expected to do good turns to their supporters and friends. The people began to talk of the railways as public highways in fact as well as in law. They had been allowed to exercise the right of eminent domain and to take private property for their uses. They had, said the agitators, no such investments in their properties as they claimed; but had in the main been built on money realized

Geo W Cotton *and his sons*

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3 Star Salesmen
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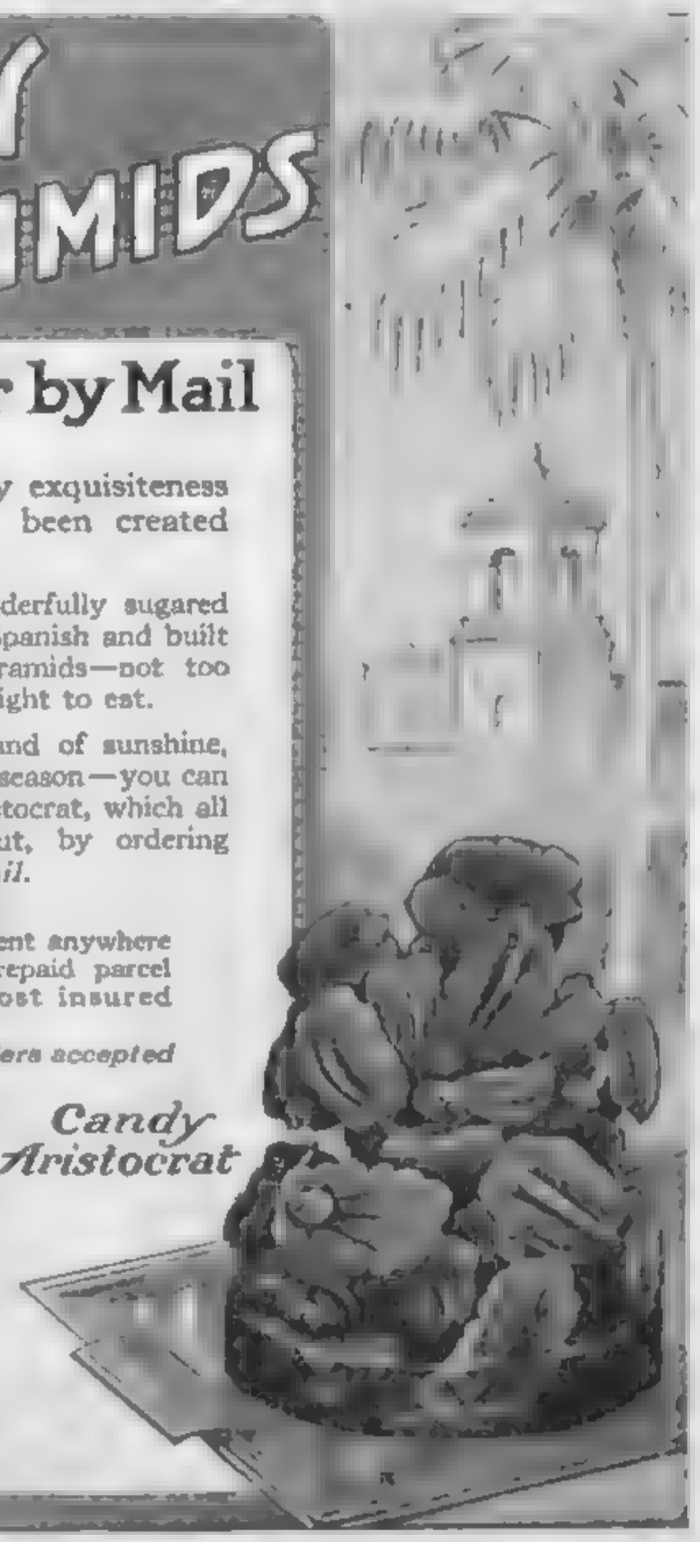

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STEVENS-ETTER
SAN ANTONIO

from their bonds, and their stock was velvet. They had received great bonuses in the way of aids by taxation, land grants and donations. They were being run for money, and not for public service.

To this latter charge the railways in those days deigned scarcely to reply. What were they supposed to be—eleemosynary institutions? Of course they were run and had been built for profit. Jay Gould's alleged grim jest that a railway made a mistake which did not leave the farmer enough for seed, went all over the country. I forget who it was who, when told that the people contended that his passenger rates were too high, said that if they thought so they might walk. And there was a time when a great railway magnate dared to say "The public be damned!" They had been lords of the land, just as the shipowners had been formerly—because they were engaged in the same essential task, providing transportation. And there is no doubt that they felt and acted in a lordly manner. The constant financial difficulties of the roads, their devouring of one another, their wars, their receiverships seemed to show that all was not well with them; but their ability to command new capital, no matter what their earning records might be, seemed to prove that all their losses and misfortunes were their own fault.

The fact is that the problem we undertook to solve when we bet the future of American life on our ability to solve the problem of a great civilization on the steam engine and the steel rail had begun to develop. The problem was not clear while the railways were getting land grants, bonuses, town-site profits and the original capital investments. Profits were in the future. Nobody doubted that as population increased profits would grow and the railways would be increasingly prosperous.

Nobody seemed to see that the railways would eventually be obliged to handle traffic that would grow in a geometrical ratio, while the roads themselves were sure to reach the stage of development at which they would naturally tend to stand still. Nobody seemed to see that arrangements such as the railways were always making to give each line the longest possible haul for the heaviest freight would eventually break their backs when they came to serve a population of hundreds to the square mile. Nobody in the transportation business ever anticipated that the railway business would ever lose the power to make such rates as would pay not only for the service but interest and dividends on their stocks.

Mr. Willard's Diagnosis

So nobody ever anticipated that the time would ever come when billions of dollars of capital would be needed for railway uses, with no source from which to draw it. If anybody did see this he attributed the dark prospect to the perversity of the people and their governments, to wild-eyed agitators, to Populists and cranks. What everyone failed to see was that this trouble existed in the nature of things if the country should develop. They did not see that a people numbering 100,000,000 must in the nature of things make a struggle against rates, even though, as they were often assured, they were the lowest railway rates in the world, which they had to pay, and had to go under if they were too high, because they were fixed by the only transportation agency in existence.

Neither side understood the other. Neither side understands the other yet. In the opinion of thinkers who look at the matter without prejudice, and study it basically, neither side understands its own case. Said Daniel Willard within the past year, "I think, however, that the most constant and persistent problem that confronts the railroads at all times, through all seasons and all periods, is the problem which grows out of being misunderstood." Mr. Willard proceeded to show that the railways, with about 260,000 miles of main line, 2,500,000 freight cars, 55,000 passenger cars, 60,000 locomotives, and a book value which shows up as original cost at about $20,000,000,000, carry about 448,000,000,000 ton-miles in a peak-load year. That is, they carry about 4000 tons one mile for every man, woman and child in the United States. Or putting it another way, they carry ten tons 400 miles for every man, woman and child.

It is worth while to let those figures sink in, for they constitute the basic reason for this writing. If your family consists of five people the railways carry, in order that you may have a national life and a personal living, a burden of 20,000 ton-miles. That is, they carry for your family of five a ton of freight as far as from New York to Pittsburgh, or from Cleveland to Dubuque, or from Gary, Indiana, to Minneapolis, every week of the year. Every week, year after year. Nay, more; they must carry not only the ton a week over hundreds of miles but an increase as population grows and our life becomes more active.

For the burden does not merely grow; it multiplies. Let us take the business of a new state like Colorado, for instance. Colorado not only originates the business that goes on her own lines but she makes business for the railways all over the Union. Her existence makes traffic for Detroit, for Pittsburgh, for Chicago, for New York, for California, for the new railways to the north, south and west of her, and for the old lines everywhere. Every alfalfa ranch, every wheat farm, every cantaloupe field, every potato field, every livestock ranch, every forest, every coal mine, every stockyard, every sugar mill and beet field, every iron works, every mine in Colorado makes work for all the railways. Her very cities themselves have been very largely shipped over the railways. Every person in the state depends on the railways for food, for shelter, for clothing, and for the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life. The smallest part of the railway business of the state is done within her borders. I mention Colorado because no community of any sort could exist there in the modern sense except for the railways.

Someone Must Pay

The manner in which the burden of the railways in carrying the nation's load, and the burden of the nation in carrying the railways, grow by multiplication instead of by accretion may be illustrated by a modern telephone system. When a village has only 100 telephones each line is very quiet. As the hamlet increases to a town the system grows to 200 instruments. Now the switchboard is four times as busy, for there are twice as many members of the system, each calling twice as many people. The line construction which came to a single terminal pole soon calls for great cables and perhaps subterranean conduits. Each patron has many times the original capital invested for him in his equipment. At first the longest line was a single aërial running a few hundred yards. Now the system runs out through the most expensive construction for miles. The system has not merely grown—it has increased geometrically. So it has been with the business to be done by the railways, and so it must be in the future—unless we lose our great American wager. The railways have had to expand according to these principles, and so far as they have not done so they have failed us.

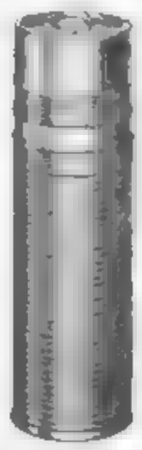
The load of which Mr. Willard spoke is the burden under which the railways groan whenever business is even fair. But then, there is your side of the bargain: If the railways carry all this freight each year for your family of five, you must pay the freight. There is no use in trying to evade this conclusion. The freight must be paid. The capital—I am not discussing now how much it is or ought to be—necessary for the carrying on of this huge national task must earn returns on the investment, and you must pay those returns. Even if it were paid out of taxation, still you would have it to pay.

This is the burden which has caused that misunderstanding which Mr. Willard regrets. As the people became conscious of it they felt, not that they were between the devil and the deep sea but that the devil was between them and the sea. But though we may ask the sea to help, we cannot turn to waterways for a complete solution. Our wager on the railways must still stand; and in view of past experience our problem is not only to consider the expense of it but to consider carefully as to whether or not the carriers can do the work as it must be done, without reference to expense. Unless it can be done on terms compatible with the national life we have entered upon, that life must inevitably be changed—like the life of a Japanese dwarf oak, which grows in a pot the soil of which cannot furnish nourishment for a plant which aims to tower up toward the sky.

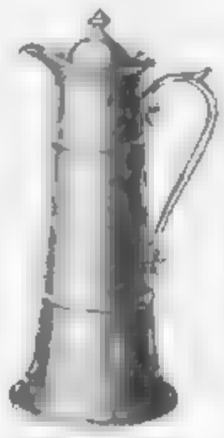
Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

Icy-Hot Standard All Metal Lunch Kit

Icy-Hot Carafe



Icy-Hot Jar



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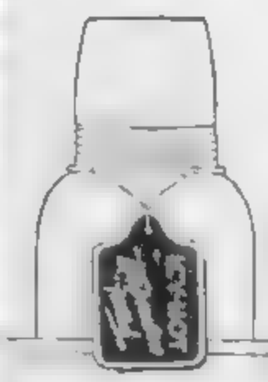
Insist on Icy-Hot. Look for trade-mark on bottom. Sold everywhere.

THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE COMPANY

Department S-1, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A.



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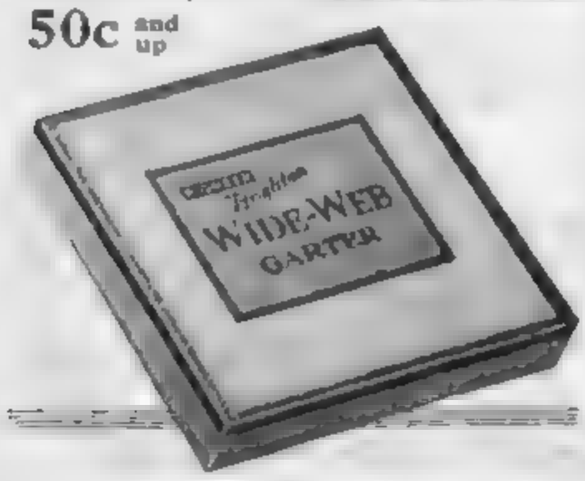


HARDWOOD HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes, indeed," said Ted. "And speaking of business—now that's the rub. I'd like to settle here, but I'd have to have some sort of a business, wouldn't I? Wouldn't want to live here and not have any interest. Glad I saw you and stopped. Maybe you can advise me. Folks tell me you're the shrewdest business man here."

"H'm! Keepin' store or suthin'?"

"Don't think I'd like to keep store."

"Wife can't give any kind of lessons, kin she? Pianny or sich-like?"

"No. Seems as if I'd like to own stock in something; you know, where I'd be interested, but wouldn't have to do anything but get dividends—if I didn't feel like it."

"Buyin' stock takes money, young feller."

"Money? Oh, I've got money—some money."

"How much?" said Mr. Horning sharply. His ears pricked up.

"Oh, yes, indeed, I've got some money. But I'd want to invest carefully. Now if I could get in some such business as you're in, Mr. Horning, then I'd know I was all right."

Mr. Horning sat silent. He was thinking keenly about the Skeeduldee Lumber Company, its history and its prospects. Two years more to run. Already the original investment had been returned to him many times. The mill had been charged off on the company's books. He had been reconciled to the closing of the mill and the selling of the machinery for what it would bring. It represented an investment in buildings and machinery of a sum well in excess of a hundred thousand dollars; but he well knew it would be impossible to realize more than a fifth of this sum, even in the most favorable conditions, when the mill ceased sawing. He cleared his throat.

"Us old residenters," said he, "is allus glad to see new blood movin' in. Got the public interest to heart. Some of us 'ud be willin' to do more'n our share towards gittin' desirable folks for Checkerberry. U'm—now I own some of this here sawmill here. She's been makin' money reg'lar. Never a year but we got good money back. I own suthin' over a fifth of her."

"Now there's an investment!" said Ted, "Runs into money."

"How much?"

"H'm—if I made up my mind to sell, seem's though I ought to git clost to dollar fer dollar." He eyed Ted. "That 'ud be twenty-two thousand five hunderd."

Ted endeavored to look fatuous as he said, "Yes, Mr. Horning, but it's a second-hand mill, isn't it? You know it's been used, and used things don't sell for as much as brand-new ones. I—I'm not altogether ignorant of business, you see."

"Couldn't be replaced for half more'n it cost."

Ted knew this well, but he shook his head.

"Besides," he said, "I'd like to own more than just a fifth. Now if you owned twice as much as you do—say, 45 per cent of it—that would be better. Why, a man that owned that much would have quite a lot to say about running things, wouldn't he?"

"You bet you!" said Mr. Horning. "Dum nigh as much as if he owned 55 per cent. Say, what 'ud you be willin' to offer for my share, and another feller's share if it could be got? Give ye the 45 per cent you been a-talkin' about."

Ted considered.

"I might go as high as twenty thousand dollars," he said, with an effort to appear shrewd.

"'Tain't enough. 'Tain't enough." He stroked his whiskers and reflected. If he could get back 50 per cent of his investment! That would be a stroke of business!

"H'm, now, young feller, if ye mean business, and if you'd go as high's fifty cents on the dollar, I dunno but what suthin' might come of it. I'd have to talk to another stockholder, but I'd be willin' to offer him sich a proposition, seems as though."

"I'll buy at that price," said Ted.

"Cash money?"

"On the spot," said Ted.

"See ye to-morrer," said Mr. Horning.

It was evident Mr. Horning had not been informed by Mr. Breece of his negotiations with Mr. Shamp for the sale of the mill. Therefore Ted was of the opinion Mr. Breece was, in the language of the worldly wise, attempting to put something over.

Following this interview, Ted visited the town clerk's office and studied atlases and maps and records. He found deeds and leases and stumpage contracts of the Skeeduldee Lumber Company, and made careful notes of all. With these he returned to the hotel and went into conference with Veronica.

"I think Horning has hooked me," he said. "About to-morrow he's going to sell me his stock and Alton's for fifty cents on the dollar."

"Fine! Isn't it wonderful to be cheated half to death? Did you look at the records?"

For half an hour they went over his notes. He drew rough maps from memory, and Veronica studied them with her sharp eyes and registered them on one of the keenest surfaces of a brain which contained few dull spots.

"It's always a good thing to have two strings to your bow," she said presently.

"Such as?"

"We will now buy two comparatively worthless farms and a piece of swampy river land that isn't worth a burnt piece of fudge. See? That farm and that farm, and that strip of swamp. Think it over, Teddy. Think it over."

Ted puckered his brows and thought, and then he smote his knee mightily and kissed his wife enthusiastically.

"My dear," he said, "you and I are some business man!"

"Anyhow," she said, "we sit as well as Mr. Shamp does. Go and buy farms, honey. Go and buy farms."

"Where does Wilcox come in with his thousand shares? Seems to me I'd like to be Mr. Wilcox."

"I'd like to be Mr. Wilcox if I knew as much about what's going on as you and I do. Mr. Wilcox lives thirty miles away, and if I'm any guesser he doesn't know anything about anything."

"But right now he's the man with the large vote. He's it. He's the frog with the deciding jump."

Farms in that locality were easy to buy; anybody could do it without practice. As a matter of fact, if it became known an individual was in town who wished to buy a farm he would be in danger of being mobbed by eager venders. Therefore when Ted offered Old Man Frost eleven hundred dollars for his farm Mr. Frost believed the millennium was at hand and brought forth a pitcher of hard cider. Mrs. Cardy, who owned the other farm on Ted's list, was equally overjoyed; but to prove her New England ancestry she held out for an extra twenty-five dollars to cover the cost of moving her furniture.

As for the stretch of lowland along the river, why, Peter Miner was so overcome at an offer of five hundred dollars that he was close to the point of being unable to accept it from weakness. It is to be noted that an agreement to keep the sale secret for thirty days was in each case a part of the contract of sale.

"It's done," Ted reported to his wife. "But what are you doing with your time? Aren't you lonesome while I'm running all over the place?"

"I'm Wilcoxing," she said.

"How does one Wilcox?"

"I wish I knew. He was right here in the hotel to-day, and I talked with him. Might as well try to converse with a chunk of granite. He looks like granite, and he's harder. You couldn't chip him with a chisel."

"Um—is he wise to anything?"

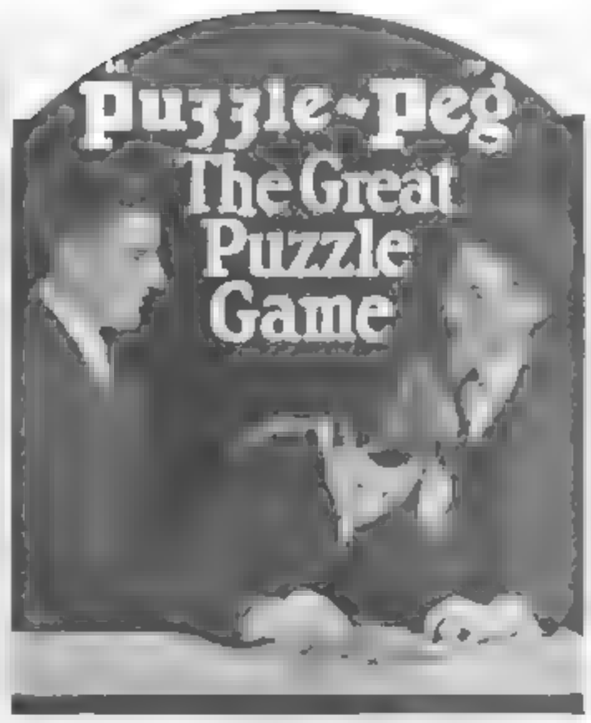
"Don't think so. He was here about some cattle."

"How'll he jump?"

"The way it'll do him the most good, and he won't jump till he knows. I'm studying his history, both past and natural. Give me a couple of days and I'll know more about him than Boswell did about Johnson. He's a crab, but I think he's honest."

"Wherein he differs from his four associates," said Ted.

Next day Ted closed his deal with Horning for his stock and Alton's. When the certificates had been indorsed and turned over in return for Ted's cash, Horning said, "Breece has called a stockholders' meetin' for to-morrer. Dunno why. Thought I'd



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tell ye on account of your mebby wantin' to go."

"Thank you," said Ted, not allowing his face to show his true reaction to this announcement. It was unpleasant hearing. If Breece had called a stockholders' meeting it must mean Breece was sure of his ground. He must have assured himself of a majority vote to sell the mill. Distinctly it gave Ted to pause and to wonder. He discussed this phase with Veronica, who was not without apprehensions.

"The meeting is at one to-morrow," she said. "You'll have to go and do the best you can. I'll be busy."

"Still Wilcoxing?"

"If it isn't closed season," she said.

Therefore, a few minutes before one, Ted entered the outer office of the Skeeduldee Lumber Company and asked to see Mr. Breece.

"He's just about to hold a stockholders' meeting," said the bookkeeper. "Can you come back in two hours?"

"Will you tell Mr. Breece my business is with the stockholders' meeting? Very important. He'll never forgive himself if he doesn't see me; and when you come to that, I don't believe I'll give him a chance to live in sorrow. I'll go right in."

Before the horrified bookkeeper could lift his hand Ted opened the door of Mr. Breece's office and walked in. About a table sat Breece, Danby and Shamp.

"Afternoon, gentlemen," said Ted.

"This is a stockholders' meeting"—began Mr. Breece.

"So I heard; so I heard. That's why I'm here. Yes, I'm a kind of stockholder, as you might say, and I thought I'd come."

"You're a what?"

Ted tossed his stock certificates on the table.

"You might ask the secretary to make the transfer on the company's stock book and issue new certificates in my name."

"Eh? What's this? How'd you come by this stock?"

"Bought it."

"What for?"

"Figured it was a good investment. Mr. Horning told me it was."

The three men looked from one to the other in silence. They were puzzled. What did this mean? Why was it? Who was this young man, anyhow, and why should it happen at this of all times?

Mr. Danby spoke. He was a little man, thin lipped, with eyes that crowded his nose. He had the look of being very shrewd.

"Can't bother with stock transfers to-day—not till after this meetin'," he said.

It was shrewd. The stock had been transferred to Ted, but his name did not stand on the books of the corporation as a stockholder, and therefore he would not be entitled to a vote in the stockholders' meeting.

"But I want to vote," said Ted.

"Can't be done. Come back in two hours."

"You refuse to transfer this stock on the books and to allow me to take part in this meeting?"

"Cert'nly do," said Mr. Danby.

"In that case," said Ted, "suppose you glance these over."

He drew out a chair, removed his coat and settled himself comfortably. While Mr. Danby examined the two papers handed him, Ted looked through the window nonchalantly at the dwindling log piles across the river.

"H'm," said Mr. Danby.

"Any way of getting around that?" asked Ted.

"Smart, hain't ye?" Danby snapped. He ran through the papers on the desk. "Proxies from Horning and Alton," he said with acid in his voice. "Might 'a' knowed they'd be up to sutlin nasty."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Shamp, "this young man will be more desirable as a stockholder than the other two gentlemen."

"Can't be wuss," said Breece.

"Then suppose we get to business. You have my proposition."

"Which is?" said Ted.

"To purchase this mill from the Skeeduldee Corporation for the sum of thirty thousand dollars."

"Eh? Buy the mill for thirty thousand? Oh, say! How would the company go on? What becomes of my investment?"

"The company," said Mr. Breece, "won't go on anyhow. We've exhausted the spruce. Horning and Alton stung you if you paid anything for that stock."

"I won't stand for it," said Ted. "I want this mill to keep on running so I will get dividends."

"The mill is through," said Breece, "and we find it advisable to accept a reasonable offer for it."

"You, too, Mr. Danby?"

"Yes sir-ree, bob!"

"Um—how much stock do you two gentlemen represent?"

"Twenty-two hundred and fifty shares each," said Breece.

"And I represent forty-five hundred—same amount as you two. Takes a majority vote to sell the whole assets of this corporation. Don't see how you're going to do it with me objecting."

"Don't, eh? Wa-al, there's another thousand shares hain't heard from yit. B'long to Wilcox. Calc'late that gives us a majority, seems as though."

"But he's not here."

"He will be."

Ted turned his head, listening. He heard Veronica's voice outside, asking for him. Without ceremony he got up and opened the door.

"Come in, my dear," he said. "Take this chair. Gentlemen, you have met my wife, I believe."

Mr. Shamp's face took on the expression of a man who finds a tainted oyster upon his plate, but he bowed. Mr. Danby grunted.

"Might's well hold this here meetin' in the taown square," he said sharply.

"Is it all right?" Ted whispered to Veronica.

She shook her head.

"Old Granite wouldn't chip," she whispered back. "You'll have to do your best."

The door opened suddenly and Wilcox entered. He spoke to nobody. His huge body filled the door, and he seemed, as Veronica had described him, to be carved out of granite. His face was a bowlder, hard, rough—not surly, but impressed with a stony immobility. He grunted, looked from face to face and took a seat. Then he spoke.

"Start a-whizzin'," he said, and slid down in his chair so that he rested upon his shoulder blades.

"Mr. Shamp, here," said Breece, "offers us thutty thousand dollars fer the mill. We're here to vote on it."

"Um," grunted Wilcox. "Anything ngin it?"

"I am," said Ted.

"Who be you?"

"I've just bought the stock of Horning and Alton," said Ted.

"An' you don't want we should sell? Why?"

"In the first place, thirty thousand isn't a fair offer for this mill."

"More'n it 'ud be wuth for scrap," said Wilcox. "Spruce has give out."

"Just a minute!" said Ted. "Before we vote on this proposition, let's see if we all understand it clearly—you, as well as ourselves, Mr. Breece."

"Oh, I guess I understand it all right," Breece said.

"The sale of the mill includes, of course, the land across the river—the log yard?"

"Er—um—can't say as it does," said Breece. "We lease that. Nominal rent. Fifty dollars a year."

"Necessary to the mill, isn't it? Is there another place to pile a year's supply of logs? It is necessary to have a place to store timber in order to operate, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Wilcox, shifting in his chair and eying Ted unemotionally.

"Got a long lease of that land?" Ted asked.

"Jest rent from year to year. No trouble about it," said Danby.

Ted shrugged his shoulders.

"All right. How about the land above—the Frost and Cardy farms on either side of the river at the sorting gap? Do they go with the mill?"

"Nothin' said about them," said Danby.

"Leased?"

"Jest the right to use the shore. We rent it from year to year."

"Hard to operate without that land, wouldn't it be? When the drive comes down that land has to be used, doesn't it? Kind of controls the river from here down."

"It does," said Wilcox.

"Then, as I understand it, none of this land goes with the mill; nothing but the mill and the mill yard."

"That's the deal."

"All right, go ahead. I just wanted to be sure Mr. Shamp understood it. That's all."

Shamp wriggled.

"Say, what you talking about? Any difficulty about the log yard and those farms?"

"Not to say difficulty," said Ted.

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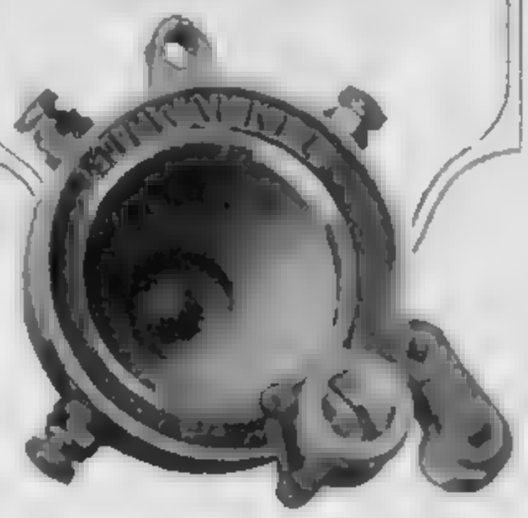

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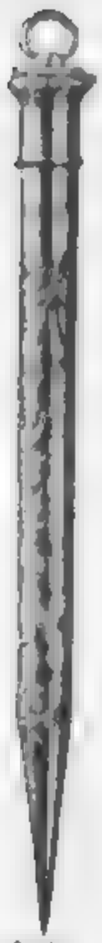

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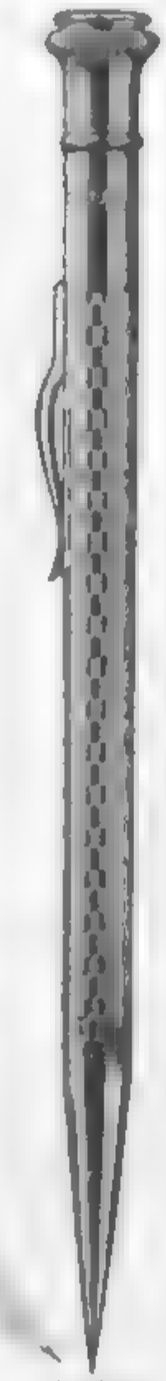

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Mr. Wilcox was oozing upward. His eyes almost showed interest. He got his great arms spread out before him on the table and stared gravely at Ted.

"What then?" he asked.

"Nothing, if Mr. Shamp is willing to take the chance," Ted said indifferently. "Of course thirty thousand—a man can't get everything for thirty thousand, can he? Now before you put this to a vote I want to make a proposition—to you, Breece, and you, Danby, and you, Mr. Wilcox. I'll buy your stock in this concern. I'll give you thirty thousand for your stock—and you three will get it all. Better than thirty thousand for the mill and give me thirteen thousand five hundred of it, isn't it?"

"Sounds so," said Wilcox.

"'Tain't better," said Breece. "This here is what we come to vote on, not no wildcat offer for stock."

"But you want to get the best deal you can, don't you? I'm offering what amounts to forty-three thousand five hundred. Why isn't that a better deal?"

"Yes," said Wilcox, "why not?"

"Hain't int'rested," said Danby.

"Can you imagine Mr. Danby throwing away several thousand dollars, Mr. Wilcox?"

"Miracles is said to have happened," Wilcox said, turning to Danby. "Hain't got religion or suthin, have ye?"

"Aw, let's stop wranglin' and git to business. You're with us, hain't ye, Wilcox?"

"I'm cur'ous to know why you'd ruther have thutty thousand than forty-three. And I own I got a mite of curiosity to know what this young feller means about the log yard."

Ted smiled.

"Oh, the log yard, and those farms! Why, I own them. Yes, bought them yesterday, and the deeds are recorded. Hope it won't affect Mr. Shamp's offer. I'd lease the land to him, of course."

"Um—of course," said Mr. Wilcox. "Have a figure in mind for rent?"

"I was thinking—just thinking—of ten thousand dollars a year."

Mr. Wilcox nodded.

"But if Shamp is going to scrap this mill he won't need yard space nor sorting gaps."

"No, but the Great Atlantic Pulp Company will. They own two towns of spruce up the river. You knew, of course, that Mr. Shamp represents the Great Atlantic?"

"Young feller, you seem to know a heap sight more'n lots of folks. Mebby you kin tell me what ails Danby and Breece—throwing away eight-ten thousand dollars."

"Why, my guess would be they aren't losing a great deal. Thirty thousand, as I understand it, is the offer to the stockholders. I wouldn't say it, I wouldn't even think it, but it might be—it might be Mr. Shamp has given them some ten thousand dollars apiece to make the deal more attractive."

He turned to Shamp.

"If you were making that kind of an offer, ten thousand apiece would be the figure, wouldn't it?"

Nobody spoke. Shamp eyed Veronica like a cornered rat would eye a cat. Breece and Danby gave their whole attention to Wilcox.

Wilcox smiled.

"Of course, young feller, these two men wouldn't entertain no sich offer. I'll say this to ye, Peters, if that's your name, you kind of throw the burden of proof onto them. You've made suthin stink so's even an old feller like me kin notice it. Want to go on with the vote, Breece?"

Shamp interrupted.

"I withdraw my offer. This mill's no good to me—not with Peters owning that land. I can't see the Great Atlantic paying him ten thousand a year rent—not one thousand. Guess I'll be going."

He got up without looking at his pair of friends, and made notable haste out of the room.

"Now, young man," said Wilcox, "seein's you've upset this deal, what you got to offer?"

"I want to buy Breece's stock, and Danby's. I'm not so sure I want to buy yours." Ted had been whispering to Veronica.

"Hain't sure I'd sell," said Wilcox, "but we kin discuss that when you git through dickerin' with these fellers. How you feel regardin' partin' with your stock, Breece?"

"I'll give you fifty cents on the dollar—each of you—twenty-two thousand five hundred for your holdings—no more. That's final. Before you decide, remember about the log yard and the sorting gap."

Wilcox cleared his throat.

"Better sell," he advised.

"Cash?" asked Breece.

"Spot," said Ted.

"It's a deal."

"I came prepared," Ted said. "Here are New York drafts in your names for the amount. Indorse your stock to me and—er—good afternoon."

"And now, Mr. Wilcox," said Ted when the two left the room.

"Your move."

"I'm going to manufacture woodenware, clothespins, turned stock, veneer products and hardwood lumber in this mill. I know the business. It's profitable. I've bought a cheap mill."

"You've made clus to fifty thousand dollars this here afternoon, young feller. There hain't but few mills to equal this. And there's upwards of a million feet of spruce piled yonder. That's velvet."

"I'm satisfied."

"How about me, eh? Young feller, I kind of take to you. I took to your wife a day or so back. Smarter'n a whip. Uh-huh. I'll sell or I'll stay. Sell my thousand shares for fifty thousand dollars."

Ted chuckled.

"Because," said Wilcox, "I figger it would be wuth fifty thousand to me to lose you young folks as business partners. How about it?"

Veronica gave the answer:

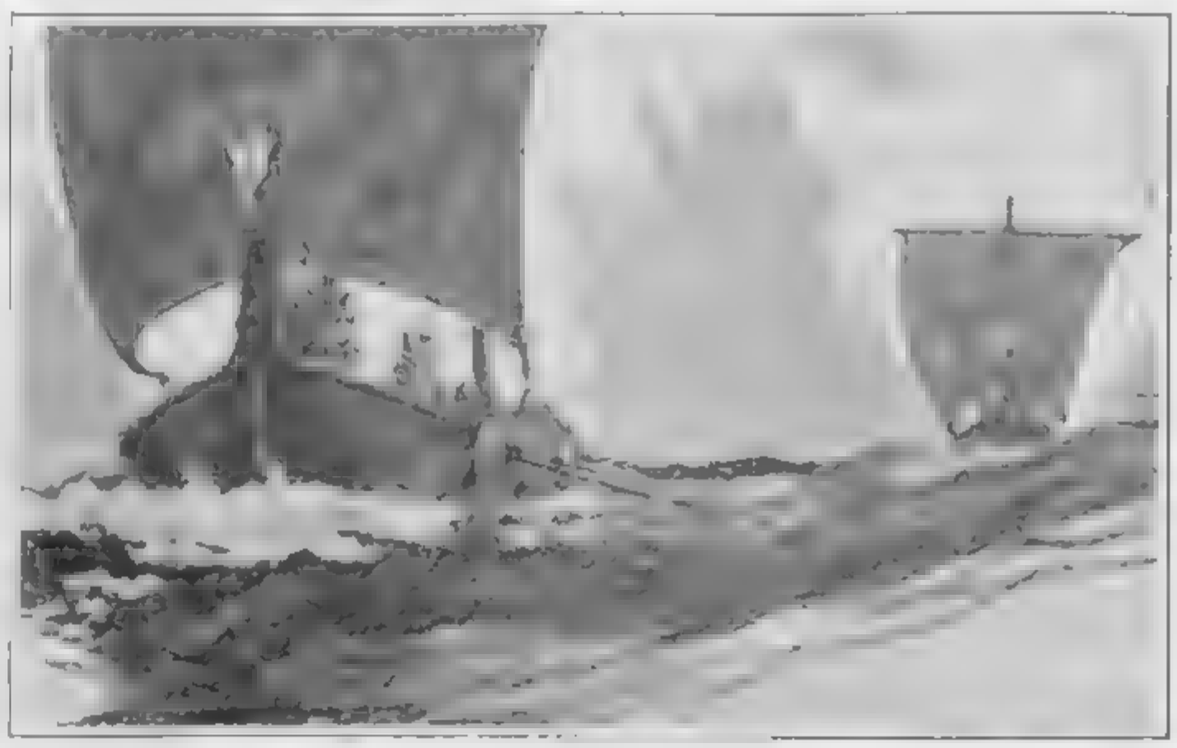
"I've looked you up. I could write a book on you, Mr. Wilcox. Ted and I—we think maybe we might give you fifty thousand dollars—not to sell. The three of us can—can lick the world."

"Shake," said Mr. Wilcox, and they shook, and so began the business association between these three which has since made history in the state—a partnership destined to be of aching interest to the clothespin manufacturers of America and to the hardwood industry.

Veronica sighed. "And now, Mr. Wilcox, with everything settled, you won't mind if Ted and I ask to be excused."

"Business?" asked Mr. Wilcox with a grin.

"Honeymoon," said Veronica. "We've earned a whole week of it."



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THE PASSING OF THE BIG BOSSES

(Continued from Page 9)

did not deter him. He went along notwithstanding. The truth of it is that Pennsylvania is the only state that had any potentiality. When Platt died there was no one to follow. When Hanna died he left no Penrose behind him. When David B. Hill died there was no successor. Then, looking back, consider this: There was a Quay to follow a Cameron. Platt came after Conkling. Hill came after Tilden. And so in other states.

Indeed there wasn't much else for the smaller fry to do. They had to combine or lose even the lesser shares that combination afforded them. If no one man is big enough to wear the mantle of a boss a dozen men in committee may make shift to wear it. Back in the days after the Civil War, and continuing down until ten years ago or so, there was no committee business save the committee of the big bosses. The men who could give orders gave them. The men with the power exerted it. There was no delegated authority or divided responsibility.

The names of Conkling, Zach Chandler, Sawyer, Voorhees, Blaine, John Sherman, Tilden, Robinson, Cameron do not mean much to the present generation, but these and men like them were the founders of the boss system that came into politics after the Civil War, and as they founded the dynasty their princes imperial and heirs apparent were Quay, Platt, Hanna, Hale, Cox, Crane, Elkins, Hill, Gorman, Sullivan, and similars. Not one of these latter, save Quay, had more than a sickly heir, and most of them left no heir at all. Their boss-ships in most cases died with them. And now Penrose, robust heir to Quay, is dead, and the book is closed. The roll is called. Out in Illinois George Brennan can give account of himself and shows strength to carry on after Sullivan, but who else?

An Ever-Popular Cry

Who took Platt's place? A dozen tried to take it, but who held it? Who followed Hanna with Hanna's absolutism? Who succeeded Gorman? Who took up the reins dropped by David B. Hill? What is there, or has there been, more than mere claim to the successorship of any real boss of the line of bosses? We shall see various assertions in Pennsylvania, various protestations and gestures of consecution, but they will all be bogus. There will be no successor to Penrose, except a committee.

As an occupation, a business, a profession—call it what you like, but it came nearer to being a science than anything else—a political boss-ship was not an easy or a comfortable personal situation. The boss was always in the limelight and always subject to attack. There is no older, better or more inflammatory rallying cry for political opposition than "Down with the bosses!" Protest against boss rule always finds eager ears among the bossed, and astute fomenters among those who want to boss. If you trace any outcry against the political boss and the system that fosters boss-ship you will find that it did not originate in the masses who gave it voice, but did originate with agitators with political designs and ambitions themselves. The simplest way for a man or for men, disgruntled with existing leadership and aspiring to that leadership, to start trouble and excite protest against the boss is to urge on the people the iniquities of boss rule. The people always rise to that, quite unconscious of the fact that their rising merely puts water on the wheel of the man who plans to be boss himself. The clamor for reform invariably begins among the outs who want to get in.

Political opposition always is passionate and denunciatory. Since we had any politics there has been the widest license of characterization of opponents, candidates, leaders and parties. It makes a small impression on the voting public to say politely that John Jones, candidate for governor or what not, is not especially fitted for the place, and holds deficient views on matters of public concern. That is food for babes. The indictment to draw against John Jones is that he is the candidate of a vicious and corrupt boss who thus brazenly seeks to further his own wicked ends and again to debauch the sanctity of the ballot by foisting on the public this man who himself is a crook, a grafter, a liar and a thief; and the public goes to it with a whoop.

This was the procedure in the days when the big bosses ran things. We have become a bit milder of late, because descending to personalities has gone out of fashion, principally for the reason that there has been no monopoly of personalities to descend to on either side, and a sort of armistice has come into effect as a concession to dignity in our political procedure. It is amazing how a candidate with a past, and the backers of him, stick for dignity in these present-day campaigns.

Obviously a candidate for office, selected by a boss, is a creature of that boss; and obviously the greatest offense to the body politic is given not by the candidate, but by the boss who selects and owns that candidate. Therefore, in the days when bosses bossed, the bosses were subjects of unlimited and unending denunciation, whether they deserved it or not. Possibly they deserved it. Possibly they did not deserve all of it. Possibly some of these bosses were not entirely crooked, not absolutely mercenary. Possibly they were intense and sincere partisans with definite political ideas and a political creed that they felt was of value to the country. Possibly they were good Americans. Possibly they were working with the only tools that would do the job. Possibly ——

In any event, boss baiting has always been a part of our politics, and the baited bosses didn't like it. There was not one of them who did not assume a public attitude of contempt for this denunciation and attack, and not one of them who quit under it unless he was caught with the gooda, as some of them were. However, there was not one of them but resented privately all this denunciation—felt it—knew that in the public mind some of it stuck. A young man can throw off this sort of thing for a time and hold up under it, but an older man, after years of it, gets to an invariable place where he feels it his duty to himself to prove that he is not the sort of person his opponents and the partisans of the other party say he is and the public half believes he is. He feels the urge for respectability. He needs a hall mark. He must show all and sundry that he can be more than a boss—is more—is a statesman, in fact, or at least can put on the mantle of statesmanship.

The Passion for Respectability

That is one of the primitive human urges—the urge for position, for recognition, for establishment among those who are held in popular esteem to be our betters; for respectability and all that that implies. What happens when a roughneck makes a fortune? He at once tries to join the exclusive club in his home town, moves to a big house on a fashionable street, seeks the companionship of those who are called the leading citizens. Nine times out of ten those and similar enterprises mark the roughneck's rise to wealth. It is the same with the profiteer, with the man who had lowly beginnings, with nearly every person whose birth, breeding, condition of life and manner of employment do not guarantee him these things from the start or whose manner of employment or method of life or processes of getting ahead or former associations have kept him outside the pale. It is the passion for recognition, for the cachet of respectability. Theoretically, and in a democracy, one man is as good as any other man, but actually, and especially in this democracy, we are as sharply divided into classes as the Hindus are into castes.

Wherefore, when the big bosses came to their later years, and the attacks on them and the execrations of them and the great popular distrusts of them had had their cumulative effects, almost all of them sought for respectability, sought for a way to round out their careers that would establish them, to their own satisfaction, at least, as more than politicians, more than bosses, as statesmen by environment if in no other way. So many of them went to the United States Senate. And others tried to go.

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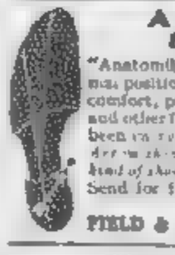

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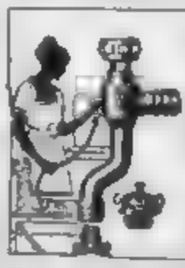

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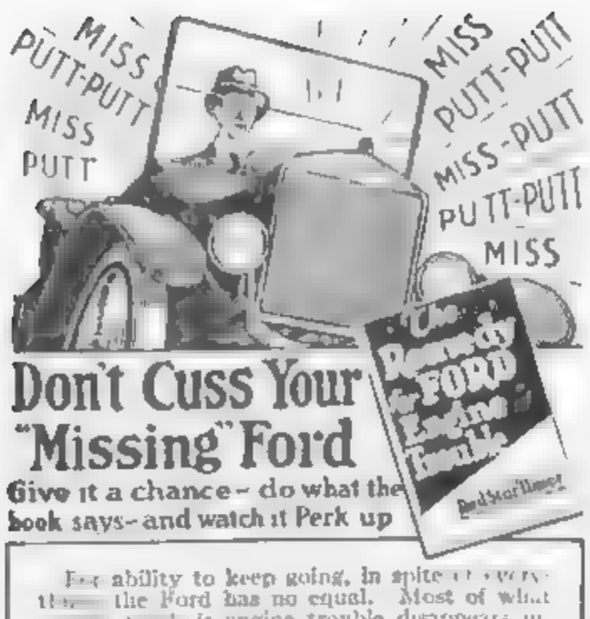

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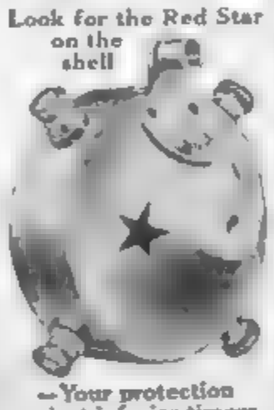

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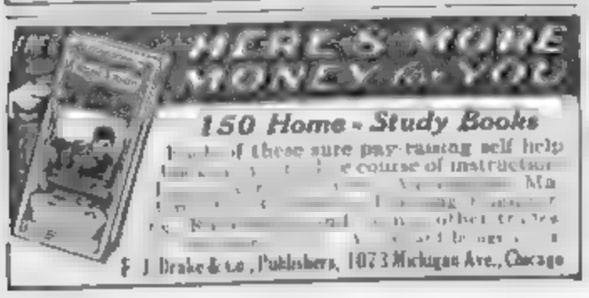

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There were several reasons for this. One was that in the days of the bosses United States senators were elected by legislatures and not by popular vote. Few bosses dared to trust themselves to a popular elective process. They knew that their records, as established among the people and whether justified or not, forbade any hope of success at the polls. The boss cry would mean defeat. However, legislatures are restricted and not popular voting bodies, and legislators are, or were, elected by bosses. Hence in a fortunate year it was easy for a boss to control a legislature, and easy to get an election to the Senate. Another reason was that they could remain in politics while in the Senate, and that the assumption of the toga did not necessarily imply the laying down of the power they had. Indeed, the Senate is the seat and the source of much of the higher politics of both parties. So the place was congenial.

The real reason was that the United States Senate is—was—the definite, exalted, consequential political and legislative body of the country, that a man who was senator had reached the topmost political place he could reach, save the Presidency, and that the place was important in high degree, dignified, and denoted recognition of exceptional qualities. The Senate was the real political hall mark. There were those who scoffed at it, and those who derided it, but the fact remained that the United States Senate was the supreme legislative body of the country, and membership in it was a distinction. There you have it—a distinction—a recognition—a cachet of respectability—a proof that the boss was more than a boss—was a statesman. It was the answer of many of the bosses to the detractions and derisions and assaults of their political careers. It was their decoration of standing and importance and influence conferred upon themselves, and, most of all, their bid and claim for repute.

At a certain time in their lives many of the bosses went to the Senate. Not to go back much further than the beginning of this century we find, at one time or another, Hanna, Platt, Quay, Crane, Penrose, Gorman, Hill, Hale, Burrows, Fairbanks, Taggart—the list is long; and others who tried, Sheehan, Sullivan, and so on. These were all, in their various manners, bosses; some big, some not so big, but all senators. Yes. And before that we find Blaine, Conkling, Voorhees, Sawyer, Zach Chandler, Dorsey, Hamlin, John Sherman—many more of them; and all bosses of one sort or another, but of course statesmen now. Many of them were great men, and no doubt went to the Senate because of imperious popular demand. Anyhow, they went to the Senate. And if perchance they were relieved of their senatorial duties by some political twist or other many of them sought earnestly to return to the Senate, and some of them made it again. The fellow who first called the Senate "A Gentlemen's Club" wasn't so much off the track, as the bosses viewed it, in any event.

Personal Contacts

It is not much of a trick to be a senator, once you get the job. Any literate, free-born American citizen can get away with it, and there have been times when it seemed that an illiterate but free-born American citizen was making a stagger at it. All sorts of men have been senators. There was a truck driver once who came almost direct from his trucks to the toga, and he was a mighty good senator too. However, there are top layers and bottom layers, even in so small an assemblage as less than a hundred men. The chief difference between the old Senate, which the bosses frequented, and the present Senate, which springs direct from the people, is that the old boys played politics and that politics plays the new boys. The old boys knew the game, which, in its fundamentals, was keeping in touch with their people.

Thomas C. Platt was in the Senate back in 1881, and resigned with Conkling when that imperious person had a quarrel with President Garfield over New York State patronage. Platt was dubbed "Me Too" Platt, and the designation stuck. Then, patiently and carefully, for years and years, he sat back and made his machine, sat at his desk at the window looking over Broadway in the second-floor front room at 49 Broadway, and built himself, unit by unit, to command; lived down the "Me Too" derogation and established himself as the "Easy Boss." That done, he went back to the Senate in 1897, and stayed there for twelve years.

There wasn't a day when Platt didn't see some of his lieutenants, not a day when he was not in touch with some section of his great New York political domain. Take Murray Crane, for example, an easy sort of boss also. Murray Crane was one of the big men in American Telephone and Telegraph, which made it simple for him of course, but it is probable that there wasn't a day for the last ten or fifteen years of his life when he was in Massachusetts or in Washington, and not ill, that he did not call up from one to a dozen men around about his state, ask them how the wife and family were and how about the crops, and so on, establishing the personal contact and showing interest and keeping hold. There wasn't a day when he didn't call up from one to a dozen men, but, at that, there was nothing haphazard about it. The men he called up were not without their political uses.

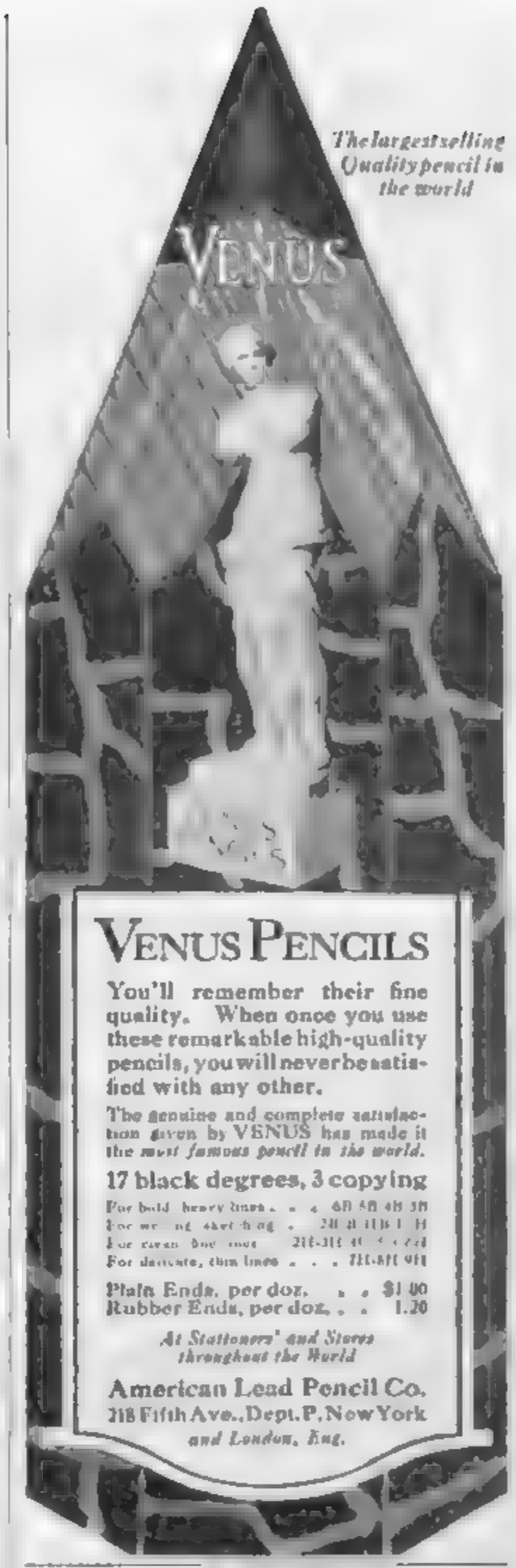
Platt Helped Out by Quay

They stuck together, too, these old-line bosses. Take that time at Philadelphia, in 1900, when Hanna wanted to nominate Dolliver, or somebody like that, to go on the ticket as candidate for Vice President with McKinley. Platt at the moment had a governor of New York, named Roosevelt, on his hands. Platt had nominated Roosevelt in 1898, just after the Spanish War, not because he wanted to do anything for Roosevelt but because he wanted to win. He won, by a narrow squeak, but enough. Platt had his fears as to what sort of governor Roosevelt would make, and Roosevelt confirmed every fear. Therefore, as a gubernatorial election was coming on and Platt knew he would have to renominate Roosevelt, Platt decided to get rid of that annoying person by nominating him for Vice President.

Hanna would have none of it. He wanted, and demanded, a Middle Western man for running mate with McKinley. Platt put Roosevelt before Hanna. Hanna was vociferous in his refusal to have anything to do with Roosevelt. He was Platt's burden, and Hanna did not intend to take him over. Whereupon, making mild protest and assuring Hanna that it must be Roosevelt, Platt went over and called on his old friend Quay. They had fought many battles together. He put the case before Quay and asked his assistance. "Sure!" said Quay. And when the convention opened, all geared to perform speedily and noiselessly and expertly as Hanna desired it to perform and had expertly fixed it to perform, Hanna was grieved to discover that two equally expert gentlemen—more expert possibly—had gummed up his program with a resolution to decrease delegate representation from the Democratic Southern States in such a manner that the machine couldn't turn a wheel. These two expert gentlemen were Messrs. Platt and Quay. Hanna raged. Platt and Quay laughed at him. Hanna swore he would stay there until winter before he would take Roosevelt. "All right," said these two, "and while we stay we'll just straighten out this little matter of Southern representation." Hanna dashed against them time and again, but fell back bruised each time. "Roosevelt or the merits or demerits of the colored brother as delegate," said Platt and Quay. Hanna did not care to go into the merits or demerits of the colored brother as delegate. He couldn't, in fact. So he capitulated, and it was Roosevelt; and Platt and Quay laughed again. However, there is ample ground for saying that if Platt had known what was to happen he would not have been quite so keen over taking Roosevelt out of New York state and making him Vice President.

They played the game together, these old-line bosses. If it happened that they were opposed before a campaign they all got together when the campaign began, and after it was over either divided the patronage equably and amiably or took fair shares of blame for the disaster, and always maintained their organizations.

Penrose was the last of them. He wasn't boss when he went to the Senate in 1897, for Quay was still there and remained until 1899. Then came the deadlock at Harrisburg over the reelection of Quay, his appointment to the Senate by the governor and his rejection by the Senate. Quay got back in 1901, and remained until he died, in 1904. Meantime Penrose had been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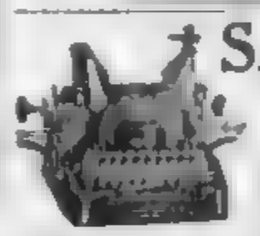

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taking over various functions of leadership, and when Quay died Penrose was virtually boss, which he continued to be until the day of his death.

Penrose was a typical boss. He learned his business from Quay, who was a good politician and who kept in touch. It was said of Quay that he never destroyed a letter from any of his constituents asking for a favor. When he wanted a favor himself or support, he wrote his request on the back of the letter from the man who had asked him to do something.

Quay maintained his organization as Platt did his and as every other successful boss did. Quay wouldn't have been much without that organization, and Penrose wouldn't have been anything. Penrose knew that. Consequently Penrose paid more attention to the organization than to all other things combined. He had a large force of clerks in Washington and at Philadelphia, and his rule was absolute, his oversight scrupulous, and his attention went to the smallest detail. A man couldn't get a job as bridge tender in Pennsylvania, if it was a Republican political job, without the indorsement of Penrose. Nor any other sort of Republican political job. He kept his big force of clerks for that purpose. He held every string. He was the boss, and he made everybody acknowledge the fact. He had opposition and was bitterly and viciously attacked, but his personal sway was complete. The last time he ran for senator, despite cumulative and most intense opposition and the effects of years of denunciation as a boss of the worst type, he was elected by a greater majority than he ever received before, and elected by the people, too, and not by a legislature that he controlled.

It is rather fitting that the last boss should have been so typical of the line. Penrose was a politician—a boss—and nothing more. He essayed some statesmanship during his later years in the Senate, and was conspicuous as chairman of the Finance Committee, but all that was but a gesture when considered against that Pennsylvania organization of his, and his care of it, and his rule of it, and his concern about it. He was a mountain of a man until his illness hit him about two years before he died, silent except with intimates, of whom he had few but with whom he was jovial in his way. He had a keen wit, and was a good debater when he chose to be. He ate enormously, drank as it suited him, played a lone hand, and was contemptuous of opinion—so it seemed.

But was he? There came a time, not so long ago, when he saw, and his colleagues saw, that the boss of Pennsylvania was to be the boss of the Senate; when he was to fill, as well as he was able, the place that had not been filled adequately since Aldrich retired. What then? Penrose had his Senate seat, so that cachet was unavailing. So he and his friends began to reconstruct the Penrose of popular opinion, the politician, the organization man, the boss—gild him a bit, so to speak, and dress him up for his new position. They made a great to-do about his espousal of certain charter reforms for Philadelphia before the Pennsylvania legislature, dragged out a treatise on civic government or charters or some such thing which he had written as a young man, to show that intrinsically he had always been a reformer and an uplifter, and made this gesture and other gestures for him and with him to tone him down a bit and bring him up a bit and round him out a bit and approach him a few steps towards statesmanship and remove him a few steps from his bossisms.

Penrose was amenable. Maybe he took it seriously. There were some signs that he did. Anyhow, it was a typical performance of a typical boss, and the last of the bosses. Platt, Hanna, Quay, Hill—dozens of them sought for their needed regeneration by going to the Senate, and Penrose, being in the Senate, sought his by becoming supersenatorial. They were all alike.

Yet there are those who knew Penrose, who knew the big, burly force of him; the raw passions and emotions of him; the indifference of him; the scorn of humbug and pretense, and the refusal to be other than he was or to play the game other than as the game required, who prefer to remember him, not as a pseudo reformer, not as a posing statesman, but as the real Penrose, the cynic Penrose, the stoic Penrose, the contemptuous and self-sufficient Penrose, the great giant of a man who, typically, on the morning when the ministerial politician, seeking to traffic a little in the suffrages of his congregation and his sect, came for a secret conference, furtively seeking to avoid notice, and was singled from the crowd by Penrose's great bellow: "Well, bishop, how much are you charging for the votes of your flock this morning?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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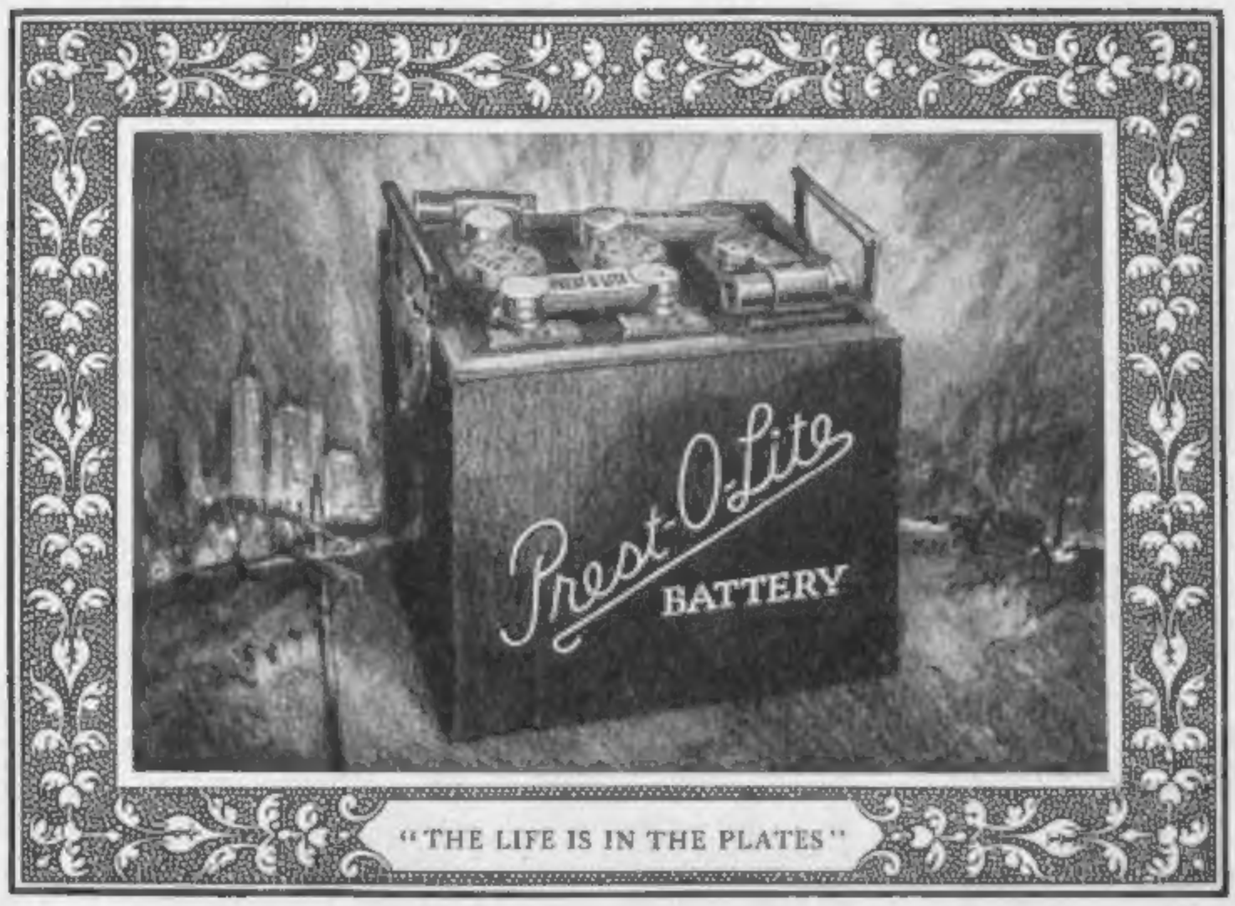

PREST-O-PLATES, THE BACKBONE OF PREST-O-LITE BATTERIES, REPRESENT THE GREATEST ADVANCE IN BATTERY MAKING. THEY ARE AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THIS LONG-LIFE BATTERY.

To go right to the heart of the automobile battery for you, Mr. Car Owner, consider this fact: *You never need buy a new battery as long as the plates in the old don't go wrong.*

The reason and the only reason you ever buy a new battery is because plates go bad. Most battery trouble at the bottom is plate trouble—warped and buckled plates, and plates that have lost their active material. You *must* buy a new battery when your plates are through.

Because plates are the most important part in a battery, Prest-O-Lite put all its scientific and practical skill to improving plates and produced Prest-O-Plates, a real backbone for a battery.

Prest-O-Plates are as different from ordinary plates as gold is from gilt. They combine an unusual hardness with a peculiar porosity. None of the old compromise between hardness and porosity. No robbing of long life to get necessary liveliness. Prest-O-Plates have both.

This explains their dependable reserve power in biting zero weather, and their great non-buckling strength that resists overheating in the hottest summer.

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Back of every Prest-O-Lite Battery is a broad and specific guaranty *plus* a policy that says the car owner must be pleased.

Drive around to the local Prest-O-Lite Service Station, and consult the authorized representative of the *oldest service to motorists*. No matter what make of battery you have, his friendly, expert advice and attention will help you get every bit of life out of it.

He will not tell you that you need a new battery until you do.

If you need a new battery, get a Prest-O-Lite with long-lived Prest-O-Plates at the low 1922 Prest-O-Lite prices. 121

OUR 1922 PRICES

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THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, INC.
Carbide and Carbon Building, 30 East 42nd Street, New York
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Prest-O-Lite
BATTERY

FROM far-off plantations and farms come great bales of cotton or wool, silk or flax to the textile mills. Humming machines spin these fibres into spidery threads and yarns that are wound upon thousands of twirling spindles and fed into the weaving looms.

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American Tire Fabric Co.,
Newburyport, Mass.
Thayer Woolen Co.,
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Cohammet Mills, Taunton, Mass.
Salmon Falls Mfg. Co.
Salmon Falls, N. H.
C. Y. Tilton, Phillipsburg, N. J.
Universal Silk Co., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Antoinetti Silk Mills, Inc.,
West Hoboken, N. J.
McLean Mfg. Co.
Bessemer City, N. C.
Myers Mills, Inc., Gastonia, N. C.
Delburg Mfg. Co., Davidson, N. C.
Belle Vue Mfg. Co., Hillsboro, N. C.
Klumac Cotton Mills, Salisbury, N. C.
Bloomfield Mfg. Co., Statesville, N. C.
D. G. Dery, Inc., Allentown and York, Pa.
Good Silk Ribbon Mfg. Co.,
Allentown, Pa.
Penn-Allen Silk Co., Allentown, Pa.
Gallia Silk Mills, Bethlehem, Pa.
Northampton Silk Co., Easton, Pa.
Stewart Silk Co., Easton, Pa.
Bath Silk Co., Emaus, Pa.
Hess, Goldsmith & Co., Kingston and
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
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Tatamy Silk Co., Tatamy, Pa.
John L. Smith, West Easton, Pa.
Stillwater Worsted Yarn Co.,
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Pawtucket, R. I.
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San Antonio, Tex.

We shall be glad to refer you to other users of R & M Motors in your special industry or locality

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for bathtubs, etc.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

For cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs
Fine Kitchen Utensils
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
Linoleum and Congoleum

There you are, Old Tub—spotless, gleaming snowy white. And it's so easy to clean you with Bon Ami.

A sprinkling of the soft, fluffy Bon Ami powder on a damp cloth, a few brisk sweeps, and in a jiffy you shine forth—a great glistening piece of porcelain.

Bon Ami is truly a "good friend" to the housewife. Dirt and grime fly before its magic touch. It polishes as it cleans—there is never a scratch in the soft mineral compound.

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"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

Cake or Powder
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"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
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